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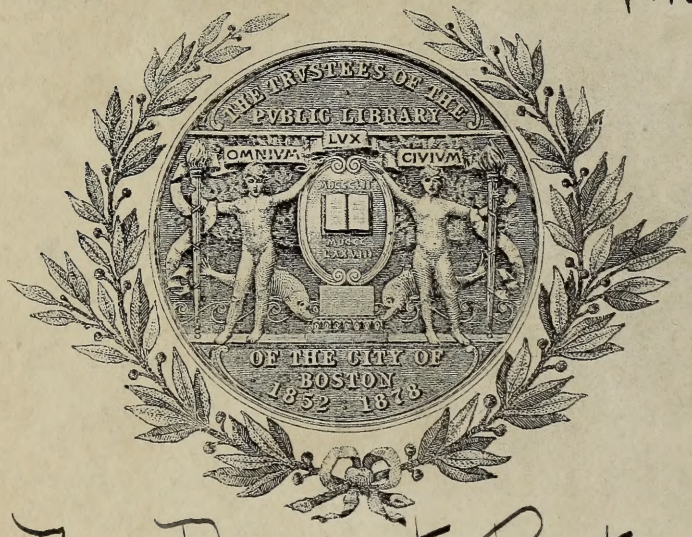

Thos. Pennant Barton

THE

WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. II.

THE

WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE:

VOLUME the SECOND.

CONTAINING,

The MERCHANT of VENICE.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.
AS YOU LIKE IT.
TAMING the SHREW.
ALL'S WELL that ENDS WELL.
TWELFTHNIGHT; Or, WHAT YOU WILL.

LONDON:
Printed for A. BETTESWORTH and C. HITCH,
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MDCCXXXIII.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DUKE of Venice.
Morochius, *a* Mooriſh *Prince*, } *Suiters to* Portia.
Prince of Arragon, }
Anthonio, *the Merchant of* Venice.
Baſſanio, *his Friend, in love with* Portia.
Salanio, }
Solarino, } *Friends to* Anthonio *and* Baſſanio.
Gratiano, }
Lorenzo, *in love with* Jeſſica.
Shylock, *a* Jew.
Tubal, *a* Jew, *his Friend.*
Launcelot, *a Clown, Servant to the* Jew.
Gobbo, *an old Man, Father to* Launcelot.
Leonardo, *Servant to* Baſſanio.
Balthazar, } *Servants to* Portia.
Stephano, }

Portia, *an Heireſs of great Quality and Fortune.*
Neriſſa, *Confident to* Portia.
Jeſſica, *Daughter to* Shylock.

Senators of Venice, *Officers, Jailer, Servants and other Attendants.*

SCENE, *partly at* Venice; *and partly at* Belmont, *the Seat of* Portia *upon the Continent.*

THE

THE MERCHANT *of* VENICE.

ACT I.

SCENE, *a Street in* Venice.

Enter Anthonio, Solarino, *and* Salanio.

ANTHONIO.

IN ſooth, I know not why I am ſo ſad:
It wearies me; you ſay, it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What ſtuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn ——
And ſuch a want-wit ſadneſs makes of me,
That I have much ado to know my ſelf.

Sal. Your mind is toſſing on the ocean;
There, where your Argoſies with portly Sail,
Like ſigniors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or as it were the pageants of the ſea,
Do over-peer the petty traffickers,
That curtſie to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Sola. Believe me, Sir, had I ſuch venture forth,
The better part of my affections would

Be with my hopes abroad. I ſhould be ſtill
Plucking the graſs, to know where ſits the wind;
Peering in maps for ports, and peers, and roads;
And every object, that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me ſad.

Sal. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at ſea.
I ſhould not ſee the ſandy hour-glaſs run,
But I ſhould think of ſhallows and of flats;
And ſee my wealthy *Andrew* dock'd in ſand,
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,
To kiſs her burial. Should I go to church,
And ſee the holy edifice of ſtone,
And not bethink me ſtrait of dang'rous rocks?
Which, touching but my gentle veſſel's ſide,
Would ſcatter all the ſpices on the ſtream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my ſilks;
And in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and ſhall I lack the thought,
That ſuch a thing, bechanc'd, would make me ſad?
But tell not me;—I know, *Anthonio*
Is ſad to think upon his merchandize.

Anth. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom truſted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole eſtate
Upon the fortune of this preſent year:
Therefore, my merchandize makes me not ſad.

Sola. Why then you are in love.

Anth. Fie, fie!

Sola. Not in love neither! then let's ſay, you're ſad,
Becauſe you are not merry; and 'twere as eaſy
For you to laugh and leap, and ſay, you're merry,
Becauſe you are not ſad. Now by two-headed *Janus*,
Nature hath fram'd ſtrange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
And others of ſuch vinegar aſpect,

That

That they'll not ſhow their teeth in way of ſmile,
Though *Neſtor* ſwear, the jeſt be laughable.

Enter Baſſanio, Lorenzo *and* Gratiano.

Sal. Here comes *Baſſanio*, your moſt noble kinſman;
Gratiano and *Lorenzo:* fare ye well;
We leave ye now with better company.
Sola. I would have ſtaid 'till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.
Anth. Your worth is very dear in my regard:
I take it, your own buſineſs calls on you,
And you embrace th' occaſion to depart.
Sal. Good morrow, my good lords.
Baſſ. Good Signiors both, when ſhall we laugh? ſay, when?
You grow exceeding ſtrange; muſt it be ſo?
Sal. We'll make our leiſures to attend on yours.
Sola. My lord *Baſſanio*, ſince you've found *Anthonio*,
We two will leave you; but at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we muſt meet.
Baſſ. I will not fail you. [*Exeunt* Solar. *and* Sala.
Gra. You look not well, Signior *Anthonio*;
You have too much reſpect upon the world:
They loſe it, that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellouſly chang'd.
Anth. I hold the world but as the world, *Gratiano*,
A ſtage, where every man muſt play his part,
And mine a ſad one.
Gra. Let me play the fool; ——
With mirth, and laughter, let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why ſhould a man, whoſe blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandſire cut in *Alabaſter?*
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peeviſh? I tell thee what, *Anthonio*,
(I love thee, and it is my love that ſpeaks:)
There are a ſort of men, whoſe viſages
Do cream and mantle like a ſtanding pond;
And do a wilful ſtilneſs entertain,

With purpoſe to be dreſt in an opinion
Of wiſdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who ſhould ſay, I am *Sir Oracle*,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!
O my *Anthonio*, I do know of thoſe,
That therefore only are reputed wiſe,
For ſaying nothing; who, I'm very ſure,
If they ſhould ſpeak, would almoſt damn thoſe ears, (1)
Which hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fiſh not with this melancholy bait,
For this fool's gudgeon, this Opinion.
Come, good *Lorenzo*; fare ye well a while;
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then 'till dinner-time.
I muſt be one of theſe ſame dumb wiſe men;
For *Gratiano* never lets me ſpeak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou ſhalt not know the ſound of thine own tongue.

Anth. Fare well; I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks, i'faith; for ſilence is only commendable
In a neats tongue dry'd, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt* Gra. *and* Loren.

Anth. Is that any thing now?

Baſſ. *Gratiano* ſpeaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all *Venice*: his reaſons are as two grains of wheat hid in two Buſhels of chaff; you ſhall

(1) ——— *would almoſt* damn *thoſe Ears,*] Several Old Editions have it, *dam*, *damme*, and *daunt*. Some more correct Copies, *damn*. The Author's Meaning is this; That ſome People are thought wiſe, whilſt they keep Silence; who, when they open their mouths, are ſuch ſtupid Praters, that their Hearers cannot help calling them *Fools*, and ſo incur the Judgment denounc'd in the *Goſpel*. The Alluſion is to St. *Matthew*, Ch. v. ver. 22. *And whoſoever ſhall ſay to his Brother*, Raca, *ſhall be in danger of the Council: but whoſoever ſhall ſay*, thou Fool, *ſhall be in danger of Hell-fire*. I had regulated and explain'd this Paſſage in my SHAKESPEARE *reſtor'd*; as alſo ſhewn, how frequent it is with our Author to allude to Texts and Hiſtory of *Scripture*. Mr. *Pope*, in his laſt Edition, has vouchſafed to borrow the Correction and Explanation. I ought to take notice, the ingenious Dr. *Thirlby* concurr'd in our Author's Meaning, without knowing what I had done on the Paſſage.

ſeek all day ere you find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the ſearch.

Anth. Well; tell me now what lady is the ſame,
To whom you ſwore a ſecret pilgrimage,
That you to day promis'd to tell me of?

Baſſ. 'Tis not unknown to you, *Anthonio*,
How much I have diſabled mine eſtate,
By ſhewing ſomething a more ſwelling port,
Than my faint means would grant continuance;
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From ſuch a noble rate; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, ſomething too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged: to you, *Anthonio*,
I owe the moſt in mony, and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
T' unburthen all my plots and purpoſes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Anth. I pray you, good *Baſſanio*, let me know it;
And if it ſtand, as you yourſelf ſtill do,
Within the eye of honour; be aſſur'd,
My purſe, my perſon, my extreameſt means
Lye all unlock'd to your occaſions.

Baſſ. In my ſchool-days, when I had loſt one ſhaft,
I ſhot his fellow of the ſelf-ſame flight
The ſelf-ſame way, with more adviſed watch,
To find the other forth; by ventring both,
I oft found both. I urge this child-hood proof,
Becauſe what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is loſt; but if you pleaſe
To ſhoot another arrow that ſelf way
Which you did ſhoot the firſt, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both;
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully reſt debtor for the firſt.

Anth. You know me well; and herein ſpend but time,
To wind about my love with circumſtance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making queſtion of my uttermoſt,

Than if you had made waſte of all I have.
Then do but ſay to me, what I ſhould do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am preſt unto it: therefore, ſpeak.

Baſſ. In *Belmont* is a lady richly left,
And ſhe is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wond'rous virtues; ſometime, from her eyes (2)
I did receive fair ſpeechleſs meſſages;
Her name is *Portia*, nothing undervalu'd
To *Cato*'s daughter, *Brutus' Portia:*
Nor is the wide world ign'rant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coaſt
Renowned ſutors; and her ſunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her ſeat of *Belmont*, *Colchos* 'ſtrond;
And many *Jaſons* come in queſt of her.
O my *Anthonio*, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind preſages me ſuch thrift,
That I ſhould queſtionleſs be fortunate.

Anth. Thou know'ſt, that all my fortunes are at ſea,
Nor have I mony, nor commodity,
To raiſe a preſent ſum; therefore, go forth;
Try what my credit can in *Venice* do;
That ſhall be rack'd even to the uttermoſt,
To furniſh thee to *Belmont*, to fair *Portia:*
Go, preſently enquire, and ſo will I,
Where mony is; and I no queſtion make,
To have it of my truſt, or for my ſake. [*Exeunt.*

(2) ——— ſometimes *from her Eyes.*] So all the Editions; but it certainly ought to be, *ſometime*, (which differs much more in Signification, than ſeems at firſt View:) i. e. *formerly, ſome time ago*, at a *certain time:* and it appears by the ſubſequent Scene, that *Baſſanio* was at *Belmont* with the Marquiſs *de Mountferrat*, and ſaw *Portia* in her Father's life-time. And our Author, in ſeveral other Places uſes the Word, in ſuch Acceptation. King *Richard* II.

Good ſometime *Queen, prepare thee hence for* France.

And again, in the ſame Play;

With much ado at length have gotten Leave
To look upon my ſometime *Maſter's Face.*

And in *Hamlet*;

Therefore our ſometime *Siſter, now our Queen*;

SCENE

SCENE *changes to* BELMONT.

Three Caskets are ſet out, one of gold, another of ſilver, and another of lead.

Enter Portia *and* Neriſſa.

Por. BY my troth, *Neriſſa*, my little body is weary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, ſweet madam, if your miſeries were in the ſame abundance as your good fortunes are; and yet, for ought I ſee, they are as ſick, that ſurfeit with too much, as they that ſtarve with nothing; therefore it is no mean happineſs to be ſeated in the mean; ſuperfluity comes ſooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good ſentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better, if well follow'd.

Por. If to do, were as eaſie as to know what were good to do, chappels had been churches; and poor mens cottages, Princes palaces. He is a good divine, that follows his own inſtructions; I can eaſier teach twenty (3) what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching. The brain may deviſe laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree; ſuch a hare is madneſs the youth, to skip o'er the meſhes of good counſel the cripple! But this reaſoning is not in faſhion to chuſe me a husband: O me, the word, chuſe! I may neither chuſe whom I would, nor refuſe whom I diſlike; ſo is the

(3) *I can eaſier teach twenty*] This Reflection of *Portia* has very much the Caſt of one in *Philemon*, the *Greek* Comic Poet, and Contemporary with *Menander*.

Ἄλλῳ πονηρὸν ῥᾴδιον παραινέσαι
Ἐστιν, ποιῆσαι δ' αὐτὸν οὐχὶ ῥᾴδιον.

It is eaſy to adviſe Another under a Difficulty; not ſo eaſy to follow what One is able to adviſe. I dare not pretend, therefore, that our Author imitated this Sentiment; for in moral Axioms, particularly, allowing an Equality of Genius, Writers of all Times and Countries may happen to ſtrike out the ſame Thought.

will

will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father: is it not hard, *Neriſſa*, that I cannot chuſe one, nor refuſe none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men at their death have good inſpirations; therefore, the lottery, that he hath deviſed in theſe three cheſts of gold, ſilver, and lead, (whereof who chuſes his meaning, chuſes you) will no doubt never be choſen by any rightly, but one whom you ſhall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of theſe princely ſutors, that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou nam'ſt them, I will deſcribe them; and according to my deſcription, level at my affection.

Ner. Firſt, there is the *Neapolitan* Prince.

Por. Ay, that's a Dolt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horſe; (4) and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can ſhoe him himſelf: I am much afraid, my lady, his mother, play'd falſe with a ſmith.

Ner. Then, there is the Count *Palatine*.

Por. He doth nothing but frown, as who ſhould ſay, if you will not have me, chuſe: he hears merry tales, and ſmiles not; I fear, he will prove the weeping philoſopher when he grows old, being ſo full of unmannerly ſadneſs in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of theſe. God defend me from theſe two!

(4) *Ay, that's a* Colt, *indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horſe*;] Tho' all the Editions agree in this Reading, I can perceive neither Humour, nor Reaſoning, in it: How does talking of Horſes, or knowing how to ſhoe them, make a Man e'er the more a *Colt?* Or, if a *Smith* and a *Lady* of *Figure* were to have an Affair together, would a *Colt* be the Iſſue of their Careſſes? This ſeems to me to be *Portia*'s Meaning. *What do you tell me of the* Neapolitan *Prince? he is ſuch a ſtupid Dunce, that inſtead of ſaying fine things to me, he does Nothing but talk of his Horſes.* The Word, *Dolt*, which I have ſubſtituted, fully anſwers this Idea; and ſignifies one of the moſt *ſtupid* and *blockiſh* of the Vulgar; and in this Acceptation it is uſed by our Author, particularly, in the following Paſſage of *Othello*.

——— *Oh, Gull! oh,* Dolt!
As ignorant *as Dirt!*

Ner.

Ner. How ſay you by the *French* Lord, Monſieur *Le Boun?*

Por. God made him, and therefore let him paſs for a man; in truth, I know, it is a ſin to be a mocker; but he! why, he hath a horſe better than the *Neapolitan*'s; a better bad habit of frowning than the Count *Palatine*; he is every man in no man; if a throſtle ſing, he falls ſtrait a capering; he will fence with his own ſhadow; if I ſhould marry him, I ſhould marry twenty husbands. If he would deſpiſe me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madneſs, I ſhall never requite him.

Ner. What ſay you then to *Faulconbridge*, the young Baron of *England?*

Por. You know, I ſay nothing to him, for he underſtands not me, nor I him; he hath neither *Latin*, *French*, nor *Italian*; and you may come into the court and ſwear, that I have a poor pennyworth in the *Engliſh*. He is a proper man's picture, but alas! who can converſe with a dumb ſhow? how odly he is ſuited! I think, he bought his doublet in *Italy*, his round hoſe in *France*, his bonnet in *Germany*, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the *Scottiſh* lord, his neighbour? (5)

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrow'd a box of the ear of the *Engliſhman*, and ſwore he would pay him again, when he was able. I think, the *Frenchman* became his ſurety, and ſealed under for another. (6)

Ner.

(5) —— *of the* Scottiſh *Lord, his Neighbour?*] Thus the old 4to's, and thus the Poet certainly wrote. Mr. *Pope* takes notice of a various Reading; (*viz. What think you of the* other *Lord* —— which is in the firſt *Folio*;) but has not accounted for the Reaſon of it, which was This. Our Author exhibited this Play in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*, when there was no Occaſion for any Reſtraint in ſatirizing the *Scotch*. But upon the Acceſſion of King *James* the Firſt, the *Union* taking Place, and the Court ſwarming with People of that Nation, the Players, thro' a Fear of giving Diſguſt, thought fit to make this Change.

(6) *I think, the* Frenchman *became his Surety, and ſeal'd under for another.*] This was a ſevere Sarcaſm on the *French* Nation; and, no Doubt,

Ner. How like you the young *German*, the Duke of *Saxony*'s nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning when he is ſober, and moſt vilely in the afternoon when he is drunk; when he is beſt, he is a little worſe than a man; and when he is worſt, he is little better than a beaſt; and the worſt fall that ever fell, I hope, I ſhall make ſhift to go without him.

Ner. If he ſhould offer to chuſe, and chuſe the right casket, you ſhould refuſe to perform your father's will, if you ſhould refuſe to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worſt, I pray thee, ſet a deep glaſs of *Rheniſh* wine on the contrary caſket; for if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know, he will chuſe it. I will do any thing, *Neriſſa*, ere I will be marry'd to a ſpunge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of theſe lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations, which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more ſuit; unleſs you may be won by ſome other ſort than your father's impoſition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as *Sibylla*, I will die as chaſte as *Diana*, unleſs I be obtain'd by the manner of my father's will: I am glad, this parcel of wooers are ſo reaſonable; for there is not one among them but I doat on his very abſence, and wiſh them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a *Venetian*, a ſcholar and a ſoldier, that came hither in company of the Marquiſs of *Mountferrat?*

Por. Yes, yes, it was *Baſſanio*, as I think, he was ſo call'd.

Doubt, a very pleaſing one to the Audiences, when this Play was firſt brought on. To make the *Frenchman*, jointly with the *Scot*, take a Box on the Ear at the *Engliſhman*'s hands, is very humourouſly, and ſatirically, alluding to the conſtant Aſſiſtance the *French* always uſed to give the *Scots* in their Quarrels with the *Engliſh*, both in and before our Author's Time: and in which Alliance, they generally came by the worſt of it. Mr. *Warburton*.

Ner.

Ner. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my fooliſh eyes look'd upon, was the beſt deſerving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praiſe. How now? what news?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The four ſtrangers ſeek for you, madam, to take their leave; and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the Prince of *Morocco*, who brings word the Prince, his maſter, will be here to night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with ſo good heart as I can bid the other four farewel, I ſhould be glad of his approach; if he have the condition of a ſaint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he ſhould ſhrive me, than wive me. Come, *Neriſſa.* Sirrah, go before; while we ſhut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a publick Place in* VENICE.

Enter Baſſanio *and* Shylock.

Shy. THree thouſand ducats? well.

Baſſ. Ay, Sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months? well.

Baſſ. For the which, as I told you, *Anthonio* ſhall be bound.

Shy. *Anthonio* ſhall become bound? well.

Baſſ. May you ſtead me? will you pleaſure me? ſhall I know your anſwer?

Shy. Three thouſand ducats for three months, and *Anthonio* bound?

Baſſ. Your anſwer to that.

Shy. *Anthonio* is a good man.

Baſſ. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. No, no, no, no; my meaning, in ſaying he is a good man, is to have you underſtand me, that he is ſufficient: yet his means are in ſuppoſition: he hath

an

an Argoſie bound to *Tripolis*, another to the *Indies*; I underſtand moreover upon the *Ryalto*, he hath a third at *Mexico*, a fourth for *England*; and other ventures he hath, ſquander'd abroad. But ſhips are but boards, ſailers but men; there be land-rats, and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves; I mean, pirates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds and rocks. The man is, notwithſtanding, ſufficient; three thouſand ducats? I think, I may take his bond.

Baſſ. Be aſſur'd, you may.

Shy. I will be aſſur'd, I may; and that I may be aſſur'd, I will bethink me; may I ſpeak with *Anthonio?*

Baſſ. If it pleaſe you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to ſmell pork; to eat of the habitation, which your prophet the *Nazarite* conjur'd the devil into? I will buy with you, ſell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and ſo following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the *Ryalto?* — who is he, comes here?

Enter Anthonio.

Baſſ. This is Signior *Anthonio.*

Shy. [*Aſide.*] How like a fawning *Publican* he looks!
I hate him, for he is a chriſtian:
But more, for that in low ſimplicity
He lends out mony *gratis*, and brings down
The rate of uſance here with us in *Venice.*
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our ſacred nation; and he rails,
Ev'n there where merchants moſt do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls intereſt. Curſed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Baſſ. Shylock, do you hear? —

Shy. I am debating of my preſent ſtore,
And by the near gueſs of my memory,
I cannot inſtantly raiſe up the groſs
Of full three thouſand ducats: what of that?
Tuball, a wealthy *Hebrew* of my tribe,

Will

Will furniſh me; but ſoft, how many months
Do you deſire? Reſt you fair, good Signior;
[*To* Anth.
Your worſhip was the laſt man in our mouths.
Anth. Shylock, although I neither lend nor borrow
By taking, nor by giving of exceſs,
Yet, to ſupply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a cuſtom. —— Is he yet poſſeſt,
How much you would?
Shy. Ay, ay, three thouſand ducats.
Anth. And for three months.
Shy. I had forgot, three months, you told me ſo;
Well then, your bond; and let me ſee, —— but
hear you,
Methought, you ſaid, you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.
Anth. I do never uſe it.
Shy. When *Jacob* graz'd his uncle *Laban*'s ſheep,
This *Jacob* from our holy *Abraham* was
(As his wiſe mother wrought in his behalf)
The third poſſeſſor; ay, he was the third.
Anth. And what of him? did he take intereſt?
Shy. No, not take int'reſt; not, as you would ſay,
Directly, int'reſt; mark, what *Jacob* did.
When *Laban* and himſelf were compromis'd,
That all the yeanlings, which were ſtreak'd and pied,
Should fall as *Jacob*'s hire; the ewes being rank,
In th' end of autumn turned to the rams;
And when the work of generation was
Between theſe woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful ſhepherd peel'd me certain wands;
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He ſtuck them up before the fulſome ewes;
Who, then conceiving, did in yeaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and thoſe were *Jacob*'s.
This was a way to thrive, and he was bleſt;
And thrift is bleſſing, if men ſteal it not.
Anth. This was a venture, Sir, that *Jacob* ſerv'd for;
A thing, not in his pow'r to bring to paſs,
But ſway'd, and faſhion'd, by the hand of heav'n.

Was

Was this inſerted to make int'reſt good?
Or is your gold, and ſilver, ewes and rams?
Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as faſt;
But note me, Signior.
Anth. Mark you this, *Baſſanio?*
The devil can cite ſcripture for his purpoſe.——
An evil ſoul, producing holy witneſs,
Is like a villain with a ſmiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O, what a goodly outſide falſhood hath!
Shy. Three thouſand ducats! 'tis a good round ſum.
Three months from twelve, then let me ſee the rate.
Anth. Well, *Shylock*, ſhall we be beholden to you?
Shy. Signior *Anthonio*, many a time and oft
In the *Ryalto* you have rated me,
About my monies and my uſances.
Still have I born it with a patient ſhrug;
(For ſufferance is the badge of all our tribe.)
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And ſpit upon my *Jewiſh* gaberdine;
And all for uſe of that, which is my own.
Well then, it now appears, you need my help:
Go to then; you come to me, and you ſay,
Shylock, we would have monies; you ſay ſo;
You, that did void your rheume upon my beard,
And foot me, as you ſpurn a ſtranger cur
Over your threſhold: mony is your ſuit;
What ſhould I ſay to you? ſhould I not ſay,
Hath a dog money? is it poſſible,
A cur can lend three thouſand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath, and whiſp'ring humbleneſs,
Say this,——fair Sir, you ſpit on me laſt *Wedneſday*,
You ſpurn'd me ſuch a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for theſe curteſies
I'll lend you thus much monies?
Anth. I am as like to call thee ſo again,
To ſpit on thee again, to ſpurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this mony, lend it not
As to thy friend, (for when did friendſhip take

A breed of barren metal of his friend?) (7)
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who, if he break, thou may'ſt with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, how you ſtorm?
I would be friends with you, and have your love;
Forget the ſhames that you have ſtain'd me with;
Supply your preſent wants, and take no doit
Of uſance for my monies, and you'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

Anth. This were kindneſs.

Shy. This kindneſs will I ſhow;
Go with me to a Notary, ſeal me there
Your ſingle bond; and, in a merry ſport,
If you repay me not on ſuch a day,
In ſuch a place, ſuch ſum, or ſums, as are
Expreſs'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair fleſh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body it ſhall pleaſe me.

Anth. Content, in faith; I'll ſeal to ſuch a bond,
And ſay, there is much kindneſs in the *Jew*.

Baſſ. You ſhall not ſeal to ſuch a bond for me,
I'll rather dwell in my neceſſity.

Anth. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it;
Within theſe two months (that's a month before
This bond expires) I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

(7) *A* breed *of* barren *Metal*] Meaning, Mony at Uſury, Mony that *breeds* more, as Mr. *Pope* explains it. Conſonant to this Phraſe, the *Latines* explain'd Intereſt thus; *Fœnus, fœtum accepti:* and the *Greeks* call'd it τόκος: both which Expreſſions take in our Poet's Idea of a *Breed*. See *Non. Marcellus* in v. *fœnus, & mutuum:* and *Gronovius* de *Seſtertiis*. As for the Contradiction betwixt *Breed*, and *barren*, it is a poetical Beauty in which *Claudian*, among the Claſſics, particularly abounds. Beſides, in this Epithet, perhaps, (as Mr. *Warburton* ingeniouſly hinted to me,) our Author would ſhew us the Reaſon on which the Advocates againſt *Uſury* went; and which is the only One they uſe: That *Metal* is a barren thing; and cannot, like *Corn* and *Cattle*, multiply itſelf: and therefore it is unjuſt, that Intereſt ſhould be taken for it: for the moſt ſuperſtitious in this Regard allow the taking Intereſt for *Fruits, Corn, Cattle*, &c.

Shy. O father *Abraham*, what theſe chriſtians are!
Whoſe own hard dealings teach them to ſuſpect
The thoughts of others! pray you, tell me this,
If he ſhould break his day, what ſhould I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's fleſh, taken from a man,
Is not ſo eſtimable or profitable,
As fleſh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I ſay,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendſhip;
If he will take it, ſo; if not, adieu;
And for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.
Anth. Yes, *Shylock*, I will ſeal unto this bond.
Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the Notary's.
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purſe the ducats ſtrait;
[16] See to my houſe, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave, and preſently
I'll be with you. [*Exit.*
Anth. Hie thee, gentle *Jew*.
This *Hebrew* will turn chriſtian; he grows kind.
Baſſ. I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.
Anth. Come on, in this there can be no diſmay;
My ſhips come home a month before the day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, BELMONT.

Enter Morochius, *a Tawny-Moor, all in white; and three or four Followers accordingly; with* Portia, Neriſſa, *and her train. Flo. Cornets.*

MOROCHIUS.

MISLIKE me not for my complection,
The ſhadow'd livery of the burniſh'd ſun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the faireſt creature northward born,

Where

Where *Phœbus'* fire ſcarce thaws the iſicles,
And let us make inciſion for your love,
To prove whoſe blood is reddeſt, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aſpect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant; by my love, I ſwear,
The beſt regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to ſteal your thoughts, my gentle Queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not ſolely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:
Beſides, the lottery of my deſtiny
Bars me the right of voluntary chuſing.
But if my father had not ſcanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit to yield my ſelf
His wife, who wins me by that means I told you;
Your ſelf, renowned Prince, then ſtood as fair,
As any comer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.

Mor. Ev'n for that I thank you;
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets
To try my fortune. By this ſcimitar,
That ſlew the Sophy and a *Perſian* Prince,
That won three fields of Sultan *Solyman*,
I would out-ſtare the ſterneſt eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart moſt daring on the earth,
Pluck the young ſucking cubs from the ſhe-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If *Hercules* and *Lichas* play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is *Alcides* beaten by his page; (8)

(8) *So is* Alcides *beaten by his Rage.*] Tho' the whole Set of Editions concur in this Reading, and it paſs'd wholly unſuſpected by the late Learned Editor; I am very well aſſur'd, and, I dare ſay, the Readers will be ſo too preſently, that it is corrupt at Bottom. Let us look into the Poet's Drift, and the Hiſtory of the Perſons mention'd in the Context. If *Hercules* (ſays he) and *Lichas* were to play at Dice for the Deciſion of their Superiority, *Lichas*, the weaker Man, might have the better Caſt of the Two. But how then is *Alcides* beaten by his *rage?* To admit this

And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that, which one unworthier may attain;
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance,
And either not attempt to chuse at all,
Or swear, before you chuse, if you chuse wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage; therefore, be advis'd.

Mor. Nor will not; therefore, bring me to my chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple; after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then! [*Cornets.*
To make me blest, or cursed'st among men. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Venice.

Enter Launcelot *alone.*

Laun. CErtainly, my conscience will serve me to run from this *Jew* my master. The fiend

this, we must suppose a Gap in the Poet; and that some Lines are lost, in which *Hercules*, in his Passion for losing the Hand, had thrown the Box and Dice away, and knock'd his own head against the Wall for meer Madness. Thus, indeed, might he be said, in some Sense, to be beaten by his Rage. But *Shakespeare* had no such stuff in his head. He means no more, than, if *Lichas* had the better Throw, so might *Hercules* himself be beaten by *Lichas*. And who was He, but a poor unfortunate Servant of *Hercules*, that unknowingly brought his Master the envenom'd Shirt, dipt in the Blood of the Centaur *Nessus*, and was thrown headlong into the Sea for his Pains? This one Circumstance of *Lichas*'s Quality known sufficiently ascertains the Emendation I have substituted, of *page* instead of *rage*. It is scarce requisite to hint here, it is a Point so well known, that *Page* has been always us'd in *English* to signify any Boy-Servant: as well as what latter Times have appropriated it to, a Lady's *Trainbearer*. And, consonant to our extended Usage of the Word, the *French* call a *Shipboy*, *un Page du Navire*. So much in Explanation of this new adopted Reading. The very excellent Lord LANSDOWNE, in his Alteration of this Play, tho' he might not stand to make the Correction upon the Poet, seems at least to have understood the Passage exactly as I do: and tho he changes the Verse, retains the Sense of it in this manner:

So were a Giant *worsted by a* Dwarf!

Tho I had made the Emendation, before I thought to look into his *Lordship*'s Performance; it is no small satisfaction to me, that I have the Authority of such a *Genius* to back my Conjecture. Mr. *Pope*, in his last Edition, has thought fit to embrace my Reading.

is

is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, *Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo*, good *Launcelot*, or good *Gobbo*, or good *Launcelot Gobbo*, use your legs, take the start, run away. My conscience says, no; take heed, honest *Launcelot*; take heed, honest *Gobbo*; or, as aforesaid, honest *Launcelot Gobbo*, do not run; scorn running with thy heels. Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack; *via!* says the fiend; away! says the fiend; for the heav'ns rouse up a brave mind, says the fiend, and run. Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, my honest friend *Launcelot*, being an honest man's son, or rather an honest woman's son ——— (for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to; he had a kind of taste.) ——— well, my conscience says, budge not; budge, says the fiend; budge not, says my conscience; conscience, say I, you counsel ill; fiend, say I, you counsel ill. To be rul'd by my conscience, I should stay with the *Jew* my master, who, God bless the mark, is a kind of devil; and to run away from the *Jew*, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly, the *Jew* is the very devil incarnal; and in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the *Jew*. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel; I will run, fiend, my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

Enter old Gobbo, *with a basket.*

Gob. Master young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to master *Jew*'s?

Laun. O heav'ns, this is my true begotten father, who being more than sand-blind, high gravel-blind, knows me not; I will try confusions with him.

Gob. Master young Gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master *Jew*'s?

Laun. Turn up, on your right-hand (9) at the next

(9) *Turn up, on your right hand* —] This arch and perplex'd Direction, on purpose to puzzle the Enquirer, seems to be copied from *Syrus* to *Demea*, in the *Brothers* of *Terence*: Act. 4. Sc. 2. — *ubi*

turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the *Jew*'s houſe.

Gob. By God's ſonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit; can you tell me whether one *Launcelot*, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

Laun. Talk you of young maſter *Launcelot?* (mark me now, now will I raiſe the waters;) talk you of young maſter *Launcelot*?

Gob. No maſter, Sir, but a poor man's ſon. His father, though I ſay't, is an honeſt exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young maſter *Launcelot.*

Gob. Your worſhip's friend and *Launcelot*, Sir.

Laun. But, I pray you *ergo*, old man; *ergo* I beſeech you, talk you of young maſter *Launcelot?*

Gob. Of *Launcelot*, an't pleaſe your maſterſhip.

Laun. Ergo, maſter *Launcelot*; talk not of maſter *Launcelot*, father, for the young gentleman (according to fates and deſtinies, and ſuch odd ſayings, the ſiſters three, and ſuch branches of learning,) is, indeed, deceaſed; or, as you would ſay, in plain terms, gone to heav'n.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very ſtaff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-poſt, a ſtaff or a prop? do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman; but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, God reſt his ſoul, alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, Sir, I am ſand-blind, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wiſe father, that knows

——— ——— ——— *ubi eas præterieris,*
Ad ſiniſtram *hac* rectâ *plateâ: ubi ad* Dianæ *veneris,*
Ito ad dextram *priùs, quàm ad portam venias:* &c.

The Reader, upon a Collation of the whole Paſſage, will find, how infinitely more conciſe and humourous the Jeſt is couch'd in our Poet.

his

his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your ſon; give me your bleſſing, truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's ſon may; but, in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, Sir, ſtand up; I am ſure, you are not *Launcelot* my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your bleſſing; I am *Launcelot*, your boy, that was, your ſon that is, your child that ſhall be.

Gob. I cannot think, you are my ſon.

Laun. I know not, what I ſhall think of that: but I am *Launcelot* the *Jew*'s man, and, I am ſure, *Margery* your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is *Margery*, indeed. I'll be ſworn, if thou be *Launcelot*, thou art my own fleſh and blood: lord worſhip'd might he be! what a beard haſt thou got! thou haſt got more hair on thy chin, than *Dobbin* my Thill-horſe has on his tail (10).

Laun. It ſhould ſeem then, that *Dobbin*'s tail grows backward; I am ſure, he had more hair on his tail, than I have on my face, when I laſt ſaw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou chang'd! how doſt thou and thy maſter agree? I have brought him a preſent; how agree you now?

Laun. Well, well, but for mine own part, as I have ſet up my reſt to run away, ſo I will not reſt 'till I have run ſome ground. My maſter's a very *Jew:* give him a preſent! give him a halter: I am famiſh'd in his ſervice. You may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come, give me your preſent to one maſter *Baſſanio*, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I ſerve him not, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune, here comes the man; to him, father, for I am a *Jew*, if I ſerve the *Jew* any longer.

(10) than Dobbin *my* Thill *horſe*] Some of the Editions have it *Phill*, others *Fill*-horſe; Both, erroneouſly. It muſt be *thill-horſe*; i. e. the Horſe, which draws in the *Shafts*, or *Thill*, of the Carriage.

Enter Baſſanio *with* Leonardo, *and a follower or two more.*

Baſſ. You may do ſo; but let it be ſo haſted, that ſupper be ready at the fartheſt by five of the clock: ſee theſe letters deliver'd, put the liveries to making, and deſire *Gratiano* to come anon to my lodging.

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bleſs your worſhip!

Baſſ. Gramercy, would'ſt thou ought with me?

Gob. Here's my ſon, Sir, a poor boy, ——

Laun. Not a poor boy, Sir, but the rich *Jew*'s man, that would, Sir, as my father ſhall ſpecifie.

Gob. He hath a great infection, Sir, as one would ſay, to ſerve.

Laun. Indeed, the ſhort and the long is, I ſerve the *Jew*, and have a deſire as my father ſhall ſpecifie.

Gob. His maſter and he, ſaving your worſhip's reverence, are ſcarce catercouſins.

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the *Jew*, having done me wrong, doth cauſe me, as my father, being I hope an old man, ſhall frutifie unto you.

Gob. I have here a diſh of doves, that I would beſtow upon your worſhip; and my ſuit is ——

Laun. In very brief, the ſuit is impertinent to my ſelf, as your worſhip ſhall know by this honeſt old man; and though I ſay it, though old man, yet poor man my father.

Baſſ. One ſpeak for both, what would you?

Laun. Serve you, Sir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter, Sir.

Baſſ. I know thee well, thou haſt obtain'd thy ſuit; *Shylock*, thy maſter, ſpoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee; if it be preferment
To leave a rich *Jew*'s ſervice, to become
The follower of ſo poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my maſter *Shylock* and you, Sir; you have the grace of God, Sir, and he hath enough.

[40] *Baſſ.* Thou ſpeak'ſt it well; go, father, with thy ſon:

Take

Take leave of thy old maſter, and enquire
My lodging out; give him a livery,
More guarded than his fellows: ſee it done.

Laun. Father, in; I cannot get a ſervice, no? I have ne'er a tongue in my head? well, if any man in *Italy* have (11) a fairer table, which doth offer to ſwear upon a book, "I ſhall have good fortune"; —go to, here's a ſimple line of life; here's a ſmall trifle of wives; alas, fifteen wives is nothing, eleven widows and nine maids is a ſimple coming in for one man! and then to ſcape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather bed, here are ſimple 'ſcapes! well, if fortune be a woman, ſhe's a good wench for this geer. Father, come; I'll take my leave of the *Jew* in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Ex.* Laun. *and* Gob.

Baſſ. I pray thee, good *Leonardo*, think on this.
Theſe things being bought and orderly beſtowed,
Return in haſte, for I do feaſt to night
My beſt eſteem'd acquaintance; hie thee, go,

Leon. My beſt endeavours ſhall be done herein.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where is your maſter?

Leon. Yonder, Sir, he walks; [*Ex.* Leonardo.

Gra. Signior *Baſſanio*, ——

Baſſ. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a ſuit to you.

Baſſ. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You muſt not deny me, I muſt go with you to *Belmont*.

(11) *Well, if any Man in* Italy *have* &c] This ſtubborn Piece of Nonſenſe ſeems to have taken its Riſe from this Accident. In tranſcribing the Play for the Preſs, there was certainly a Line loſt; ſo that the Paſſage for the future ſhould be printed thus;

Well, if any Man in Italy *have a fairer Table, which doth* * * * * * * * * *offer to ſwear upon a Book, I ſhall have good Fortune.* 'Tis impoſſible to find out the loſt Line, but the loſt Senſe is eaſy enough; as thus.

Well, if any Man in Italy *have a fairer Table, which doth* [promiſe good Luck, I am miſtaken. I durſt almoſt] *offer to ſwear upon a Book, I ſhall have good Fortune.* Mr. *Warburton.*

Baſſ.

Baſſ. Why, then you muſt: but hear thee, *Gratiano*,
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;
Parts, that become thee happily enough,
And in ſuch eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they ſhew
Something too liberal; pray thee, take pain
T'allay with ſome cold drops of modeſty
Thy skipping ſpirit; leſt, through thy wild behaviour,
I be miſconſtru'd in the place I go to,
And loſe my hopes.

Gra. Signior *Baſſanio*, hear me.
If I do not put on a ſober habit,
Talk with reſpect, and ſwear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pockets, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is ſaying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and ſigh and ſay, Amen;
Uſe all th' obſervance of civility,
Like one well ſtudied in a ſad oſtent
To pleaſe his grandam; never truſt me more.

Baſſ. Well, we ſhall ſee your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to night, you ſhall not gage me
By what we do to night.

Baſſ. No, that were pity.
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldeſt ſuit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpoſe merriment: but fare you well,
I have ſome buſineſs.

Gra. And I muſt to *Lorenzo* and the reſt:
But we will viſit you at ſupper-time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Shylock's *houſe.*

Enter Jeſſica *and* Launcelot.

Jeſ. I'M ſorry, thou wilt leave my father ſo;
Our houſe is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didſt rob it of ſome taſte of tediouſneſs;
But fare thee well, there is a ducat for thee.
And *Launcelot*, ſoon at ſupper ſhalt thou ſee
Lorenzo, who is thy new maſter's gueſt;

Give

Give him this letter, do it ſecretly,
And ſo farewel: I would not have my father
See me talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu; tears exhibit my tongue; moſt beautiful Pagan, moſt ſweet *Jew!* if a chriſtian did not play the knave and get thee, I am much deceiv'd; but adieu! theſe fooliſh drops do ſomewhat drown my manly ſpirit: adieu! [*Exit.*

Jeſ. Farewel, good *Launcelot.*
Alack, what heinous ſin is it in me,
To be aſham'd to be my father's child?
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O *Lorenzo*,
If thou keep promiſe, I ſhall end this ſtrife,
Become a chriſtian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Solarino, *and* Salanio.

Lor. NAY, we will ſlink away in ſupper-time, diſguiſe us at my lodging, and return all in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Sal. We have not ſpoke us yet of torch-bearers.

Sola. 'Tis vile, unleſs it may be quaintly ordered, [13]
And better in my mind not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four a-clock, we have two hours
To furniſh us. Friend *Launcelot*, what's the news?

Enter Launcelot, *with a letter.*

Laun. An' it ſhall pleaſe you to break up this, it ſhall ſeem to ſignifie.

Lor. I know the hand; in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper, it writ on,
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, Sir.

Lor. Whither goeſt thou?

Laun. Marry, Sir, to bid my old maſter the *Jew* to ſup to night with my new maſter the chriſtian.

Lor.

Lor. Hold, here, take this; tell gentle *Jeſſica*,
I will not fail her; ſpeak it privately.
Go.—Gentlemen, will you prepare for this maſque to night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer. [*Exit* Laun.
Sal. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it ſtrait.
Sola. And ſo will I.
Lor. Meet me, and *Gratiano*,
At *Gratiano*'s lodging ſome hour hence.
Sal. 'Tis good, we do ſo. [*Exit.*
Gra. Was not that letter from fair *Jeſſica?*
Lor. I muſt needs tell thee all; ſhe hath directed,
How I ſhall take her from her father's houſe;
What gold and jewels ſhe is furniſh'd with;
What page's ſuit ſhe hath in readineſs.
If e'er the *Jew* her father come to heav'n,
It will be for his gentle daughter's ſake:
And never dare misfortune croſs her foot,
Unleſs ſhe do it under this excuſe,
That ſhe is iſſue to a faithleſs *Jew*.
Come, go with me; peruſe this, as thou goeſt;
Fair *Jeſſica* ſhall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Shylock's *houſe*.

Enter Shylock *and* Launcelot.

Shy. WELL, thou ſhalt ſee, thy eyes ſhall be thy judge,
The difference of old *Shylock* and *Baſſanio*.
What, *Jeſſica!*—thou ſhalt not gormandize,
As thou haſt done with me——what, *Jeſſica!*—
And ſleep and ſnore, and rend apparel out.
Why, *Jeſſica!* I ſay.
Laun. Why, *Jeſſica!*
Shy. Who bids thee call? I did not bid thee call.
Laun. Your worſhip was wont to tell me, that I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jeſſica.

Jeſ. Call you? what is your will?
Shy. I am bid forth to ſupper, *Jeſſica*; There

There are my keys: but wherefore ſhould I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal chriſtian. *Jeſſica*, my girl,
Look to my houſe; I am right loth to go;
There is ſome ill a brewing towards my reſt,
For I did dream of mony-bags to night.

Laun. I beſeech you, Sir, go; my young maſter doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conſpired together, I will not ſay, you ſhall ſee a maſque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my noſe fell a bleeding on black monday laſt, at ſix a-clock i'th' morning, falling out that year on Aſh-Wedneſday was four year in the afternoon.

Shy. What! are there maſques? hear you me, *Jeſſica*.
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile ſqueaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the caſements then,
Nor thruſt your head into the publick ſtreet,
To gaze on chriſtian fools with varniſh'd faces:
But ſtop my houſe's ears; I mean, my caſements;
Let not the ſound of ſhallow foppery enter
My ſober houſe. By *Jacob*'s ſtaff, I ſwear,
I have no mind of feaſting forth to night:
But I will go; go you before me, ſirrah:
Say, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, Sir.
Miſtreſs, look out at window, for all this;
There will come a chriſtian by,
Will be worth a *Jeweſs*' eye. [*Exit* Laun.

Shy. What ſays that fool of *Hagar*'s off-ſpring? ha.

Jeſ. His words were, farewel, miſtreſs; nothing elſe.

Shy. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder:
Snail-ſlow in profit, but he ſleeps by day
More than the wild cat; drones hive not with me,
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one, that I would have him help to waſte
His borrow'd purſe. Well, *Jeſſica*, go in;

Perhaps,

Perhaps, I will return immediately;
Do, as I bid you. ———
Shut the doors after you; *faſt bind, faſt find*;
A proverb never ſtale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*
Jeſ. Farewel; and if my fortune be not croſt,
I have a father, you a daughter loſt. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter Gratiano *and* Salanio *in maſquerade.*

Gra. This is the pent-houſe, under which *Lorenzo* deſired us to make a ſtand.

Sal. His hour is almoſt paſt.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Sal. O, ten times faſter *Venus'* pidgeons fly (12)
To ſeal love's bonds new made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Gra. That ever holds. Who riſeth from a feaſt,
With that keen appetite that he ſits down?
Where is the horſe, that doth untread again
His tedious meaſures with th' unbated fire,
That he did pace them firſt? all things that are,

(12) *O, ten times faſter* Venus' Pidgeons *fly*] This is a very odd Image, of *Venus*'s Pidgeons flying to ſeal the Bonds of Love. The ſenſe is obvious, and We know the Dignity due to *Venus*'s Pidgeons. There was certainly a Joke intended here, which the Ignorance, or Boldneſs, of the firſt Tranſcribers have murder'd: I doubt not, but *Shakeſpeare* wrote the Line thus;

O, ten times faſter Venus' Widgeons *fly*
To ſeal &c.

For *Widgeon* is not only the ſilly Bird ſo call'd, but ſignifies likewiſe, metaphorically, a *ſilly Fellow*, as *Gooſe*, or *Gudgeon*, does now. The Joke conſiſts in the Ambiguity of the Signification; and to call the Votaries of Love *Venus*'s *Widgeons* has, I think, ſomething very pretty. But the Tranſcribers finding *Widgeon* in the Text, and knowing Nothing of its figurative Signification, ſubſtituted *Pidgeon* as a more uſual, (or perhaps, better ſounding) Word. *Butler* has made the very ſame Joke upon the Presbyterians. Canto 1ſt. pt. 1. v. 231.

Th' Apoſtles of this fierce Religion,
Like Mahomet's *were Aſs, and* Widgeon.

The Monks, in their fabulous Account of *Mahomet*, ſaid, he taught a *Pidgeon* to pick Peas out of his Ear for the Ends of his Impoſture.

Mr. *Warburton.*

Are

Are with more ſpirit chaſed than enjoy'd.
How like a younker, or a prodigal,
The skarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the ſtrumpet wind!
How like the prodigal doth ſhe return,
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged ſails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the ſtrumpet wind!

Enter Lorenzo.

Sal. Here comes *Lorenzo:* more of this hereafter.
Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs have made you wait;
When you ſhall pleaſe to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then; come, approach;
Here dwells my father *Jew.* Hoa, who's within?

Jeſſica *above*, *in boy's cloaths.*

Jeſ. Who are you? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit I'll ſwear, that I do know your tongue.
Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.
Jeſ. Lorenzo certain, and my love, indeed;
For who love I ſo much? and now who knows,
But you, *Lorenzo*, whether I am yours?
Lor. Heav'n and thy thoughts are witneſs, that thou art.
Jeſ. Here, catch this casket, it is worth the pains.
I'm glad, 'tis night, you do not look on me;
For I am much aſham'd of my exchange;
But love is blind, and lovers cannot ſee
The pretty follies that themſelves commit;
For if they could, *Cupid* himſelf would bluſh
To ſee me thus transformed to a boy.
Lor. Deſcend, for you muſt be my torch-bearer.
Jeſ. What, muſt I hold a candle to my ſhames?
They in themſelves, goodſooth, are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of diſcovery, love,
And I ſhould be obſcur'd.
Lor. So are you, ſweet,
Ev'n in the lovely garniſh of a boy.
But come at once ——

For

For the close night doth play the run-away,
And we are staid for at *Bassanio*'s feast.

Jess. I will make fast the doors, and gild my self
With some more ducats, and be with you strait.
[*Ex. from above.*

Gra. Now by my hood, a Gentile, and no *Jew*.

Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath prov'd her self;
And therefore like her self, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter Jessica, *to them.*

What, art thou come? on, gentlemen, away;
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay. [*Exit.*

Enter Antonio.

Anth. Who's there?

Gra. Signior *Anthonio*, ——

Anth. Fie, *Gratiano*, where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock, our friends all stay for you;
No masque to night; the wind is come about,
Bassanio presently will go aboard;
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gra. I'm glad on't; I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail, and gone to night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Belmont.

Enter Portia *with* Morochius, *and both their trains.*

Por. GO, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The sev'ral caskets to this noble Prince.
Now make your choice. [*Three caskets are discovered.*

Mor. The first of gold, which this inscription bears,
Who chuseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
The second silver, which this promise carries,
Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.

How ſhall I know, if I do chuſe the right?
Por. The one of them contains my picture, Prince;
If you chuſe that, then I am yours withal.
Mor. Some God direct my judgment! let me ſee,
I will ſurvey th' inſcriptions back again;
What ſays this leaden casket?
Who chuſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath.
Muſt give, for what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This casket threatens. Men, that hazard all,
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind ſtoops not to ſhows of droſs;
I'll then not give, nor hazard, ought for lead.
What ſays the ſilver, with her virgin hue?
Who chuſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves.
As much as he deſerves? pauſe there, *Morochius*;
And weigh thy value with an even hand.
If thou be'ſt rated by thy eſtimation,
Thou doſt deſerve enough; and yet enough
May not extend ſo far as to the lady;
And yet to be afraid of my deſerving,
Were but a weak diſabling of my ſelf.
As much as I deſerve? —— why, that's the lady:
I do in birth deſerve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding:
But more than theſe, in love I do deſerve.
What if I ſtray'd no farther, but choſe here?
Let's ſee once more this ſaying grav'd in gold.
Who chuſeth me, ſhall gain what many men deſire.
Why, that's the lady; all the world deſires her;
From the four corners of the earth they come
To kiſs this ſhrine, this mortal breathing ſaint.
Th' *Hyrcanian* deſerts, and the vaſtie wilds
Of wide *Arabia*, are as thorough-fares now,
For Princes to come view fair *Portia*.
The wat'ry kingdom, whoſe ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To ſtop the foreign ſpirits; but they come
As o'er a brook, to ſee fair *Portia*.
One of theſe three contains her heav'nly picture.
Is't like, that lead contains her? 'twere damnation,

To think so base a thought: it were too gross
To rib her searcloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think, in silver she's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalu'd to try'd gold?
O sinful thought, never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold! they have in *England*
A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold, but that's insculpt upon:
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lyes all within. Deliver me the key;
Here do I chuse, and thrive I as I may!

Por. There take it, Prince, and if my form lye there,
Then I am yours. [*Unlocking the gold casket.*

Mor. O hell! what have we here? a carrion death,
Within whose empty eye there is a scrowl:
I'll read the writing.

All that glisters is not gold,
Often have you heard that told;
Many a man his life hath sold,
But my outside to behold.
Gilded wood may worms infold:
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscrol'd;
Fare you well, your suit is cold.

Mor. Cold, indeed, and labour lost:
Then farewel, heat; and welcome, frost:
Portia, adieu; I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part. [*Exit.*

Por. A gentle riddance: draw the curtains; go——
Let all of his complexion chuse me so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Venice.

Enter Solarino *and* Salanio.

Sal. WHY, man, I saw *Bassanio* under sail;
With him is *Gratiano* gone along;

And

And in their ſhip, I'm ſure, *Lorenzo* is not.
Sola. The villain *Jew* with outcries rais'd the Duke,
Who went with him to ſearch *Baſſanio*'s ſhip.
Sal. He came too late, the ſhip was under ſail;
But there the Duke was giv'n to underſtand,
That in a *Gondola* were ſeen together
Lorenzo and his am'rous *Jeſſica:*
Beſides, *Anthonio* certify'd the Duke,
They were not with *Baſſanio* in his ſhip.
Sola. I never heard a paſſion ſo confus'd,
So ſtrange, outrageous, and ſo variable,
As the dog *Jew* did utter in the ſtreets;
My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!
Fled with a chriſtian? O my chriſtian ducats!
Juſtice, the law, my ducats, and my daughter!
A ſealed bag, two ſealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, ſtoln from me by my daughter!
And jewels, two ſtones, rich and precious ſtones,
Stoln by my daughter! juſtice! find the girl;
She hath the ſtones upon her, and the ducats.
Sal. Why, all the boys in *Venice* follow him,
Crying his ſtones, his daughter, and his ducats.
Sola. Let good *Anthonio* look, he keep his day;
Or he ſhall pay for this.
Sal. Marry, well remember'd.
I reaſon'd with a *Frenchman* yeſterday,
Who told me, in the narrow ſeas, that part
The *French* and *Engliſh*, there miſcarried
A veſſel of our country richly fraught:
I thought upon *Anthonio*, when he told me,
And wiſh'd in ſilence, that it were not his.
Sola. You were beſt to tell *Anthonio* what you hear,
Yet do not ſuddenly, for it may grieve him.
Sal. A kinder Gentleman treads not the earth.
I ſaw *Baſſanio* and *Anthonio* part.
Baſſanio told him, he would make ſome ſpeed
Of his return: he anſwer'd, do not ſo,
Slubber not buſineſs for my ſake, *Baſſanio*,
But ſtay the very riping of the time;
And for the *Jew*'s bond, which he hath of me,

Let it not enter in your mind of love:
Be merry, and employ your chiefeſt thoughts
To courtſhip, and ſuch fair oſtents of love,
As ſhall conveniently become you there.
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wond'rous ſenſible
He wrung *Baſſanio*'s hand, and ſo they parted.

Sola. I think, he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heavineſs
With ſome delight or other.

Sal. Do we ſo. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Belmont.

Enter Neriſſa *with a Servant.*

Ner. QUICK, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain ſtrait;
The Prince of *Arragon* has ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election preſently.

Enter Arragon, *his train*, Portia. *Flor. Cornets.*
The Caskets are diſcover'd.

Por. Behold, there ſtand the caskets, noble Prince;
If you chuſe that, wherein I am contain'd,
Strait ſhall our nuptial rites be ſolemniz'd:
But if you fail, without more ſpeech, my lord,
You muſt be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath t' obſerve three things;
Firſt, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I choſe; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage:
Laſt, if I fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To theſe injunctions every one doth ſwear,
That comes to hazard for my worthleſs ſelf.

Ar. And ſo have I addreſt me; fortune now
To my heart's hope! gold, ſilver, and baſe lead.

Who

Who chuſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath.
You ſhall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
What ſays the golden cheſt? ha, let me ſee;
Who chuſeth me, ſhall gain what many men deſire.
What many men deſire —— that may be meant
Of the fool-multitude, that chuſe by ſhow,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pry not to th' interior, but like the martlet
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Ev'n in the force and road of caſualty.
I will not chuſe what many men deſire,
Becauſe I will not jump with common ſpirits,
And rank me with the barb'rous multitudes.
Why then to thee, thou ſilver treaſure-houſe:
Tell me once more, what title thou doſt bear.
Who chuſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves;
And well ſaid too, for who ſhall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the ſtamp of merit? let none preſume
To wear an undeſerved dignity:
O that eſtates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly, that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then ſhould cover, that ſtand bare?
How many be commanded, that command?
How much low peaſantry would then be gleaned
From the true ſeed of honour? how much honour (13)
Pickt

(13) —— *how much honour*
Pick'd *from the* Chaff *and Ruin of the Times,*
To be new varniſh'd.] Mr. *Warburton* very juſtly obſerv'd to me upon the Confuſion and Diſagreement of the *Metaphors* here; and is of Opinion, that *Shakeſpeare* might have wrote;
To be new vanned. ——
i. e. winnow'd, purged: from the *French* Word, *vanner*; which is deriv'd from the *Latin*, *Vannus*, *ventilabrum*, the *Fann* uſed for winnowing the Chaff from the Corn. This Alteration, as he obſerves, reſtores the Metaphor to its Integrity: and our Poet frequently uſes the ſame Thought. So, in the 2d Part of *Henry* IV.
We ſhall be winnow'd *with ſo rough a Wind,*
That ev'n our Corn ſhall ſeem as light as Chaff.
And, again, in K. *Henry* V.
Such, and ſo finely boulted *did'ſt thou ſeem,*

Pickt from the chaff and ruin of the times,
[69] To be new varnish'd? well, but to my choice:
Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves:
I will assume desert; give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find there.

[*Unlocking the silver casket.*

Ar. What's here! the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule? I will read it:
How much unlike art thou to *Portia?*
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings?
Who chuses me, shall have as much as he deserves.
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

The fire sev'n times tried this;
Sev'n times tried that judgment is,
That did never chuse amiss.
Some there be, that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er, and so was this:
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone, Sir, you are sped.

Ar. Still more fool I shall appear,
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath,
(6) Patiently to bear my wroth. [*Exit.*

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth:
O these deliberate fools! when they do chuse,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

for *boulted* signifies *sifted, refin'd.* The Correction is truly ingenious, and probable: But as *Shakespeare* is so loose and licentious in the blending of different Metaphors, I have not ventur'd to disturb the Text.

Ner.

Ner. The ancient ſaying is no hereſy,
Hanging and wiving goes by deſtiny.
Por. Come, draw the curtain, *Neriſſa.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?
Por. Here, what would my lord?
Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young *Venetian*, one that comes before
To ſignify th' approaching of his lord,
From whom he bringeth ſenſible regreets;
To wit, beſides commends and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value; yet, I have not ſeen
So likely an ambaſſador of love.
A day in *April* never came ſo ſweet,
To ſhow how coſtly ſummer was at hand,
As this fore-ſpurrer comes before his lord.
Por. No more, I pray thee; I am half afraid,
Thou'lt ſay anon, he is ſome kin to thee;
Thou ſpend'ſt ſuch high-day wit in praiſing him:
Come, come, *Neriſſa*, for I long to ſee
Quick *Cupid*'s poſt, that comes ſo mannerly.
Ner. *Baſſanio*, lord Love, if thy will it be! (14)

[*Exeunt.*

(14) Baſſanio *Lord, love, if*] Mr. *Pope*, and all the preceding Editors have follow'd this pointing; as imagining, I ſuppoſe, that *Baſſanio* lord — means, Lord *Baſſanio*; but *Lord* muſt be coupled to *Love*: as if ſhe had ſaid, " Imperial Love, if it be thy Will, let it be *Baſſanio* whom this " Meſſenger fore-runs.

ACT III.

SCENE, *a Street in* VENICE.

Enter Salanio *and* Solarino.

SOLARINO.

NOW, what news on the *Ryalto?*

Sal. Why yet it lives there uncheckt, that *Anthonio* hath a ſhip of rich lading wrackt on the narrow ſeas; the *Godwins*, I think, they call the place; a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcaſes of many a tall ſhip lye bury'd, as they ſay, if my goſſip *Report* be an honeſt woman of her word.

Sola. I would ſhe were as lying a goſſip in that, as ever knapt ginger; or made her neighbours believe, ſhe wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any ſlips of prolixity, or croſſing the plain high-way of talk, that the good *Anthonio*, the honeſt *Anthonio*——— O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!

Sal. Come, the full ſtop.

Sola. Ha, what ſay'ſt thou? why the end is, he hath loſt a ſhip.

Sal. I would, it might prove the end of his loſſes.

Sola. Let me ſay *Amen* betimes, leſt the devil croſs thy prayer, (15) for here he comes in the likeneſs of a *Jew*. How now, *Shylock*, what news among the merchants?

Enter Shylock.

Shy. You knew (none ſo well, none ſo well as you) of my daughter's flight.

(15) ——— *leſt the Devil croſs* my *Prayer*.] But the Prayer was Salanio's. The other only, as Clerk, ſays *Amen* to it. We muſt therefore read ——— thy *Prayer*. Mr. *Warburton*.

Sal.

Sal. That's certain; I, for my part, knew the taylor that made the wings she flew withal.

Sola. And *Shylock*, for his own part, knew the bird was fledg'd, and then it is the complection of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Sal. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Sola. Out upon it, old carrion, rebels it at these years?

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Sal. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rhenish: but tell us, do you hear, whether *Anthonio* have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match; a bankrupt, [68 a prodigal, who dares scarce shew his head on the *Ryalto*; a beggar, that us'd to come so smug upon the mart! let him look to his bond; he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond; he was wont to lend money for a christian courtesie; let him look to his bond.

Sal. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal. If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge; he hath disgrac'd me, and hinder'd me half a million, laught at my losses, mockt at my gains, scorn'd my nation, thwarted my bargains, cool'd my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a *Jew*. Hath not a *Jew* eyes? hath not a *Jew* hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, heal'd by the same means, warm'd and cool'd by the same winter and summer, as a christian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a *Jew* wrong a christian,

chriſtian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a chriſtian wrong a *Jew*, what ſhould his ſufferance be by chriſtian example? why, Revenge. The villany, you teach me, I will execute; and it ſhall go hard, but I will better the inſtruction.

Enter a Servant from Anthonio.

Ser. Gentlemen, my maſter *Anthonio* is at his houſe, and deſires to ſpeak with you both.

Sal. We have been up and down to ſeek him.

Enter Tubal.

Sola. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be match'd, unleſs the devil himſelf turn *Jew*.

[*Exeunt* Sala. *and* Solar.

Shy. How now, *Tubal*, what news from *Genoua*? haſt thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, coſt me two thouſand ducats in *Frankfort!* the curſe never fell upon our nation 'till now, I never felt it 'till now; two thouſand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels! I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the Jewels in her ear; O, would ſhe were hers'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin. No news of them; why ſo! and I know not what's ſpent in the ſearch: why, thou loſs upon loſs! the thief gone with ſo much, and ſo much to find the thief; and no ſatisfaction, no revenge, nor no ill luck ſtirring, but what lights o' my ſhoulders; no ſighs but o' my breathing, no tears but o' my ſhedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too; *Anthonio*, as I heard in *Genoua* ———

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an Argoſie caſt away, coming from *Tripolis*.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God; is it true? is it true?

Tub. I ſpoke with ſome of the ſailors that eſcaped the wrack.

Shy.

Shy. I thank thee, good *Tubal*; good news, good news; ha, ha, where? in *Genoua?*

Tub. Your daughter ſpent in *Genoua*, as I heard, one night, fourſcore ducats.

Shy. Thou ſtick'ſt a dagger in me; I ſhall never ſee my gold again; fourſcore ducats at a ſitting, fourſcore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of *Anthonio*'s creditors in my company to *Venice*, that ſwear he cannot chuſe but break.

Shy. I am glad of it, I'll plague him, I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them ſhew'd me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monky.

Shy. Out upon her! thou tortureſt me, *Tubal*; it was my *Turquoiſe*, I had it of *Leah* when I was a batchelor; I would not have given it for a wilderneſs of monkies.

Tub. But *Anthonio* is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true; go fee me an officer, beſpeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of *Venice*, I can make what merchandize I will: go: go, *Tubal*, and meet me at our ſynagogue; go, good *Tubal*; at our ſynagogue, *Tubal*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Belmont.

Enter Baſſanio, Portia, Gratiano, *and attendants.*
The Caskets are ſet out.

Por. I Pray you, tarry, pauſe a day or two,
Before you hazard; for in chuſing wrong
I loſe your company; therefore, forbear a while.
There's ſomething tells me (but it is not love)
I would not loſe you; and you know your ſelf,
Hate counſels not in ſuch a quality.
But leſt you ſhould not underſtand me well,
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,
I would detain you here ſome month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you

How

How to chuſe right, but I am then forſworn:
So will I never be; ſo may you miſs me;
But if you do, you'll make me wiſh a ſin,
That I had been forſworn. Beſhrew your eyes,
They have o'erlook'd me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,
Mine own, I would ſay: but if mine, then yours;
And ſo all yours. Alas! theſe naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights:
And ſo tho' yours, not yours; prove it ſo,
Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I ſpeak too long, but 'tis to peece the time,
To eche it, and to draw it out in length,
To ſtay you from election.

Baſſ. Let me chuſe:
For as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, *Baſſanio?* then confeſs,
What treaſon there is mingled with your love.

Baſſ. None, but that ugly treaſon of miſtruſt,
Which makes me fear th' enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween ſnow and fire, as treaſon and my love.

Por. Ay, but, I fear, you ſpeak upon the rack;
Where men enforced do ſpeak any thing.

Baſſ. Promiſe me life, and I'll confeſs the truth.

Por. Well then, confeſs and live.

Baſſ. Confeſs, and love,
Had been the very ſum of my confeſſion.
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me anſwers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away then! I am lockt in one of them;
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Neriſſa, and the reſt, ſtand all aloof,
Let muſick ſound, while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he loſe, he makes a ſwan-like end,
Fading in muſick. That the compariſon
May ſtand more juſt, my eye ſhall be the ſtream
And wat'ry death-bed for him: he may win,
And what is muſick then? then muſick is

Even

Even as the flouriſh, when true ſubjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: ſuch it is,
As are thoſe dulcet ſounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And ſummon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no leſs preſence, but with much more love,
Than young *Alcides*, when he did redeem
The virgin-tribute, paid by howling *Troy*
To the ſea-monſter: I ſtand for ſacrifice;
The reſt aloof are the *Dardanian* wives,
With bleared viſages come forth to view
The iſſue of th' exploit. Go, *Hercules!* ——
Live thou, I live; with much, much more diſmay
I view the fight, than thou, that mak'ſt the fray.

[*Muſick within.*

A Song, whilſt Baſſanio *comments on the caskets to himſelf.*

Tell me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nouriſhed?
Reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the eye,
With gazing fed, and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lyes:
Let us all ring fancy's knell.
I'll begin it.
Ding, dong, bell.
All, *Ding, dong, bell.*

Baſſ. So may the outward ſhows be leaſt themſelves:
The world is ſtill deceiv'd with Ornament.
In law, what plea ſo tainted and corrupt,
But being ſeaſon'd with a gracious voice,
Obſcures the ſhow of evil? in religion,
What damned error, but ſome ſober brow
Will bleſs it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the groſsneſs with fair ornament?
There is no vice ſo ſimple, but aſſumes
Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.

How

How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of *Hercules* and frowning *Mars*;
Who, inward searcht, have livers white as milk?
And these assume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest, that wear most of it:
So are those crisped snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull, that bred them, in the sepulcher.
Thus Ornament is but the guiled shore (16)
To a most dang'rous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an *Indian* beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
T' entrap the wisest. Then thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for *Midas*, I will none of thee:
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meager lead,
Which rather threatnest, than dost promise ought, (17)
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence;
And here chuse I; joy be the consequence!

(16) ——— ——— *is but the* gilded *Shore*] I have restor'd, on the Authority of the old 4to's and *Folio* Impressions, *guiled*, i. e. *guily*, furnish'd for Deceit, made to betray. The Poet uses the participle *passive* in an *active* Signification; as, *vice versâ*, it will be found, upon Observation, that he employs the *active* participle *passively*. To give a single Instance from K. *Lear*;

Who, by the Art of known and feeling *Sorrows*,
Am pregnant to good Pity.

For *feeling Sorrows* here means Sorrows that make themselves *felt*.

(17) *Thy* Paleness *moves me more than Eloquence*;] *Bassanio* is displeas'd at the golden *Casket* for its *Gawdiness*, and the Silver one for its *Paleness*; but, What! is he charm'd with the Leaden one for having the very same Quality that displeas'd him in the Silver? The Poet never intended such an absurd Reasoning. He certainly wrote,

Thy Plainness *moves me more than Eloquence*; This characterizes the Lead from the Silver, which *Paleness* does not, they being both *pale*. Besides, there is a Beauty in the *Antithesis* between *Plainness* and *Eloquence*; between *Paleness* and *Eloquence*, none. Mr. *Warburton*.

Por.

Por. How all the other paſſions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and raſh-embrac'd deſpair,
And ſhudd'ring fear, and green-ey'd jealouſie.
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecſtaſie;
In meaſure rain thy joy, ſcant this exceſs,
I feel too much thy bleſſing, make it leſs,
For fear I ſurfeit. [*Opening the leaden casket.*

Baſſ. What find I here?
Fair *Portia*'s counterfeit? what Demy-god
Hath come ſo near creation? move theſe eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? here are ſever'd lips
Parted with ſugar breath; ſo ſweet a bar
Should ſunder ſuch ſweet friends: here in her hairs
The painter plays the ſpider, and hath woven
A golden meſh t' intrap the hearts of men,
Faſter than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes, ——
How could he ſee to do them? having made one,
Methinks, it ſhould have pow'r to ſteal both his,
And leave it ſelf unfiniſh'd: yet how far
The ſubſtance of my praiſe doth wrong this ſhadow
In underprizing it; ſo far this ſhadow
Doth limp behind the ſubſtance. Here's the ſcrowl,
The continent and ſummary of my fortune.

You that chuſe not by the view,
Chance as fair, and chuſe as true:
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and ſeek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliſs,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiſs.

A gentle ſcrowl; fair lady, by your leave; [*Kiſſing her.*
I come by note to give, and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes;
Hearing applauſe and univerſal ſhout,
Giddy in ſpirit, gazing ſtill in doubt,
Whether thoſe peals of praiſe be his or no;

So

So (thrice-fair lady), ſtand I, even ſo,
As doubtful whether what I ſee be true,
Until confirm'd, ſign'd, ratify'd by you.

Por. You ſee me, lord *Baſſanio*, where I ſtand,
Such as I am; tho' for my ſelf alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wiſh,
To wiſh my ſelf much better; yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times my ſelf,
A thouſand times more fair; ten thouſand times
More rich; that, to ſtand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full ſum of me
Is ſum of ſomething, which, to term in groſs,
Is an unleſſon'd girl, unſchool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, ſhe is not yet ſo old
But ſhe may learn; more happy then in this,
She is not bred ſo dull but ſhe can learn;
Happieſt of all, is, that her gentle ſpirit
Commits it ſelf to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her King:
My ſelf, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted. But now I was the Lord
Of this fair manſion, maſter of my ſervants,
Queen o'er my ſelf; and even now, but now,
This houſe, theſe ſervants, and this ſame my ſelf
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring,
Which, when you part from, loſe or give away,
Let it preſage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Baſſ. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood ſpeaks to you in my veins;
And there is ſuch confuſion in my pow'rs,
As, after ſome oration fairly ſpoke
By a beloved Prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleaſed multitude;
Where every ſomething, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, ſave of joy
Expreſt, and not expreſt. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O, then be bold to ſay, *Baſſanio*'s dead.

Ner

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have ſtood by, and ſeen our wiſhes proſper,
To cry, good joy, good joy, my lord and lady!
Gra. My lord *Baſſanio*, and my gentle lady,
I wiſh you all the joy, that you can wiſh;
For, I am ſure, you can wiſh none from me:
And when your honours mean to ſolemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beſeech you,
Ev'n at that time I may be married too.
Baſſ. With all my heart, ſo thou canſt get a wife.
Gra. I thank your lordſhip, you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as ſwift as yours;
You ſaw the miſtreſs, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd; I lov'd: for intermiſſion (18)
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune ſtood upon the casket there;
And ſo did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing here until I ſweat again,
And ſwearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love; at laſt, if promiſe laſt,
I got a promiſe of this fair one here,

(18) *You lov'd; I lov'd for* Intermiſſion.] Thus this Paſſage has been nonſenſically poinied thro' all the Editions. If *loving for Intermiſſion* can be expounded into any Senſe, I confeſs, I as yet am ignorant, and ſhall be glad to be inſtructed in it. But till then I muſt beg Leave to think, the Sentence ought to be thus regulated;

You lov'd, I lov'd: —— *For* Intermiſſion
No more pertains to me, my Lord, than You.

i. e. ſtanding idle; a Pauſe, or Diſcontinuance of Action. And ſuch is the Signification of *Intermiſſio* and *Intermiſſus* amongſt the *Latines*. — *Neque alia ulla fuit cauſa* intermiſſionis *Epiſtolarum, niſi quod ubi eſſes planè neſciebam:* ſays *Cicero* to *Trebatius*. "Nor was there any other "Reaſon for my *diſcontinuing* to write, but that I was abſolutely igno- "rant where you were". And ſo *Pliny*, of the Nightingale: *Luſciniis diebus ac noctibus quindecim garrulus ſine* intermiſſu *Cantus*. "Nightin- "gales hold their Song for fifteen days and nights together, without *In- "termiſſion*". Our Author uſes this Word again in his *Lear*:

Deliver'd Letters ſpight of Intermiſſion,
Which preſently they read.

i. e. in ſpight of any *Pauſe*, or *Delay*. Sometimes, *without Intermiſſion*, is, without *Ceſſation*: as in the *Greek*, ἀδιαλείπτως, ἀπαύστως. So in *As you like it*;

And I did laugh, ſans Intermiſſion,
An hour by his Dial.

To have her love, provided that your fortune
Atchiev'd her miſtreſs.

Por. Is this true, *Neriſſa?*

Ner. Madam, it is, ſo you ſtand pleas'd withal.

Baſſ. And do you, *Gratiano*, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.

Baſſ. Our feaſt ſhall be much honour'd in your marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them, the firſt boy for a thouſand ducats.

Ner. What, and ſtake down?

Gra. No, we ſhall ne'er win at that ſport, and ſtake down.
But who comes here? *Lorenzo* and his infidel?
What, and my old *Venetian* friend, *Salanio?*

Enter Lorenzo, Jeſſica, *and* Salanio.

Baſſ. *Lorenzo* and *Salanio*, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new intereſt here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave,
I bid my very friends and country-men,
(Sweet *Portia*) welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord; they are intirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour; for my part, my lord,
My purpoſe was not to have ſeen you here;
But meeting with *Salanio* by the way,
He did intreat me, paſt all ſaying nay,
To come with him along.

Sal. I did, my lord,
And I have reaſon for't; Signior *Anthonio*
Commends him to you. [*Gives* Baſſanio *a Letter.*

Baſſ. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

Sal. Not ſick, my lord, unleſs it be in mind;
Nor well, unleſs in mind; his letter there
Will ſhew you his eſtate. [Baſſanio *opens the letter.*

Gra. *Neriſſa*, cheer yond ſtranger: Bid her welcome. (19)

Your

(19) Neriſſa, *cheer yond Stranger.*] The Poet has ſhewn a ſingular Art here, in his Conduct with Relation to *Jeſſica*. As the Audience were already

Your hand, *Salanio*; what's the news from *Venice?*
How doth that royal merchant good *Anthonio?*
I know, he will be glad of our ſucceſs:
We are the *Jaſons*, we have won the fleece.
Sal. Would, you had won the fleece, that he hath loſt!
Por. There are ſome ſhrewd contents in yond ſame paper,
That ſteal the colour from *Baſſanio*'s cheek:
Some dear friend dead; elſe nothing in the world
Could turn ſo much the conſtitution
Of any conſtant man. What, worſe and worſe!
With leave, *Baſſanio*, I am half your ſelf,
And I muſt have the half of any thing
That this ſame paper brings you.
Baſſ. O ſweet *Portia!*
Here are a few of the unpleaſant'ſt words,
That ever blotted paper. Gentle lady,
When I did firſt impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true; and yet, dear lady,
Rating my ſelf at nothing, you ſhall ſee
How much I was a braggart: when I told you,
My ſtate was nothing, I ſhould then have told you,
That I was worſe than nothing. For, indeed,
I have engag'd my ſelf to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his meer enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady,
The paper, as the body of my friend;
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Iſſuing life-blood. But is it true, *Salanio?*
Have all his ventures fail'd? what, not one hit
From *Tripolis*, from *Mexico*, from *England*,

already appriz'd of her Story, the opening it here to *Portia* would have been a ſuperfluous Repetition. Nor could it be done properly, while a Letter of ſuch Haſte and Conſequence was to be deliver d: and on which the main Action of the Play depended. *Jeſſica* is therefore, artfully, complimented in *dumb Shew*; and no Speech made to her, becauſe the Scene is drawn out to a great Length by more important Buſineſs.

From *Lisbon*, *Barbary*, and *India?*
And not one veſſel 'ſcap'd the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?
Sal. Not one, my lord.
Beſides, it ſhould appear, that if he had
The preſent mony to diſcharge the *Jew*,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the ſhape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man.
He plies the Duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the ſtate,
If they deny him juſtice. Twenty merchants,
The Duke himſelf, and the Magnificoes
Of greateſt port, have all perſuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of juſtice, and his bond.
Jeſ. When I was with him, I have heard him ſwear,
To *Tuball* and to *Chus* his country-men,
That he would rather have *Anthonio*'s fleſh,
Than twenty times the value of the ſum
That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and pow'r deny not,
It will go hard with poor *Anthonio*.
Por. Is it your dear friend, that is thus in trouble?
Baſſ. The deareſt friend to me, the kindeſt man,
The beſt condition'd and unweary'd ſpirit
In doing courteſies; and one in whom
The ancient *Roman* honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in *Italy*.
Por. What ſum owes he the *Jew?*
Baſſ. For me, three thouſand ducats.
Por. What, no more?
Pay him ſix thouſand, and deface the bond;
Double ſix thouſand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this deſcription
Shall loſe a hair through my *Baſſanio*'s fault.
Firſt, go with me to church, and call me wife,
And then away to *Venice* to your friend:
For never ſhall you lie by *Portia*'s ſide
With an unquiet ſoul. You ſhall have gold

To

To pay the petty debt twenty times over.
When it is paid, bring your true friend along;
My maid *Neriſſa* and my ſelf, mean time,
Will live as maids and widows: come, away!
For you ſhall hence upon your wedding-day.
Bid your friends welcome, ſhew a merry cheer;
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Baſſ. reads. *SWeet* Baſſanio, *my ſhips have all miſcarry'd, my creditors grow cruel, my eſtate is very low, my bond to the* Jew *is forfeit; and ſince, in paying it, it is impoſſible I ſhould live, all debts are cleared between you and me, if I might but ſee you at my death; notwithſtanding, uſe your pleaſure: if your love do not perſuade you to come, let not my letter.*

Por. O love! diſpatch all buſineſs, and be gone.
Baſſ. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haſte; but 'till I come again,
No bed ſhall e'er be guilty of my ſtay;
No reſt be interpoſer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Street in* Venice.

Enter Shylock, Solarino, Anthonio, *and the* Goaler.

Shy. GOaler, look to him: tell not me of mercy.
This is the fool, that lent out mony *gratis*.
Goaler, look to him.
Ant. Hear me yet, good *Shylock*.
Shy. I'll have my bond; ſpeak not againſt my bond:
I've ſworn an oath, that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dſt me dog, before thou hadſt a cauſe;
But ſince I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The Duke ſhall grant me juſtice. I do wonder,
Thou naughty goaler, that thou art ſo fond
To come abroad with him at his requeſt.
Ant. I pray thee, hear me ſpeak.
Shy. I'll have my bond: I will not hear thee ſpeak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore ſpeak no more;

I'll not be made a ſoft and dull-ey'd fool,
To ſhake the head, relent, and ſigh and yield
To chriſtian interceſſors. Follow not;
I'll have no ſpeaking; I will have my bond.
[*Exit* Shylock.

Sola. It is the moſt impenetrable cur,
That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone,
I'll follow him no more with bootleſs pray'rs:
He ſeeks my life; his reaſon well I know;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many, that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

Sola. I am ſure, the Duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The Duke cannot deny the courſe of law; (20)
For the commodity that ſtrangers have
With us in *Venice*, if it be deny'd,
Will much impeach the juſtice of the ſtate;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Conſiſteth of all nations. Therefore go,
Theſe griefs and loſſes have ſo bated me,
That I ſhall hardly ſpare a pound of fleſh
To morrow to my bloody creditor.
Well, goaler, on; pray God, *Baſſanio* come
To ſee me pay his debt, and then I care not! [*Exeunt.*

(20) *The Duke cannot deny*] As this Sentence ſeems a little perplex'd and obſcure, it may not be amiſs to give it a ſhort Explanation. "The "Duke cannot deny the Courſe of Law, (ſays *Anthonio*;) for if its Courſe "be denied, the Privilege that Strangers have, being violated, will cry "out againſt the Injuſtice". This is very much to the Purpoſe; for he does not ſay, that the Juſtice of the State could indeed be impeach'd by ſtopping the Courſe of Law in his Caſe: For, indeed, it was the utmoſt Juſtice to ſtop it here: But that Strangers would accuſe it of Injuſtice. This ſhews the true Temper of the State of *Venice*, and of all other trading States; which will always more fear an Inconvenience than an Injuſtice. The Jealouſy, that foreign Merchants may entertain of Injuſtice, being always more carefully guarded againſt, than Injuſtice itſelf. Mr. *Warburton.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to* BELMONT.

Enter Portia, Neriſſa, Lorenzo, Jeſſica, *and* Balthazar.

Lor. MAdam, although I ſpeak it in your preſence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of God-like amity; which appears moſt ſtrongly
In bearing thus the abſence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you ſhew this honour,
How true a gentleman you ſend relief to,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband;
I know, you would be prouder of the work,
Than cuſtomary bounty can enforce you.
Por. I never did repent of doing good,
And ſhall not now; for in companions
That do converſe and waſte the time together,
Whoſe ſouls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There muſt be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of ſpirit;
Which makes me think, that this *Anthonio*,
Being the boſom-lover of my lord,
Muſt needs be like my lord. If it be ſo,
How little is the coſt I have beſtowed,
In purchaſing the ſemblance of my ſoul
From out the ſtate of helliſh cruelty?
This comes too near the praiſing of my ſelf; (21)
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.——
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my houſe,
Until my lord's return. For mine own part,
I have tow'rd heaven breath'd a ſecret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,

(21) *This comes too near the praiſing of my ſelf;*
Therefore no more of it: here *other things*,
Lorenzo, *I commit* &c.] Thus has this Paſſage been writ and pointed, but abſurdly, thro' all the Editions. *Portia* finding the Reflections ſhe had made came too near Self-praiſe, begins to chide herſelf for it: ſays, She'll ſay no more of that Sort; but call a new Subject. The Regulation I have made in the Text was likewiſe preſcrib'd by Dr. *Thirlby*.

Only attended by *Neriſſa* here,
Untill her husband and my lord's return.
There is a monaſtery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do deſire you,
Not to deny this impoſition:
The which my love and ſome neceſſity
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart;
I ſhall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and *Jeſſica*
In place of lord *Baſſanio* and my ſelf.
So fare you well, 'till we ſhall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!

Jeſ. I wiſh your ladyſhip all heart's content.

[38] *Por.* I thank you for your wiſh, and am well pleas'd
To wiſh it back on you: fare you well, *Jeſſica*.

[*Exeunt* Jeſ. *and* Lor.

Now, *Balthazar*,
As I have ever found thee honeſt, true,
So let me find thee ſtill: take this ſame letter,
And uſe thou all th' endeavour of a man,
In ſpeed to *Padua*; ſee thou render this (22)
Into my couſin's hand, Doctor *Bellario*;
And look what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd ſpeed
Unto the Traject, to the common ferry
Which trades to *Venice:* waſte no time in words,
But get thee gone; I ſhall be there before thee.

Bal. Madam, I go with all convenient ſpeed. [*Exit.*

Por. Come on, *Neriſſa*; I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of: we'll ſee our husbands
Before they think of us.

(22) *In ſpeed to* Mantua;] Thus all the old Copies; and thus all the Modern Editors implicitly after them. But 'tis evident to any diligent Reader, that We muſt reſtore, as I have done, *In ſpeed to* Padua: For it was there, and not at *Mantua*, *Bellario* liv'd. So afterwards; — *A Meſſenger, with Letters from the* Doctor, *New come from* Padua — And again, *Came you from* Padua, *from* Bellario? — And again, *It comes from* Padua, *from* Bellario. — Beſides, *Padua*, not *Mantua*, is the Place of Education for the Civil Law in *Italy*.

Ner.

Ner. Shall they ſee us?

Por. They ſhall, *Neriſſa*; but in ſuch a habit,
That they ſhall think we are accompliſhed
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both apparell'd like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And ſpeak between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing ſteps
Into a manly ſtride; and ſpeak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies ſought my love,
Which I denying, they fell ſick and dy'd,
I could not do with all: then I'll repent,
And wiſh, for all that, that I had not kill'd them.
And twenty of theſe puny lies I'll tell;
That men ſhall ſwear, I've diſcontinued ſchool
Above a twelve-month. I have in my mind
A thouſand raw tricks of theſe bragging jacks,
Which I will practiſe.

Ner. Shall we turn to men?

Por. Fie, what a queſtion's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter!
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which ſtays for us
At the park-gate; and therefore haſte away,
For we muſt meaſure twenty miles to day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Launcelot *and* Jeſſica.

Laun. Yes, truly: for, look you, the ſins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promiſe you, I fear you. I was always plain with you; and ſo now I ſpeak my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheer; for truly, I think, you are damn'd: there is but one hope in it that can do you any good, and that is but a kind of baſtard hope neither.

Jeſ. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the *Jew*'s daughter.

Jeſ. That were a kind of baſtard hope, indeed; ſo the ſins of my mother ſhould be viſited upon me.

Laun. Truly, then, I fear, you are damn'd both by father and mother; thus when you ſhun *Scylla*, (23) your father, you fall into *Charybdis*, your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

Jeſ. I ſhall be ſaved by my husband; he hath made me a chriſtian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he; we were chriſtians enough before, e'en as many as could well live one by another: this making of chriſtians will raiſe the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we ſhall not ſhortly have a raſher on the coals for mony.

Enter Lorenzo.

Jeſ. I'll tell my husband, *Launcelot*, what you ſay: here he comes.

Lor. I ſhall grow jealous of you ſhortly, *Launcelot*, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jeſ. Nay, you need not fear us, *Lorenzo*; *Launcelot* and I are out; he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heav'n, becauſe I am a *Jew*'s daughter: and he ſays, you are no good member of the common-wealth; for, in converting *Jews* to chriſtians, you raiſe the price of pork.

Lor. I ſhall anſwer that better to the common-wealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the *Moor* is with child by you, *Launcelot*.

Laun. It is much, that the *Moor* ſhould be *more* than

(23) *Thus when you ſhun* Scylla, *your Father*,] By the Alluſion which *Launcelot* makes here, 'tis evident, *Shakeſpeare* was no Stranger to this *Hexameter*, nor the Application of it;

Incidit in Scyllam *cupiens vitare* Charybdim.

Eraſmus, in his Adagies, quotes this Verſe as one very much in Vogue with the *Latines*; but ſays, he does not remember its Author. I preſume, it might have been founded upon the *Greek* proverbial Sentence, likewiſe quoted by him, Τὴν Χάρυβδιν ἐκφυγὼν τῇ Σκύλλῃ περιέπεσον. This is one of thoſe *Iambics*, he tells us, which were call'd, *Dimetri ἀκέφαλοι*. For my own part, (throwing out this cramp Definition) I think it might have been a plain *Iambic*, as moſt of the proverbial Gnomes were, and only diſmounted from its Numbers by the unneceſſary Inſertion of the Articles. I would read it;

Σκύλλῃ περιέπεσον, Χάρυβδιν ἐκφυγών.

reaſon:

reaſon: but if ſhe be *leſs* than an honeſt woman, ſhe is indeed *more* than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think, the beſt grace of wit will ſhortly turn into ſilence, and diſcourſe grow commendable in none but parrots. Go in, ſirrah, bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, Sir; they have all ſtomachs.

Lor. Good lord, what a wit-ſnapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, Sir; only cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, Sir?

Laun. Not ſo, Sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occaſion! wilt thou ſhew the whole wealth of thy wit in an inſtant? I pray thee, underſtand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows, bid them cover the table, ſerve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, Sir, it ſhall be ſerv'd in; for the meat, Sir, it ſhall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, Sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits ſhall govern. [*Exit* Laun.

Lor. O dear diſcretion, how his words are ſuited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools that ſtand in better place,
Garniſh'd like him, that for a trickſie word
Defie the matter: how far'ſt thou, *Jeſſica?*
And now, good ſweet, ſay thy opinion,
How doſt thou like the lord *Baſſanio*'s wife?

Jeſ. Paſt all expreſſing: it is very meet,
The lord *Baſſanio* live an upright life.
For, having ſuch a Bleſſing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth:
And if on earth he do not merit it,
In reaſon he ſhould never come to heav'n.
Why, if two Gods ſhould play ſome heav'nly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And *Portia* one, there muſt be ſomething elſe
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world

Hath

Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even ſuch a husband
Haſt thou of me, as ſhe is for a wife.

Jeſ. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon: firſt, let us go to dinner.

Jeſ. Nay, let me praiſe you, while I have a ſtomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it ſerve for table-talk;
Then, howſoe'er thou ſpeak'ſt, 'mong other things,
I ſhall digeſt it.

Jeſ. Well, I'll ſet you forth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *the Senate-houſe in* VENICE.

Enter the Duke, *the Senators*; Anthonio, Baſſanio, *and* Gratiano, *at the Bar.*

DUKE.

WHAT, is *Anthonio* here?

Ant. Ready, ſo pleaſe your Grace.

Duke. I'm ſorry for thee; thou art come to anſwer
A ſtony adverſary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard,
Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualifie
His rig'rous courſe; but ſince he ſtands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppoſe
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd

To

To ſuffer, with a quietneſs of ſpirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.
Duke. Go one, and call the *Jew* into the Court.
Sal. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter Shylock.

Duke. Make room, and let him ſtand before our face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think ſo too,
That thou but lead'ſt this faſhion of thy malice
To the laſt hour of act; and then 'tis thought,
Thou'lt ſhew thy mercy and remorſe more ſtrange,
Than is thy ſtrange apparent cruelty.
And, where thou now exact'ſt the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's fleſh,
Thou wilt not only loſe the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleneſs and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his loſſes,
That have of late ſo hudled on his back,
Enough to preſs a royal merchant down;
And pluck commiſeration of his ſtate
From braſſy boſoms, and rough hearts of flint;
From ſtubborn *Turks* and *Tartars*, never train'd
To offices of tender courteſie.
We all expect a gentle anſwer, *Jew*.
Shy. I have poſſeſs'd your Grace of what I purpoſe,
And by our holy *Sabbath* have I ſworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather chuſe to have
A weight of carrion fleſh, than to receive
Three thouſand ducats? I'll not anſwer that.
But ſay, it is my humour, is it anſwer'd?
What if my houſe be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thouſand ducats
To have it bane'd? what, are you anſwer'd yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe ſings i' th' noſe,

Cannot

Cannot contain their urine for affection. (24)
(f.) Masterless passion sways it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loaths. Now for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;

(24) *Cannot contain their Urine for Affection.*
Masterless passion *sways it to the Mood*
Of what it likes, or loaths.] *Masterless Passion* was first Mr. *Rowe's* Reading, (on what Authority, I am at a Loss to know;) which Mr. *Pope* has since copied. And tho' I have not disturb'd the Text, yet, I must observe, I don't know what Word there is to which this Relative [*it*, in the 2d Line] is to be referr'd. The ingenious Dr. *Thirlby*, therefore, would thus adjust the Passage.

Cannot contain their Urine; for Affection,
* Master *of Passion, sways* it *&c* * *Or*, Mistress.

And then *it* is govern'd of *Passion*: and the 2 old *Quarto*'s and *Folio*'s read. ——— Masters *of Passion*, &c.

It may be objected, that *Affection* and *Passion* are Synonomous Terms, and mean the same Thing. I agree, they do at this time. But I observe, the Writers of our Author's Age made a sort of Distinction: considering the One as the *Cause*, the Other as the *Effect*. And then, in this place, *Affection* will stand for that *Sympathy* or *Antipathy* of Soul, by which we are provok'd to shew a *Liking* or *Disgust* in the Working of our *Passions*. *B. Jonson*, in his *Sejanus*, seems to apply the Terms thus:

——————— *He hath studied*
Affection's Passions, *knows their* Springs, *their* Ends,
Which way, and whither they will work.

So much, in support of Dr. *Thirlby*'s Regulation of the Passage. My ingenious Friend Mr. *Warburton* is for pointing, and writing it, as in the Old Editions: but for giving it a different Turn in the Poet's Drift and Meaning. I come now to his Reading and Opinion.

Cannot contain their Urine for Affection.
Masters *of Passion* sway it *to the Mood*
Of what it *likes, or loaths.*

(Unf.) " Observe, he is here only speaking of the different Power of Sounds, " and the Influence they have upon the humane Mind: and then con- " cludes, the *Masters of Passion* (for so he finely calls *Musicians*) sway " the Passions, or Affections, as they please: Our Poet then having, no " Doubt, in his Mind the great Effects that *Timotheus*, and other ancient " Musicians, are said to have wrought by the Power of Musick. This " puts me in mind of a Passage of *Collier*, in his Essay on *Musick*; who " supposes it possible by a right chosen Composition (not, Concord) of " Sounds to inspire Affright, Terror, Cowardise, and Consternation; " in the same Manner that, now, Chearfulness, and Courage, is assisted " by contrary Compositions".

Thus far Mr. *Warburton*. I shall submit the Passage, for the present, to the Opinion and Determination of the Publick; upon which, I may hereafter venture with more safety to ascertain it.

Why

Why he, a harmleſs neceſſary cat;
Why he, a woollen bag-pipe; but of force
Muſt yield to ſuch inevitable ſhame,
As to offend, himſelf being offended;
So can I give no reaſon, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing
I bear *Anthonio*, that I follow thus
A loſing ſuit againſt him. Are you anſwer'd?

Baſſ. This is no anſwer, thou unfeeling man,
T' excuſe the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to pleaſe thee with my anſwer.

Baſſ. Do all men kill the thing they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Baſſ. Ev'ry offence is not a hate at firſt.

Shy. What, would'ſt thou have a ſerpent ſting thee twice?

Ant. I pray you, think you queſtion with a *Jew*.
You may as well go ſtand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his uſual height.
You may as well uſe queſtion with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb.
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noiſe,
When they are fretted with the guſts of heav'n.
You may as well do any thing moſt hard,
As ſeek to ſoften that, (than which what's harder!)
His *Jewiſh* heart. Therefore, I do beſeech you,
Make no more offers, uſe no farther means;
But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgment, and the *Jew* his will.

Baſſ. For thy three thouſand ducats here is ſix.

Shy. If ev'ry ducat in ſix thouſand ducats
Were in ſix parts, and ev'ry part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

Duke. How ſhalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

Shy. What judgment ſhall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd ſlave,
Which, like your aſſes, and your dogs, and mules,

You

You uſe in abject and in ſlaviſh part,
Becauſe you bought them. Shall I ſay to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why ſweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as ſoft as yours, and let their pala es
Be ſeaſon'd with ſuch viands; you will anſwer,
The ſlaves are ours. So do I anſwer you:
The pound of fleſh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie, upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of *Venice:*
I ſtand for judgment; anſwer; ſhall I have it?

Duke. Upon my pow'r I may diſmiſs this Court,
Unleſs *Bellario*, a learned Doctor,
Whom I have ſent for to determine this,
Come here to day.

Sal. My lord, here ſtays, without,
A meſſenger with letters from the Doctor,
New come from *Padua.*

Duke. Bring us the letters, call the meſſenger.

Baſſ. Good cheer, *Anthonio*; what, man, courage yet:
The *Jew* ſhall have my fleſh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou ſhalt loſe for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted weather of the flock,
Meeteſt for death: the weakeſt kind of fruit
Drops earlieſt to the ground, and ſo let me.
You cannot better be employ'd, *Baſſanio*,
Than to live ſtill, and write mine epitaph.

Enter Neriſſa, *dreſs'd like a Lawyer's Clerk.*

Duke. Came you from *Padua*, from *Bellario?* (25)

Ner. From both, my lord: *Bellario* greets your Grace.

Baſſ. Why doſt thou whet thy knife ſo earneſtly?

(25) *From both: my Lord* Bellario *greets your Grace.*] Thus the two old *Folio*'s, and Mr. *Pope* in his 4to, had inaccurately pointed this Paſſage, by which a Doctor of Laws was at once rais'd to the Dignity of the Peerage. I ſet it right in my SHAKESPEARE *reſtor'd*, as Mr. *Pope* has ſince done from thence in his laſt Edition.

Shy.

Shy. To cut the forfeit from that bankrupt there.
Gra. Not on thy ſoale, but on thy ſoul, harſh
Jew, (26) *
Thou mak'ſt thy knife keen; for no metal can,
No, not the hangman's ax, bear half the keenneſs
Of thy ſharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?
Shy. No, none that thou haſt wit enough to make.
Gra. O be thou damn'd, inexorable dog,
And for thy life let juſtice be accus'd!
Thou almoſt mak'ſt me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,
That ſouls of animals infuſe themſelves
Into the trunks of men. Thy curriſh ſpirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human ſlaughter,
Ev'n from the gallows did his fell ſoul fleet,
And, whil'ſt thou lay'ſt in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd it ſelf in thee: for thy deſires
Are wolfiſh, bloody, ſtarv'd, and ravenous.
Shy. 'Till thou canſt rail the ſeal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'ſt thy lungs to ſpeak ſo loud.
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall

(26) *Not on thy* Soale, *but on thy* Soul, *harſh* Jew,] I was obliged, from the Authority of the old *Folio*'s, to reſtore this Conceit, and Jingle upon two Words alike in ſound, but differing in Senſe. *Gratiano* thus rates the *Jew*; "Tho' thou thinkeſt, that thou art whetting thy Knife "on the *Soale* of thy Shoe, yet it is upon thy *Soul*, thy immortal Part, "that thou do'ſt it, thou inexorable Man!" There is no Room to doubt, but This was our Author's *Antitheſis*; as it is ſo uſual with him to play on Words in this manner: and That from the Mouth of his moſt ſerious Characters. So in *Romeo* and *Juliet*;

——————— *You have dancing Shoes,*
With nimble Soales; *I have a* Soul of *Lead,*
That ſtakes me to the Ground; I cannot move.

And again, immediately after,

I am too ſore *enpierced with his Shaft,*
To ſoare *with his light Feathers.*

So in King *John*:

——————— *O, lawful let it be,*
That I have room *with* Rome *to curſe awhile!*

And, in *Julius Cæſar*;

Now is it Rome, *indeed; and* room *enough,*
When there is in it but one only man.

But this ſort of Jingle is too perpetual with our Author to need any farther Inſtances.

To cureleſs ruin. I ſtand here for law. (27)

Duke. This letter from *Bellario* doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our Court.
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by
To know your anſwer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go, give him courteous conduct to this place:
Mean time, the Court ſhall hear *Bellario*'s letter.

YOUR Grace ſhall underſtand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very ſick: but at the inſtant that your meſſenger came, in loving viſitation was with me a young Doctor of Rome, *his name is* Balthaſar: *I acquainted him with the cauſe in controverſie between the* Jew *and* Anthonio *the merchant. We turn'd o'er many books together: he is furniſhed with my opinion, which, bettered with his own learning, (the greatneſs whereof I cannot enough commend,) comes with him at my importunity, to fill up your Grace's requeſt in my ſtead. I beſeech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend eſtimation: For I never knew ſo young a body with ſo old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whoſe trial ſhall better publiſh his commendation.*

Enter Portia, *dreſs'd like a Doctor of Laws.*

Duke. You hear the learn'd *Bellario*, what he writes,
And here, I take it, is the Doctor come:
Give me your hand. Came you from old *Bellario?*

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You're welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference,
That holds this preſent queſtion in the Court?

(27) *To* careleſs *Ruine.*] This, I am ſure, is a ſignal Inſtance of Mr. *Pope*'s Careleſsneſs, for Both the Old 4to's have it *cureleſs.* The Players in their Edition, for ſome particular Whim, chang'd the Word to *endleſs*; which Mr. *Rowe* has copied, becauſe, I preſume, he had never ſeen the old *Quarto*'s. Our Author has uſed this Epithet, *cureleſs*, again in his Poem. call'd, *Tarquin* and *Lucrece.* St. 111.

O, hatefull, vaporous and foggy Night!
Since thou art guilty of my cureleſs *Crime.*

Por.

Por. I am informed throughly of the caſe.
Which is the merchant here? and which the *Jew?*
Duke. *Anthonio* and old *Shylock*, both ſtand forth.
Por. Is your name *Shylock?*
Shy. *Shylock* is my name.
Por. Of a ſtrange nature is the ſuit you follow;
Yet in ſuch rule, that the *Venetian* law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.
You ſtand within his danger, do you not? [*To* Anth.
Ant. Ay, ſo he ſays.
Por. Do you confeſs the bond?
Ant. I do.
Por. Then muſt the *Jew* be merciful.
Shy. On what compulſion muſt I? tell me that.
Por. The quality of mercy is not ſtrain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heav'n
Upon the place beneath. It is twice bleſs'd;
It bleſſeth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightieſt in the mightieſt; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his Crown:
His ſcepter ſhews the force of temporal pow'r,
The attribute to awe and majeſty,
Wherein doth ſit the dread and fear of Kings;
But mercy is above this ſcepter'd ſway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings;
It is an attribute to God himſelf;
And earthly power doth then ſhew likeſt God's,
When mercy ſeaſons juſtice. Therefore, *Jew*,
Tho' juſtice be thy plea, conſider this,
That in the courſe of juſtice none of us
Should ſee ſalvation. We do pray for mercy;
And that ſame pray'r doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have ſpoke thus much
To mitigate the juſtice of thy plea;
Which, if thou follow, this ſtrict Court of *Venice*
Muſt needs give ſentence 'gainſt the merchant there.
Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
Por. Is he not able to diſcharge the mony?
Baſſ. Yes, here I tender it for him in the Court,

Yea, twice the ſum; if that will not ſuffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
If this will not ſuffice, it muſt appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beſeech you, (28)
Wreſt once the law to your authority.
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It muſt not be, there is no pow'r in *Venice*
Can alter a decree eſtabliſhed.
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the ſame example,
Will ruſh into the ſtate. It cannot be.

Shy. A *Daniel* come to judgment! yea, a *Daniel*.
O wiſe young judge, how do I honour thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, moſt rev'rend Doctor, here it is.

Por. *Shylock*, there's thrice thy mony offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, —I have an oath in heav'n.
Shall I lay perjury upon my ſoul?
No, not for *Venice*.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the *Jew* may claim
A pound of fleſh, to be by him cut off
Neareſt the merchant's heart. Be merciful,
Take thrice thy mony, bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.
It doth appear, you are a worthy judge;
You know the law: your expoſition
Hath been moſt ſound. I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deſerving pillar,
Proceed to judgment. By my ſoul I ſwear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I ſtay here on my bond.

(28) *That Malice bears down* truth.] I propos'd, in my SHAKESPEARE *reſtor'd*, to read *ruth* here; i. e. Compaſſion, Mercy. But, upon more mature Advice, I believe, the Text needs no Alteration. *Truth* may mean here, *Reaſon*; the reaſonable Offers of Accommodation, which we have made.

Ant.

Ant. Moſt heartily I do beſeech the Court
To give the judgment.
Por. Why, then thus it is:
You muſt prepare your boſom for his knife.
Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
Por. For the intent and purpoſe of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shy. 'Tis very true. O wiſe and upright judge,
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Por. Therefore lay bare your boſom.
Shy. Ay, his breaſt;
So ſays the bond, doth it not, noble judge?
Neareſt his heart, thoſe are the very words.
Por. It is ſo. Are there ſcales, to weigh the fleſh?
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by ſome ſurgeon, *Shylock*, on your charge,
To ſtop his wounds, leſt he ſhould bleed to death.
Shy. Is it ſo nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not ſo expreſs'd; but what of that?
'Twere good, you do ſo much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to ſay?
Ant. But little: I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.
Give me your hand, *Baſſanio*, fare you well!
Grieve not, that I am fall'n to this for you:
For herein fortune ſhews her ſelf more kind,
Than is her cuſtom. It is ſtill her uſe,
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty: From which ling'ring penance
Of ſuch a miſery doth ſhe cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife;
Tell her the proceſs of *Anthonio*'s end;
Say, how I lov'd you; ſpeak me fair in death:
And when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether *Baſſanio* had not once a love.
Repent not you, that you ſhall loſe your friend;
And he repents not, that he pays your debt;
For if the *Jew* do cut but deep enough,

I'll pay it inſtantly with all my heart.
Baſſ. *Anthonio*, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life it ſelf;
But life it ſelf, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me eſteem'd above thy life.
I would loſe all; ay, ſacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.
Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If ſhe were by to hear you make the offer.
Gra. I have a wife, whom, I proteſt, I love;
I would, ſhe were in heaven, ſo ſhe could
Intreat ſome Pow'r to change this curriſh *Jew*.
Ner. 'Tis well, you offer it behind her back;
The wiſh would make elſe an unquiet houſe.
Shy. Theſe be the chriſtian husbands. I've a daughter;
Would, any of the ſtock of *Barrabas*
Had been her husband, rather than a chriſtian! [*Aſide.*
We trifle time; I pray thee, purſue ſentence.
Por. A pound of that ſame merchant's fleſh is thine,
The Court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Shy. Moſt rightful judge!
Por. And you muſt cut this fleſh from off his breaſt;
The law allows it, and the Court awards it.
Shy. Moſt learned judge! a ſentence: come, prepare.
Por. Tarry a little, there is ſomething elſe.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood,
The words expreſly are a pound of fleſh.
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of fleſh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou doſt ſhed
One drop of chriſtian blood; thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of *Venice*, confiſcate
Unto the ſtate of *Venice*.
Gra. O upright judge! mark, *Jew*, O learned judge!
Shy. Is that the law?
Por. Thy ſelf ſhalt ſee the Act:
For as thou urgeſt juſtice, be aſſur'd,
Thou ſhalt have juſtice, more than thou deſir'ſt.
Gra. O learned judge! mark, *Jew*, a learned judge!
(C) *Shy.* I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice,
And let the chriſtian go.

Baſſ.

Baſſ. Here is the mony.
Por. The *Jew* ſhall have all juſtice; ſoft! no haſte;
He ſhall have nothing but the penalty.
Gra. O *Jew!* an upright judge, a learned judge!
Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the fleſh;
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou leſs, nor more,
But juſt a pound of fleſh: if thou tak'ſt more
Or leſs than a juſt pound, be't but ſo much
As makes it light or heavy in the ſubſtance,
On the diviſion of the twentieth part
Of one poor ſcruple; nay, if the ſcale turn
But in the eſtimation of a hair,
Thou dieſt, and all thy goods are confiſcate.
Gra. A ſecond *Daniel*, a *Daniel*, *Jew!*
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.
Por. Why doth the *Jew* pauſe? take the forfeiture.
Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.
Baſſ. I have it ready for thee; here it is.
Por. He hath refus'd it in the open Court;
He ſhall have meerly juſtice, and his bond.
Gra. A *Daniel*, ſtill ſay I; a ſecond *Daniel!*
I thank thee, *Jew*, for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not barely have my principal?
Por. Thou ſhalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be ſo taken at thy peril, *Jew*.
Shy. Why then the devil give him good of it!
I'll ſtay no longer queſtion.
Por. Tarry, *Jew*.
The law hath yet another hold on you:
It is enacted in the laws of *Venice*,
If it be prov'd againſt an alien,
That by direct, or indirect, attempts
He ſeek the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainſt the which he doth contrive,
Shall ſeize on half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy Coffer of the ſtate;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, 'gainſt all other voice:
In which predicament, I ſay, thou ſtand'ſt.
For it appears by manifeſt proceeding,

That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.
Gra. Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang thy self;
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.
Duke. That thou may'st see the diff'rence of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is *Anthonio*'s;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.
Por. Ay, for the state; not for *Anthonio*.
Shy. Nay, take my life and all: pardon not th
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house: you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.
Por. What mercy can you render him, *Anthonio*?
Gra. A halter *gratis*; nothing else, for God's sake.
Ant. So please my lord the Duke, (29) and all the Court,

(29) *So please my Lord the Duke,*] The Terms, which *Antonio* prescribes to be comply'd with by the *Jew*, have been reckon'd intricate and corrupt; and a different Regulation has been advis'd: But, if I am not mistaken, they are to be thus understood. The *Jew* had forfeited his whole Substance; one Moiety thereof to go to the State, and the other to the Defendant. *Antonio* proposes, that the State should be content with fining him only that Moiety, which was confiscated to them; that, as to the Other, which *Antonio* equally might claim to himself; he only desires to hold the Benefit, paying Interest for it to the *Jew* during his Life: and, upon the *Jew*'s Demise, to have it immediately vested in his Son and Daughter. Nor does *Antonio* propose any Thing mean and ungenerous in this; he quits that Right and Property, which the Law gave him, in the *Jew*'s Substance; and (with Regard to his own great Losses,) is content to stand only as a Borrower of it, upon the general Foot of paying Interest: Nor are the Son and Daughter robb'd in This; since, setting aside *Antonio*'s Claim by the *Jew*'s Forfeiture, their Pretensions could not take place, till the *Jew*'s Death: and He takes care, their reversionary Right in it should be secur'd by the *Jew*'s recording a Deed of Gift to that Purpose.

To

To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content; ſo he will let me have
The other half in uſe, to render it
Upon his death unto the gentleman,
That lately ſtole his daughter.
Two things provided more, that for this favour
He preſently become a chriſtian;
The other, that he do record a Gift
Here in the Court, of all he dies poſſeſs'd,
Unto his ſon *Lorenzo* and his daughter.

Duke. He ſhall do this, or elſe I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, *Jew?* what doſt thou ſay?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a Deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well; ſend the Deed after me,
And I will ſign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In chriſt'ning thou ſhalt have two godfathers.
Had I been judge, thou ſhould'ſt have had ten more, (30)
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit* Shylock.

Duke.

(30) ——— *thou ſhould'ſt have had* ten *more,*] i. e. a Jury of *Twelve* Men, to condemn thee to be hang'd. So, in *Meaſure* for *Meaſure,*

——— *I not deny,*
The Jury *paſſing on the Priſ'ner's Life,*
May in the ſworn twelve *have a Thief or two*
That Juſtice ſeizes on.

The Scenes of theſe two Plays are reſpectively laid in *Venice* and *Vienna*; and yet 'tis obſervable, in Both the Poet alludes to the Cuſtom of ſentencing by *Juries,* as in *England.* This is not to be imputed to him as Ignorance: The Licence of the Stage has allow'd it, not only at home; but likewiſe the Tragic and Comic Poets of Antiquity indulg'd themſelves in tranſplanting their own Cuſtoms to other Nations. *Æſchylus,* for Inſtance, in his *Choephoræ,* makes *Electra,* who is in *Argos,* talk of the Cuſtoms us'd in Purifications, and preſcrib'd by Law, as the Scholiaſt obſerves, at *Athens.* Τῦτο πρὸς τὸ παρ' Ἀθηναίοις ἔθος· πρὸς γὰρ Ἀθήνησι νόμον. *Sophocles,* in his *Laocoon,* the Scenary of which is laid in *Troy,* talks of erecting Altars, and burning Incenſe before their Doors, as was practis'd on joyful Occaſions at *Athens:* therein tranſplanting the *Athenian* Manners, as *Harpocration* has noted, to *Troy.* Με-

Duke. Sir, I intreat you home with me to dinner.
Por. I humbly do desire your Grace of pardon;
I must away this night to *Padua*,
And it is meet, I presently set forth.
Duke. I'm sorry, that your leisure serves you not.
Anthonio, gratify this gentleman;
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.
[*Exit* Duke *and his train.*
Bass. Most worthy gentleman! I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the *Jew*,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.
Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.
Por. He is well paid, that is well satisfy'd;
And I, delivering you, am satisfy'd,
And therein do account my self well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me, when we meet again;
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.
Bass. Dear Sir, of force I must attempt you further.
Take some remembrance of us, for a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.
Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake,
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you.
Do not draw back your hand, I'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.
Bass. This ring, good Sir, alas, it is a trifle;
I will not shame my self to give you this.
Por. I will have nothing else but only this,
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

τάγων τὰ Ἀθηναίων ἤδη εἰς Τροίαν. And so *Aristophanes*, in his *Frogs*, when the Scene is in the Infernal Regions, makes *Æacus* talk of an Edict pass'd in Hell for granting Artists a Subsistence out of the Prytaneum. In This, says the Scholiast, a Custom is transferr'd to the Lower Regions, which was establish'd in *Athens*. Ταῦτα μεταφέρει ἀπὸ τ ἐν Ἀτθικῇ ἐθῶν, εἰς τὰ καθ' ἅδου. A Number of Instances more, of this sort, might be amass'd from the antient Stage-writers.

Bass.

Baſſ. There's more depends on this, than is the value. on
The deareſt ring in *Venice* will I give you, Old Qu:
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.
Por. I ſee, Sir, you are liberal in offers;
You taught me firſt to beg, and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar ſhould be anſwer'd.
Baſſ. Good Sir, this ring was giv'n me by my wife.
And, when ſhe put it on, ſhe made me vow,
That I ſhould neither ſell, nor give, nor loſe it.
Por. That 'ſcuſe ſerves many men to ſave their gifts;
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deſerv'd the ring,
She wou'd not hold out enmity for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!
[*Exit with* Neriſſa.
Anth. My lord *Baſſanio*, let him have the ring.
Let his deſervings, and my love withal,
Be valu'd 'gainſt your wife's commandement.
Baſſ. Go, *Gratiano*, run and overtake him,
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou can'ſt,
Unto *Anthonio*'s houſe: away, make haſte. [*Exit* Gra.
Come, you and I will thither preſently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward *Belmont*; come, *Anthonio*. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Portia *and* Neriſſa.

Por. Enquire the *Jew*'s houſe out, give him this Deed,
And let him ſign it; we'll away to night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This Deed will be well welcome to *Lorenzo*.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Fair Sir, you are well o'erta'en:
My lord *Baſſanio*, upon more advice,
Hath ſent you here this ring, and doth intreat
Your company at dinner.
Por. That cannot be.
This ring I do accept moſt thankfully,
And ſo, I pray you, tell him; furthermore,

I pray you, ſhew my Youth old *Shylock*'s houſe.
Gra. That will I do.
Ner. Sir, I would ſpeak with you.
I'll ſee if I can get my husband's ring : [*To* Por.
Which I did make him ſwear to keep for ever.
Por. Thou may'ſt, I warrant. We ſhall have old ſwearing,
That they did give the rings away to men ;
But we'll out-face them, and out-ſwear them too:
Away, make haſte, thou know'ſt where I will tarry.
Ner. Come, good Sir, will you ſhew me to this houſe ? [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *BELMONT. A Grove, or Green place before* Portia's *Houſe.*

Enter Lorenzo *and* Jeſſica.

LORENZO.

THE moon ſhines bright: In ſuch a night as this,
When the ſweet wind did gently kiſs the trees,
And they did make no noiſe; in ſuch a night,
Troylus, methinks, mounted the *Trojan* wall;
And ſigh'd his ſoul toward the *Grecian* tents,
Where *Creſſid* lay that night.
Jeſ. In ſuch a night,
Did *Thisbe* fearfully o'er-trip the dew;
And ſaw the lion's ſhadow ere himſelf,
And ran diſmayed away.
Lor. In ſuch a night,
Stood *Dido* with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild ſea-banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to *Carthage*.

Jeſ.

Jeſ. In ſuch a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs,
That did renew old *Æſon*.
Lor. In ſuch a night,
Did *Jeſſica* ſteal from the wealthy *Jew*,
And with an unthrift love did run from *Venice*,
As far as *Belmont*.
Jeſ. And in ſuch a night,
Did young *Lorenzo* ſwear, he lov'd her well;
Stealing her ſoul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.
Lor. And in ſuch a night,
Did pretty *Jeſſica* (like a little ſhrew)
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.
Jeſ. I would out-night you, did no body come:
But hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Stephano.

Lor. Who comes ſo faſt, in ſilence of the night?
Meſ. A friend.
Lor. What friend? your name, I pray you, friend?
Meſ. *Stephano* is my name, and I bring word,
My miſtreſs will before the break of day
Be here at *Belmont:* ſhe doth ſtray about
By holy Croſſes, where ſhe kneels, and prays,
For happy wedlock hours.
Lor. Who comes with her?
Meſ. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.
I pray you, is my maſter yet return'd?
Lor. He is not, nor have we yet heard from him:
But go we in, I pray thee, *Jeſſica*,
And ceremonioufly let us prepare
Some welcome for the miſtreſs of the houſe.

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Sola, ſola; wo ha, ho, ſola, ſola!
Lor. Who calls?
Laun. Sola! did you ſee maſter *Lorenzo* and miſtreſs *Lorenza?* ſola, ſola!
Lor. Leave hollowing, man: here.

Laun.

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him, there's a poſt come from my maſter, with his horn full of good news. My maſter will be here ere morning.

Lor. Sweet love, let's in, and there expect their coming. And yet no matter: why ſhould we go in?
My friend *Stephano*, ſignifie, I pray you,
Within the houſe, your miſtreſs is at hand;
[*Exit* Stephano.
And bring your muſick forth into the air.
How ſweet the moon-light ſleeps upon this bank!
Here will we ſit, and let the ſounds of muſick
Creep in our ears; ſoft ſtillneſs, and the night
Become the touches of ſweet harmony.
Sit, *Jeſſica:* look, how the floor of heav'n
Is thick inlay'd with patterns of bright gold;
There's not the ſmalleſt orb, which thou behold'ſt,
But in his motion like an angel ſings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims;
Such harmony is in immortal ſounds! (31)
But whilſt this muddy veſture of decay
Doth groſly cloſe us in, we cannot hear it.
Come, ho, and wake *Diana* with a hymn;
With ſweeteſt touches pierce your miſtreſs' ear,
And draw her home with muſick.

patens W.

(31) *Such Harmony is in immortal* Souls;] But the Harmony here deſcribed is That of the Spheres, ſo much celebrated by the Antients. He ſays, the *ſmalleſt Orb ſings like an Angel*; and then ſubjoins, *Such Harmony is in immortal* Souls: But the Harmony of Angels is not here meant, but of the Orbs. Nor are we to think, that here the Poet alludes to the Notion, that each Orb has its *Intelligence* or *Angel* to direct it; for then with no Propriety could he ſay, the *Orb ſung like an Angel:* he ſhould rather have ſaid, the *Angel in the Orb ſung.* We muſt therefore correct the Line thus;

Such Harmony is in immortal Sounds:

i. e. in the Muſick of the Spheres. Mr. *Warburton.*

Macrobius, I remember, accounts for our not hearing that Muſick, which is produc'd by the conſtant Volubility of the Heavens, from the Organs in the human Ear not being capable, thro' their Straitneſs, of admitting ſo vehement a Sound. *Muſicam perpetuâ cæli volubilitate naſcentem ideò claro non ſentimus auditu, quia major Sonus eſt quàm ut humanarum aurium recipiatur anguſtiis.*

Jeſ.

Jeſ. I'm never merry, when I hear ſweet muſick.
[*Muſick.*

Lor. The reaſon is, your ſpirits are attentive;
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
(Which is the hot condition of their blood)
If they perchance but hear a trumpet ſound,
Or any air of muſick touch their ears,
You ſhall perceive them make a mutual ſtand;
Their ſavage eyes turn'd to a modeſt gaze,
By the ſweet power of muſick. Therefore, the Poet
Did feign that *Orpheus* drew trees, ſtones, and floods;
Since nought ſo ſtockiſh, hard and full of rage,
But muſick for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no muſick in himſelf,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of ſweet ſounds,
Is fit for treaſons, ſtratagems, and ſpoils;
The motions of his ſpirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as *Erebus:*
Let no ſuch man be truſted —— Mark the muſick.

Enter Portia *and* Neriſſa.

Por. That light we ſee, is burning in my hall:
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So ſhines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon ſhone, we did not ſee the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the leſs;
A ſubſtitute ſhines brightly as a King,
Until a King be by; and then his ſtate
Empties it ſelf, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Muſick, hark! [*Muſick.*

Ner. It is the muſick, madam, of your houſe.

Por. Nothing is good, I ſee, without reſpect:
Methinks, it ſounds much ſweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence beſtows the virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth ſing as ſweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if ſhe ſhould ſing by day,

When

When every gooſe is cackling, would be thought
No better a muſician than the wren.
How many things by ſeaſon ſeaſon'd are
To their right praiſe, and true perfection?
Peace! how the moon ſleeps with *Endimion*,
And would not be awaked! [*Muſick ceaſes.*
Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of *Portia*.
Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckow,
By the bad voice.
Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.
Por. We have been praying for our husbands healths,
Which ſpeed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?
Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a meſſenger before,
To ſignifie their coming.
Por. Go, *Neriſſa*,
Give order to my ſervants, that they take
No note at all of our being abſent hence;
Nor you, *Lorenzo*; *Jeſſica*, nor you. [*A Tucket ſounds.*
Lor. Your husband is at hand, I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam, fear you not.
Por. This night, methinks, is but the day-light ſick;
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the ſun is hid.

Enter Baſſanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, *and their followers.*

Baſſ. We ſhould hold day with the *Antipodes*,
If you would walk in abſence of the ſun.
Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband;
And never be *Baſſanio* ſo from me;
But God ſort all: you're welcome home, my lord.
Baſſ. I thank you, madam: give welcome to my friend;
This is the man, this is *Anthonio*,
To whom I am ſo infinitely bound.
Por. You ſhould in all ſenſe be much bound to him;
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.
Anth. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our houſe;
It muſt appear in other ways than words;
Therefore I ſcant this breathing courteſie.
Gra. By yonder moon, I ſwear, you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk. [*To* Neriſſa.
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, ſo much at heart.
Por. A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?
Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring,
That ſhe did give me, whoſe poeſie was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife; *Love me, and leave me not.*
Ner. What talk you of the poeſie, or the value?
You ſwore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it 'till your hour of death,
And that it ſhould lye with you in your grave:
Tho' not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You ſhould have been reſpective, and have kept it.
Gave it a Judge's clerk! but well I know,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face, that had it.
Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.
Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.
Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little ſcrubbed boy,
No higher than thy ſelf, the Judge's clerk;
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:
I could not for my heart deny it him.
Por. You were to blame, I muſt be plain with you,
To part ſo ſlightly with your wife's firſt gift;
A thing ſtuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted with faith unto your fleſh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him ſwear
Never to part with it; and here he ſtands,
I dare be ſworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world maſters. Now, in faith, *Gratiano*,
You give your wife too unkind a cauſe of grief;
An 'twere to me, I ſhould be mad at it.
Baſſ. Why, I were beſt to cut my left hand off,
And ſwear, I loſt the ring defending it. [*Aſide.*

Gra. My lord *Baſſanio* gave his ring away
Unto the Judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
Deſerv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took ſome pains in writing, He begg'd mine;
And neither man, nor maſter, would take ought
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

Baſſ. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you ſee my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

Por. Even ſo void is your falſe heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I ſee the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours,
'Till I again ſee mine.

Baſſ. Sweet *Portia*,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the ſtrength of your diſpleaſure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthineſs that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to retain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there ſo much unreaſonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modeſty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Neriſſa teaches me what to believe;
I'll die for't, but ſome woman had the ring.

Baſſ. No, by mine honour, madam, by my ſoul,
No woman had it, but a Civil Doctor,
Who did refuſe three thouſand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And ſuffer'd him to go diſpleas'd away;
Ev'n he, that did uphold the very life
Of my dear friend. What ſhould I ſay, ſweet lady?

I was enforc'd to ſend it after him;
I was beſet with ſhame and courteſie;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much beſmear it. Pardon me, good lady,
And by theſe bleſſed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd
The ring of me, to give the worthy Doctor.
Por. Let not that Doctor e'er come near my houſe,
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did ſwear to keep for me:
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed;
Know him I ſhall, I am well ſure of it.
Lye not a night from home; watch me, like *Argus*:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet my own,
I'll have that Doctor for my bedfellow.
Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.
Gra. Well, do you ſo; let me not take him then;
For if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.
Ant. I am th' unhappy ſubject of theſe quarrels.
Por. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome, notwithſtanding.
Baſſ. *Portia*, forgive me this enforced wrong.
And in the hearing of theſe many friends,
I ſwear to thee, ev'n by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I ſee my ſelf ——
Por. Mark you but that!
In both mine eyes he doubly ſees himſelf;
In each eye, one; ſwear by your double ſelf,
And there's an oath of credit!
Baſſ. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my ſoul I ſwear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.
Ant. I once did lend my body for his weal; (32)
Which

(32 —— *my Body for his* Wealth;] I have ventur'd, againſt the Authority of the Copies, to ſubſtitute *Weal* here; *i. e.* for his *Welfare*,

Which but for him, that had your husband's ring,
[*To* Portia.
Had quite miſcarry'd. I dare be bound again,
My ſoul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith adviſedly.

Por. Then you ſhall be his ſurety; give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, lord *Baſſanio*, ſwear to keep this ring.

Baſſ. By heav'n, it is the ſame I gave the Doctor.

Por. I had it of him: pardon me, *Baſſanio*;
For by this ring the Doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle *Gratiano*,
For that ſame ſcrubbed boy, the Doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, laſt night did lye with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of high-ways
In ſummer, where the ways are fair enough:
What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deſerv'd it?

Por. Speak not ſo groſsly; you are all amaz'd;
Here is a letter, read it at your leiſure;
It comes from *Padua*, from *Bellario:*
There you ſhall find, that *Portia* was the Doctor;
Neriſſa there, her clerk. *Lorenzo*, here,
Shall witneſs I ſet forth as ſoon as you,
And even but now return'd: I have not yet
Enter'd my houſe. *Anthonio*, you are welcome;
And I have better news in ſtore for you,
Than you expect; unſeal this letter ſoon,
There you ſhall find, three of your Argoſies
Are richly come to Harbour ſuddenly.
You ſhall not know by what ſtrange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Baſſ. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold?

Ner. Ay, but the clerk, that never means to do it,
Unleſs he live until he be a man.

Benefit. *Wealth* has a more confin'd Signification. Tho' I muſt own, that *Weal* and *Wealth* in our Author's Time might be in ſome meaſure ſynonomous; ſt hey are now in the Words, *Common-weal*, and *Common-wealth.*

Gra.

Baſſ. Sweet Doctor, you ſhall be my bedfellow;
When I am abſent, then lye with my wife.
Ant. Sweet lady, you have giv'n me life and living;
For here I read for certain, that my ſhips
Are ſafely come to road.
Por. How now, *Lorenzo?*
My clerk hath ſome good comforts too for you.
Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.
There do I give to you and *Jeſſica*,
From the rich *Jew*, a ſpecial Deed of Gift,
After his death, of all he dies poſſeſs'd of.
Lor. Fair ladies, you drop *Manna* in the way [133]
Of ſtarved people.
Por. It is almoſt morning,
And yet, I'm ſure, you are not ſatisfy'd
Of theſe events at full. Let us go in,
And charge us there upon interr'gatories,
And we will anſwer all things faithfully.
Gra. Let it be ſo: the firſt interr'gatory,
That my *Neriſſa* ſhall be ſworn on, is,
Whether 'till the next night ſhe had rather ſtay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day.
But were the day come, I ſhould wiſh it dark,
'Till I were couching with the Doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So ſore, as keeping ſafe *Neriſſa*'s ring.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

a. 72 Note 29.

I think Mr T. has made these terms more intricate by explaining them; Anthonio I apprehend proposes that the State should remit to Shylock that moiety which was forfeited to them, and which the Duke before had said, "humbleness might "drive unto a fine"; the other part he desires to enjoy in Use, only during the Jews life, then to go to Lorenzo and Jessica; whether "in Use" here is to be taken for at Interest or in the Law sense of the word I will not dispute.

b. 38. — I'll keep my oath
Patiently to bear my wroth.

I do not know that there is any authority for using the word wroth in the sense it must have here for sorrow or misfortune; perhaps it should be ruth.

c 70

I take this offer then, pay the
bond thrice.

his offer, meaning Bassanio's which he makes a little before, only, according to the Jews character, he says thrice instead of the twice which Bassanio had tendered.

44 One half of me is yours, the other
half yours
Mine own I would say ——
Hanm: leaves out the second yours

46 —— the beautrous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty.
dowdy Hanm:

62 Masterless passion sways it to the
Of what it likes, or loaths. mood
sways us —— Hanm:
This seems to me the most probable
reading that I have met with; Mr
Warburton's conceit is too superfine
for beside that I cannot understand
that expression of swaying passion to
the mood of what it (Passion) likes or
loaths, which seems to be not swaying
it at all; Mr W's Hypothesis is
built upon a false supposition, that
Shakespear is only speaking of the
different power of sounds, and the
influence they have upon the Humane
mind; for though he speaks of sound
in the last instance, that of a bagpipe
yet the gaping pig most probably means
a dead pig; to be sure not necessarily
a squeaking one; and "to behold a
Cat" certainly does not mean to hear
her squall.

Merchant of Venice

Gregorio Leti in his Life of Sixtus V. translated by Ellis Farneworth. 1754. has this story.

It was currently reported in Rome that Drake had taken and plundered S. Domingo in Hispaniola and carried off an immense booty: This account came in a private Letter to Paul Secchi a very considerable Merchant in the City, who had large concerns in those parts which he had insured. Upon the receiving this news he sent for the insurer Samson Ceneda a Jew, and acquainted him with it. The Jew, whose interest it was to have such a report thought false, gave many reasons why it could not possibly be true; and, at last, worked up himself into such a passion, that he said, "I'll lay you a pound of my flesh "it is a lie."

Secchi, who was of a fiery hot temper, replied, "If you like "it, I'll lay you 1000 Crowns against a pound of your flesh, "that it is true". The Jew accepted the wager, and articles "were immediately executed between them, the substance of which was "That if Secchi won, he should himself cut the "flesh with a sharp knife from whatever part of the Jew's body "he pleased". Unfortunately for the Jew, the truth of the account was soon after confirmed, by other advices from the West Indies, which threw him almost into distraction; especially

when

when he was informed that Zecchi had solemnly sworn, he would compell him to the exact literal performance of his contract; and was determined to cut a pound of flesh from that part of his body which it is not necessary to mention. Upon this he went to the Governer of Rome and begged he would interpose in the affair, and use his authority to prevail with Zecchi to accept of 1000 Pistoles as an equivalent for the pound of flesh; But the Governer not daring to take upon him to determine a case of so uncommon a nature, made a report of it to the Pope, who sent for them both, and having heard the articles read, and informed himself perfectly of the whole affair from their own mouths, said, "When contracts are made it is just they should be fulfilled, "as we intend this shall: Take a knife therefore, Zecchi, and "cut a pound of flesh from any part you please of the Jew's body. "We would advise you, however, to be very careful; for if you "cut but a scruple or a grain more or less than your due, you shall "certainly be hanged: Go, and bring hither a knife, and a pair "of scales, and let it be done in our presence".

The Merchant, at these words, began to tremble like an aspen-leaf, and throwing himself at his Holiness's feet, with tears in his eyes, protested, "It was far from his thoughts to insist upon the "performance of the contract." And being asked by the Pope what he demanded; answered, "Nothing, Holy Father, but your benedic-"tion, and that the articles may be torn in pieces." Then, turning to the Jew, he asked him, "What he had to say, and whether he was "content? The Jew answered that "he thought himself extremely "happy to come off at so easy a rate, and that he was perfectly con-tent. "But we are not content," replied Sixtus, "nor is there sufficient satisfaction made to our laws: We desire to know what au-"thority you have to lay such wagers? the subjects of Princes are the "property of the State, and have no right to dispose of their bodies, nor "any part of them without the express consent of their Sovereigns.

They were both immediately sent to Prison, and the Governer ordered to proceed against them with the utmost severity of the Law that others might be deterred by their example from laying any more such Wagers ——[The Governer interceding for them and proposing a fine of 1000 Crowns each, Sixtus ordered him to condemn them both to death, the Jew for selling his life by consenting to have a pound of flesh cut from his body, which he said was direct suicide; and the Merchant for premeditated murder in making a contract, with the other that he knew must be the occasion of his death —]—

As Zecchi was of a very good family, having many great friends and relations, and the Jew one of the most leading men of the Synagogue, they both had recourse to petitions; strong applicati-on was made to Cardinal Montalto, to intercede with his Holiness, at last to spare their lives. Sixtus, who did not really design to put them to death, but to deterr others from such practices, at last con-sented to change the sentence into that of the galleys, with liberty to buy off that too, by paying each of them 2000 Crowns, to be ap-plied to the use of the Hospital, which he had lately founded, be-fore they were released.

Life of Sixtus V. Fol. B. VII. p. 293 &c

Sixtus' Papacy began. 1585. He died Aug 29 1590

LOVE'S LABOUR'S lost.

A

COMEDY.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

FERDINAND, *King of* Navarre.

Biron,
Longaville,
Dumain, } *three Lords, attending upon the King in his retirement.*

Boyet,
Macard, } *Lords, attending upon the Princeſs of* France.

Don Adriano de Armado, *a fantaſtical* Spaniard.
Nathaniel, *a Curate.*
Dull, *a Conſtable.*
Holofernes, *a Schoolmaſter.*
Coſtard, *a Clown.*
Moth, *Page to Don* Adriano de Armado.
A Foreſter.

Princeſs of France.

Roſaline,
Maria,
Catharine, } *Ladies, attending on the Princeſs.*

Jaquenetta, *a Country Wench.*

Officers, and others, Attendants upon the King and Princeſs.

SCENE, *the King of* Navarre's *Palace, and the Country near it.*

LOVE'S LABOUR'S *Loſt.*

ACT I.

SCENE, *The Palace.*

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville *and* Dumain.

KING.

LET Fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live regiſtred upon our brazen tombs;
And then grace us in the diſgrace of death:
When, ſpight of cormorant devouring time,
Th' endeavour of this preſent breath may buy
That honour, which ſhall bate his ſythe's keen edge;
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave Conquerors! for ſo you are,
That war againſt your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's deſires;
Our late edict ſhall ſtrongly ſtand in force.
Navarre ſhall be the wonder of the world;
Our Court ſhall be a little academy,
Still and contemplative in living arts.
You three, *Biron*, *Dumain*, and *Longaville*,
Have ſworn for three years term to live with me,
My fellow-ſcholars; and to keep thoſe ſtatutes,
That are recorded in this ſchedule here.
Your oaths are paſt, and now ſubſcribe your names:
That his own hand may ſtrike his honour down,
That violates the ſmalleſt branch herein:
If you are arm'd to do, as ſworn to do,

Sub-

This article, my liege, your ſelf muſt break;
For, well you know, here comes in embaſſy
The *French* King's daughter with your ſelf to ſpeak,
A maid of grace and compleat majeſty,
About Surrender up of *Aquitain*
To her decrepit, ſick, and bed-rid father:
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes th' admired Princeſs hither.

King. What ſay you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

Biron. So ſtudy evermore is overſhot;
While it doth ſtudy to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it ſhould:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth moſt,
'Tis won, as towns with fire; ſo won, ſo loſt.

King. We muſt of force diſpenſe with this decree,
She muſt lye here on mere neceſſity.

Biron. Neceſſity will make us all forſworn
Three thouſand times within this three years ſpace:
For every man with his affects is born:
Not by might maſter'd, but by ſpecial grace.
If I break faith, this word ſhall ſpeak for me:
I am forſworn on meer neceſſity. ——
So to the laws at large I write my name,
And he, that breaks them in the leaſt degree,
Stands in attainder of eternal ſhame.
Suggeſtions are to others, as to me;
But, I believe, although I ſeem ſo loth,
I am the laſt that will laſt keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation granted?

King. Ay, that there is; our Court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of *Spain*,
A man in all the world's new faſhion planted,
That hath a mint of phraſes in his brain:
One, whom the muſick of his own vain tongue
Doth raviſh, like inchanting harmony:
A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have choſe as umpire of their mutiny.

This child of fancy, that *Armado* hight,
For interim to our ſtudies, ſhall relate
In high-born words the worth of many a Knight
From tawny *Spain*, loſt in the world's debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I proteſt, I love to hear him lie;
And I will uſe him for my minſtrelſie.
Biron. *Armado* is a moſt illuſtrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, faſhion's own Knight.
Long. *Coſtard* the ſwain, and he, ſhall be our ſport;
And, ſo to ſtudy, three years are but ſhort.

Enter Dull, *and* Coſtard *with a letter.*

Dull. Which is the King's own perſon? (5)
Biron. This, fellow; what would'ſt?
Dull. I my ſelf reprehend his own perſon, for I am his Grace's Tharborough: but I would ſee his own perſon in fleſh and blood. (6)
Biron. This is he.
Dull. Signior *Arme*, *Arme* commends you. There's villany abroad; this letter will tell you more.
Coſt. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.
King. A letter from the magnificent *Armado*.
Biron. How low ſoever the matter, I hope in God for high words.
Long. A high hope for a low having; God grant us patience! (6)

Biron.

(5) Dull. *which is the* Duke's *own Perſon?*] The King of *Navarre* is in ſeveral Paſſages, thro' all the Copies, call'd the *Duke*: but as this muſt have ſprung rather from the Inadvertence of the Editors, than a Forgetfulneſs in the Poet, I have every where, to avoid Confuſion, reſtor'd *King* to the Text.

(6) *A high hope for a low* heaven;] A *low heaven*, ſure, is a very intricate Matter to conceive. But our accurate Editors ſeem to obſerve the Rule of *Horace*, whenever a moot Point ſtaggers them, *dignus vindice nodus*; and where they cannot overcome a Difficulty, they bring in *Heaven* to untie the Knot. As *God grant us Patience* immediately preceded, they thought, Heaven of Conſequence muſt follow. But, I dare warrant, I have retriev'd the Poet's true Reading; and the Meaning is this. "Tho' you hope for high Words, and ſhould have "them, it will be but a low Acquiſition at beſt.". This our Poet calls

Biron. To hear, or forbear hearing?

Long. To hear meekly, Sir, to laugh moderately, or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, Sir, be it as the ſtile ſhall give us cauſe to climb in the merrineſs.

Coſt. The matter is to me, Sir, as concerning *Jaquenetta.*

2[111] W. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Biron. In what manner?

Coſt. In manner and form, following, Sir; all thoſe three. I was ſeen with her in the Manor-houſe, ſitting with her upon the Form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is, in manner and form following. Now Sir, for the manner: It is the manner of a man to ſpeak to a woman; for the form, in ſome form.

Biron. For the following, Sir?

Coſt. As it ſhall follow in my correction; and God defend the right!

King. Will you hear the letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

calls a *low Having*: and it is a Subſtantive, which he uſes in ſeveral other Paſſages.

Merry Wives *of* Windſor.

Not by my Conſent, I promiſe You: the Gentleman is of no Having, *he kept Company with the wild Prince and* Poinz.

K. Henry VIII.

——— ——— ——— *Our Content*
Is our beſt Having.

And again afterwards;

But par'd my preſent Havings, *to beſtow*
My Bounties upon You.

Timon of Athens.

The greateſt of your Having *lacks a half*
To pay your preſent debt.

And in many other places. So, amongſt the older *Romans*, they made a Subſtantive of *Habentia*, in the like Signification. *Nonius Marcellus* furniſhes an Authority from *Claudius Quadrigarius* his Annals. *Verebar enim ne Animos eorum inflaret* habentia. *For I was afraid leſt their* Havings (i. e. their Riches, large Circumſtances) *ſhould elate their Minds.* St. *Auſtin* likewiſe, in the lower Age of *Latinity*, uſes it in the ſame Manner. And the *Spaniards* have from thence form'd their *hazienda*, which ſignifies either Wealth, Poſſeſſions, Ability, or Buſineſs.

Coſt.

Coſt. Such is the ſimplicity of man to hearken after the fleſh.

King. reads. *GReat deputy, the welkin's vice-gerent, and ſole dominator of* Navarre, *my ſoul's earth's God, and body's foſtring patron*——

Coſt. Not a word of *Coſtard* yet.

King. *So it is*——

Coſt. It may be ſo; but if he ſay it is ſo, he is, in telling true, but ſo. *ſo.* [103

King. Peace——

Coſt. Be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words.

Coſt. Of other men's ſecrets, I beſeech you.

King. *So it is, Beſieged with ſable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black oppreſſing humour to the moſt wholeſome phyſick of thy health-giving air; and as I am a gentleman, betook my ſelf to walk: The time, when? about the ſixth hour, when beaſts moſt graze, birds beſt peck, and men ſit down to that nouriſhment which is call'd ſupper: ſo much for the time, when. Now for the ground, which: which, I mean, I walkt upon; it is ycleped, thy park. Then for the place, where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obſcene and moſt prepoſterous event, that draweth from my ſnow-white pen the ebon-colour'd ink, which here thou vieweſt, beholdeſt, ſurveyeſt, or ſeeſt. But to the place, where; It ſtandeth north-north-eaſt and by eaſt from the weſt corner of thy curious-knotted garden. There did I ſee that low-ſpirited ſwain, that baſe minow of thy mirth, (Coſt.* Me?) *that unletter'd ſmall-knowing ſoul, (Coſt.* Me?) *that ſhallow vaſſal, (Coſt.* Still me?) *which, as I remember, hight* Coſtard; (*Coſt.* O me!) *ſorted and conſorted, contrary to thy eſtabliſhed proclaimed edict and continent canon, with, with,*——*O with,*——*but with this I paſſion to ſay wherewith:*

Coſt. With a wench.

King. *With a child of our grandmother* Eve, *a female; or for thy more underſtanding, a woman; him, I (as my ever-eſteem'd duty pricks me on) have ſent to thee, to receive the meed of puniſhment, by thy ſweet Grace's officer,*

Anthony Dull, *a man of good repute, carriage, bearing and eſtimation.*

Dull. Me, an't ſhall pleaſe you: I am *Anthony Dull.*

King. *For* Jaquenetta, (*ſo is the weaker veſſel call'd*) *which I apprehended with the aforeſaid ſwain, I keep her as a vaſſal of thy law's fury, and ſhall at the leaſt of thy ſweet notice bring her to tryal. Thine in all complements of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,*

Don Adriano de Armado.

Biron. This is not ſo well as I look'd for, but the beſt that ever I heard.

King. Ay; the beſt for the worſt. But, ſirrah, what ſay you to this?

Coſt. Sir, I confeſs the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Coſt. I do confeſs much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaim'd a year's impriſonment to be taken with a wench.

Coſt. I was taken with none, Sir, I was taken with a damoſel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damoſel.

Coſt. This was no damoſel neither, Sir, ſhe was a virgin.

King. It is ſo varied too, for it was proclaim'd virgin.

Coſt. If it were, I deny her virginity: I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not ſerve your turn, Sir.

Coſt. This maid will ſerve my turn, Sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce ſentence; you ſhall faſt a week with bran and water.

Coſt. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And *Don Armado* ſhall be your keeper. My lord *Biron*, ſee him deliver'd o'er,
And go we, lords, to put in practice that,
Which each to other hath ſo ſtrongly ſworn. [*Exe.*

[44] *Biron.* I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,
Theſe oaths and laws will prove an idle ſcorn.
Sirrah, come on. *Coſt.*

Coſt. I ſuffer for the truth, Sir: for true it is, I was taken with *Jaquenetta*, and *Jaquenetta* is a true girl; and therefore welcome the ſour cup of proſperity: affliction may one day ſmile again, and until then, ſit thee down, ſorrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Armado's *Houſe.*

Enter Armado, *and* Moth.

Arm. BOY, what ſign is it, when a man of great ſpirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great ſign, Sir, that he will look ſad.

Arm. Why, ſadneſs is one and the ſelf-ſame thing, dear imp.

Moth. No, no; O lord, Sir, no.

Arm. How can'ſt thou part ſadneſs and melancholy, my tender *Juvenile?*

Moth. By a familiar demonſtration of the working, my tough Signior.

Arm. Why, tough Signior? why, tough Signior?

Moth. Why, tender *Juvenile?* why, tender *Juvenile?*

Arm. I ſpoke it tender *Juvenile*, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I tough Signior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty and apt.

Moth. How mean you, Sir, I pretty, and my ſaying apt? or I apt, and my ſaying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, becauſe little.

Moth. Little! pretty, becauſe little; wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, becauſe quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praiſe, maſter?

Arm. In thy condign praiſe.

Moth. I will praiſe an eel with the ſame praiſe.

Arm. What? that an eel is ingenious.

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do ſay, thou art quick in anſwers. Thou heat'ſt my blood.——

Moth. I am anſwer'd, Sir.

Arm. I love not to be croſt.

Moth. He ſpeaks the clean contrary, croſſes love not him.

Arm. I have promis'd to ſtudy three years with the King.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, Sir.

Arm. Impoſſible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning, it fits the ſpirit of a tapſter.

Moth. You are a gentleman, and a gameſter.

Arm. I confeſs both; they are both the varniſh of a compleat man.

Moth. Then, I am ſure, you know how much the groſs ſum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the baſe vulgar call, three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, Sir, is this ſuch a piece of ſtudy? now here's three ſtudied ere you'll thrice wink; and how eaſie it is to put years to the word three, and ſtudy three years in two words, the dancing-horſe will tell you.

Arm. A moſt fine figure.

Moth. To prove you a cypher.

Arm. I will hereupon confeſs, I am in love; and as it is baſe for a ſoldier to love, ſo am I in love with a baſe wench. If drawing my ſword againſt the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Deſire priſoner; and ranſom him to any *French* courtier for a new deviſ'd curt'ſie. I think it ſcorn to ſigh; methinks, I ſhould out-ſwear *Cupid*. Comfort me, boy, what great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, maſter.

Arm. Moſt ſweet *Hercules!* More authority, dear boy, name more; and, ſweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth.

Moth. Sampſon, maſter; he was a man of good carriage; great carriage; for he carried the town-gates on his back like a porter, and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit *Sampſon*, ſtrong-jointed *Sampſon!* I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didſt me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was *Sampſon*'s love, my dear *Moth?*

Moth. A woman, maſter.

Arm. Of what complection?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me preciſely of what complection?

Moth. Of the ſea-water green, Sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complections?

Moth. As I have read, Sir, and the beſt of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks, *Sampſon* had ſmall reaſon for it. He, ſurely, affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was ſo, Sir, for ſhe had a green wit.

Arm. My love is moſt immaculate white and red.

Moth. Moſt maculate thoughts, maſter, are mask'd under ſuch colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit and my Mother's tongue aſſiſt me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child, moſt pretty and pathetical!

Moth. If ſhe be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For bluſhing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale-white ſhown;
Then if ſhe fear, or be to blame,
By this you ſhall not know;
For ſtill her cheeks poſſeſs the ſame,
Which native ſhe doth owe.
A dangerous rhime, maſter, againſt the reaſon of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Moth. The world was guilty of ſuch a ballad ſome three ages ſince, but, I think, now 'tis not to be found; or if it were, it would neither ſerve for the writing, nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that ſubject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digreſſion by ſome mighty preſident. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind *Coſtard*; ſhe deſerves well——

Moth. To be whipp'd; and yet a better love than my maſter.

Arm. Sing, boy; my ſpirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I ſay, ſing.

Moth. Forbear, 'till this company is paſt.

Enter Coſtard, Dull, Jaquenetta *a Maid.*

Dull. Sir, the King's pleaſure is, that you keep *Coſtard* ſafe, and you muſt let him take no delight, nor no penance; but he muſt faſt three days a week. For this damſel, I muſt keep her at the park, ſhe is allow'd for the day-woman. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray my ſelf with bluſhing: maid,——

Jaq. Man,——

Arm. I will viſit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's here by.

Arm. I know, where it is ſituate.

Jaq. Lord, how wiſe you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you ſay.

Arm. And ſo farewel.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, *Jaquenetta*, away. (7)

[*Exeunt* Dull *and* Jaquenetta.

Arm.

(7) Maid. *Fair Weather after you. Come,* Jaquenetta, *away.*] Thus all the printed Copies: but the Editors have been guilty of much Inadvertence. They make *Jaquenetta*, and a *Maid* enter: whereas *Jaquenetta* is the only Maid intended by the Poet, and who is committed to

Arm. Villain, thou ſhalt faſt for thy offence, ere thou be pardoned.

Coſt. Well, Sir, I hope, when I do it, I ſhall do it on a full ſtomach.

Arm. Thou ſhalt be heavily puniſh'd.

Coſt. I am more bound to you, than your followers; for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain, ſhut him up.

Moth. Come, you tranſgreſſing ſlave, away.

Coſt. Let me not be pent up, Sir; I will faſt, being looſe.

Moth. No, Sir, that were faſt and looſe; thou ſhalt to priſon.

Coſt. Well, if ever I do ſee the merry days of deſolation that I have ſeen, ſome ſhall ſee———

Moth. What ſhall ſome ſee?

Coſt. Nay, nothing, maſter *Moth*, but what they look upon. It is not for priſoners to be ſilent in their words, and therefore I will ſay nothing; I thank God, I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet. [*Exeunt* Moth *with* Coſtard.

Arm. I do affect the very ground (which is baſe) where her ſhoe (which is baſer) guided by her foot (which is baſeſt) doth tread. I ſhall be forſworn, which is a great argument of falſhood, if I love. And how can that be true love, which is falſly attempted? love is a familiar, love is a devil; there is no evil angel but love, yet *Sampſon* was ſo tempted, and he had an excellent ſtrength; yet was *Solomon* ſo ſeduced, and he had a very good wit. *Cupid*'s but-ſhaft is too hard for *Hercules*'s club, and therefore too much odds for a *Spaniard*'s rapier; the firſt and ſecond cauſe will not ſerve my turn; the *Paſſado* he reſpects not, the *Duello* he regards not; his diſgrace is to be call'd boy; but his glory is to ſubdue men. Adieu, valour; ruſt, rapier; be ſtill, drum; for your manager is in love;

to the Cuſtody of *Dull*, to be convey'd by him to the Lodge in the Park. This being the Caſe, it is evident to Demonſtration, that— *Fair Weather after you*— muſt be ſpoken by *Jaquenetta*; and then that *Dull* ſays to her, *Come*, Jaquenetta, *away*, as I have regulated the Text.

yea, he loveth. Aſſiſt me, ſome extemporal God of rhime, for, I am ſure, I ſhall turn ſonnet. Deviſe wit, write pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *before the King of* Navarre's *Palace.*

Enter the Princeſs of France, Roſaline, Maria, Catharine, Boyet, *Lords and other attendants.*

BOYET.

NOW, madam, ſummon up your deareſt ſpirits;
Conſider, whom the King your father ſends;
To whom he ſends, and what's his embaſſy.
Your ſelf, held precious in the world's eſteem,
To parley with the ſole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchleſs *Navarre*; the plea of no leſs weight
Than *Aquitain*, a dowry for a Queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As nature was in making graces dear,
When ſhe did ſtarve the general world beſide, (8)
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good lord *Boyet*, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flouriſh of your praiſe;
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by baſe ſale of chapmen's tongues.
I am leſs proud to hear you tell my worth,

(8) *When ſhe did* ſtarve *the general World beſide,*] *Catullus* has a Compliment, much of this Caſt, to his *Lesbia* in his 87th Epigram:

——— *quæ cùm* pulcherrima tota *eſt,*
Tum omnibus una omnes ſurripuit *Veneres.*

Than

Than you much willing to be counted wiſe,
In ſpending thus your wit in praiſe of mine.
But now to task the tasker; good *Boyet*,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noiſe abroad, *Navarre* hath made a vow,
'Till painful ſtudy ſhall out-wear three years,
No woman may approach his ſilent Court;
Therefore to us ſeems it a needful courſe,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleaſure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthineſs, we ſingle you
As our beſt moving fair ſollicitor.
Tell him, the daughter of the King of *France*,
On ſerious buſineſs, craving quick diſpatch,
Importunes perſonal conference with his Grace.
Haſte, ſignifie ſo much, while we attend,
Like humble-viſag'd ſuitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of imployment, willingly I go. [*Exit.*

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is ſo;
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous King?

Lord. Longaville is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

Mar. I knew him, madam, at a marriage feaſt,
Between lord *Perigort* and the beauteous heir
Of *Jaques Faulconbridge* ſolemnized.
In *Normandy* ſaw I this *Longaville*,
A man of ſovereign parts he is eſteem'd;
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms,
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only ſoil of his fair virtue's gloſs,
(If virtue's gloſs will ſtain with any ſoil,)
Is a ſharp wit, match'd with too blunt a will;
Whoſe edge hath power to cut, whoſe will ſtill wills
It ſhould ſpare none, that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry-mocking lord, belike; is't ſo?

Mar. They ſay ſo moſt, that moſt his humours know.

Prin. Such ſhort-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the reſt?

Cath.

Cath. The young *Dumain*, a well-accompliſh'd youth,
Of all that virtue love, for virtue lov'd.
Moſt power to do moſt harm, leaſt knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill ſhape good,
And ſhape to win grace, tho' he had no wit.
I ſaw him at the Duke *Alanſon*'s once,
And much too little of that good I ſaw,
Is my report to his great worthineſs.

Roſa. Another of theſe ſtudents at that time
Was there with him, as I have heard a truth;
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never ſpent an hour's talk withal.
His eye begets occaſion for his wit;
For every object, that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jeſt;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expoſitor)
Delivers in ſuch apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales;
And younger hearings are quite raviſhed;
So ſweet and voluble is his diſcourſe.

Prin. God bleſs my ladies, are they all in love,
That every one her own hath garniſhed
With ſuch bedecking ornaments of praiſe?

Mar. Here comes *Boyet*.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance, Lord?

Boyet. *Navarre* had notice of your fair approach;
And he and his competitors in oath
Were all addreſt to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came: marry, thus much I've learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes here to beſiege his Court,
Than ſeek a diſpenſation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled houſe.
Here comes *Navarre*.

Enter

Enter the King, Longaville, Dumain, Biron, *and Attendants.*

King. Fair Princeſs, welcome to the Court of *Navarre.*

Prin. Fair, I give you back again; and welcome I have not yet: the roof of this Court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wide fields, too baſe to be mine.

King. You ſhall be welcome, Madam, to my Court.

Prin. I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear Lady, I have ſworn an oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forſworn.

King. Not for the world, fair Madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, Will ſhall break its will, and nothing elſe.

King. Your ladyſhip is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my Lord ſo, his ignorance were wiſe,
Where now his knowledge muſt prove ignorance.
I hear, your Grace hath ſworn out houſe-keeping:
'Tis deadly ſin to keep that oath, my Lord;
And ſin to break it.
But pardon me, I am too ſudden bold:
To teach a teacher ill beſeemeth me.
Vouchſafe to read the purpoſe of my Coming,
And ſuddenly reſolve me in my ſuit.

King. Madam, I will, if ſuddenly I may.

Prin. You will the ſooner, that I were away;
For you'll prove perjur'd, if you make me ſtay.

Biron. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

Roſ. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

Biron. I know, you did.

Roſ. How needleſs was it then to ask the queſtion?

Biron. You muſt not be ſo quick.

Roſ. 'Tis long of you, that ſpur me with ſuch queſtions.

Biron. Your wit's too hot, it ſpeeds too faſt, 'twill tire.

Roſ. Not 'till it leave the rider in the mire.

Biron. What time o' day?

Roſa.

Roſa. The hour, that fools ſhould ask.
Biron. Now fair befall your mask!
Roſa. Fair fall the face it covers!
Biron. And ſend you many lovers!
Roſa. Amen, ſo you be none!
Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.
King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thouſand crowns;
Being but th' one half of an intire ſum,
Disburſed by my father in his wars.
But ſay, that he, or we, as neither have,
Receiv'd that ſum; yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thouſand more; in ſurety of the which,
One part of *Aquitain* is bound to us,
Although not valu'd to the mony's worth:
If then the King your father will reſtore
But that one half which is unſatisfy'd,
We will give up our right in *Aquitain*,
And hold fair friendſhip with his Majeſty:
But that, it ſeems, he little purpoſeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
An hundred thouſand crowns; and not demands, (9)
On payment of an hundred thouſand crowns,
To have his title live in *Aquitain*;
Which we much rather had depart withal,
And have the mony by our father lent,
Than *Aquitain* ſo gelded as it is.

(9) ——————————— *And not demands*
One *payment of an hundred thouſand Crowns,*
To have his Title live in Aquitaine.]

The old Books concur in this Reading, and Mr. *Pope* has embraced it; tho', as I conceive, it is ſtark Nonſenſe, and repugnant to the Circumſtance ſuppos'd by our Poet. I have, by reforming the Pointing, and throwing out a ſingle Letter, reſtor'd, I believe, the genuine Senſe of the Paſſage. *Aquitain* was pledg'd, it ſeems, to *Navarre*'s Father for 200000 Crowns. The *French* King pretends to have paid one Moiety of this Debt, (which *Navarre* knows nothing of,) but demands this Moiety back again: inſtead whereof (ſays *Navarre*) he ſhould rather pay the remaining Moiety, and *demand* to have *Aquitain* redeliver'd up to him. This is plain and eaſy Reaſoning upon the Fact ſuppos'd; and *Navarre* declares, he had rather receive the Reſidue of his Debt, than detain the Province mortgag'd for Security of it.

Dear

Dear Princeſs, were not his requeſts ſo far
From reaſon's yielding, your fair ſelf ſhould make
A yielding 'gainſt ſome reaſon in my breaſt;
And go well ſatisfied to *France* again.

Prin. You do the King my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In ſo unſeeming to confeſs receipt
Of that, which hath ſo faithfully been paid.

King. I do proteſt, I never heard of it;
And if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up *Aquitain.*

Prin. We arreſt your word:
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
For ſuch a ſum, from ſpecial officers
Of *Charles* his father.

King. Satisfie me ſo.

Boyet. So pleaſe your Grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other ſpecialties are bound:
To morrow you ſhall have a ſight of them.

King. It ſhall ſuffice me; at which interview,
All liberal reaſon I will yield unto:
Mean time, receive ſuch welcome at my hand,
As honour without breach of honour may
Make tender of, to thy true worthineſs.
You may not come, fair Princeſs, in my gates;
But here, without, you ſhall be ſo receiv'd,
As you ſhall deem your ſelf lodg'd in my heart,
Tho ſo deny'd fair harbour in my houſe:
Your own good thoughts excuſe me, and farewel;
To morrow we ſhall viſit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair deſires conſort your Grace!

King. Thy own Wiſh wiſh I thee, in every place. [*Exit.*

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my own heart. (10)

Roſa.

(10) I have made it a Rule throughout this Edition, to replace all thoſe Paſſages, which Mr. *Pope* in his Impreſſions thought fit to *degrade.* As We have no Authority to call them in Queſtion for not being

Roſa. I pray you, do my commendations;
I would be glad to ſee it.
Biron. I would, you heard it groan.
Roſa. Is the fool ſick?
Biron. Sick at the heart.
Roſa. Alack, let it blood.
Biron. Would that do it good?
Roſa. My phyſick ſays, ay.
Biron. Will you prick't with your eye?
Roſa. *No, poynt,* with my knife.
Biron. Now God ſave thy life!
Roſa. And yours from long living!
Biron. I cannot ſtay thankſgiving. [*Exit.*
Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word: what lady is that ſame?
Boyet. The heir of *Alanſon, Roſaline* her name.
Dum. A gallant lady; Monſieur, fare you well. [*Exit.*
Long. I beſeech you, a word: what is ſhe in white?
Boyet. A woman ſometimes, if you ſaw her in the light.
Long. Perchance, light in the light; I deſire her name.
Boyet. She hath but one for her ſelf; to deſire That, were a ſhame.
Long. Pray you, Sir, whoſe daughter?
Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.
Long. God's bleſſing on your beard!
Boyet. Good Sir, be not offended.
She is an heir of *Faulconbridge.*
Long. Nay, my choller is ended:
She is a moſt ſweet lady.

ing genuine; I confeſs, as an Editor, I thought I had no Authority to diſplace them. Tho, I muſt own freely at the ſame time, there are ſome Scenes (particularly, in this Play;) ſo very mean and contemptible, that One would heartily wiſh for the Liberty of expunging them. Whether they were really written by our Author, whether he penn'd them in his boyiſh Age, or whether he purpoſely comply'd with the prevailing Vice of the Times, when *Puns, Conundrum*, and *quibbling* Conceits were as much in Vogue, as *Grimace* and *Arlequinades* are at this wiſe Period, I dare not take upon me to determine.

Boyet.

Boyet. Not unlike, Sir; that may be. [*Exit* Long.
Biron. What's her name in the cap?
Boyet. *Catharine*, by good hap.
Biron. Is ſhe wedded or no?
Boyet. To her will, Sir, or ſo.
Biron. You are welcome, Sir: adieu.
Boyet. Farewel to me, Sir, and welcome to you.
[*Exit* Biron.
Mar. That laſt is *Biron*, the merry mad-cap lord;
Not a word with him but a jeſt.
Boyet. And every jeſt but a word.
Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his word.
Boyet. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.
Mar. Two hot ſheeps, marry.
Boyet. And wherefore not ſhips?
No ſheep, (ſweet lamb) unleſs we feed on your lips.
Mar. You ſheep, and I paſture; ſhall that finiſh the jeſt?
Boyet. So you grant paſture for me.
Mar. Not ſo, gentle beaſt;
My lips are no common, though ſeveral they be.
Boyet. Belonging to whom?
Mar. To my fortunes and me.
Prin. Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles, agree.
This civil war of wits were much better us'd
On *Navarre* and his book-men; for here 'tis abus'd.
Boyet. If my obſervation, (which very ſeldom lies)
By the heart's ſtill rhetorick, diſcloſed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, *Navarre* is infected.
Prin. With what?
Boyet. With that which we lovers intitle affected.
Prin. Your reaſon?
Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire
To the Court of his eye, peeping thorough deſire:
His heart, like an agat with your print impreſſed,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expreſſed:
His tongue, all impatient to ſpeak and not ſee,
Did ſtumble with haſte in his eye-ſight to be:
All ſenſes to that ſenſe did make their repair,

To

To feel only looking on faireſt of fair;
Methought, all his ſenſes were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in cryſtal for ſome Prince to buy;
Who tendring their own worth, from whence they were glaſt,
Did point out to buy them, along as you paſt.
His face's own margent did quote ſuch amazes,
That all eyes ſaw his eyes inchanted with gazes:
I'll give you *Aquitain*, and all that is his,
An you give him for my ſake but one loving kiſs.

Prin. Come, to our pavilion: *Boyet* is diſpos'd.

Boyet. But to ſpeak that in words, which his eye hath diſclos'd;
I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Roſa. Thou art an old love-monger, and ſpeakeſt skilfully.

Mar. He is *Cupid*'s grandfather, and learns news of him.

Roſa. Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her father is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Mar. No.

Boyet. What then, do you ſee?

Roſa. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me. (11) [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

(11) Boyet. *You are too hard for me.*] Here, in all the Books, the 2d Act is made to end: but in my Opinion very miſtakenly. I have ventur'd to vary the Regulation of the four laſt Acts from the printed Copies, for theſe Reaſons. Hitherto, the 2d Act has been of the Extent of 7 Pages; the 3d but of 5; and the 5th of no leſs than 29. And this Diſproportion of Length has crouded too many Incidents into ſome Acts, and left the others quite barren. I have now reduced them into a much better Equality; and diſtributed the Buſineſs likewiſe (ſuch as it is,) into a more uniform Caſt. The Plot now lies thus: In the firſt Act, *Navarre* and his Companions ſequeſter themſelves, by Oath, for 3 Years from Converſation, Women, Feaſting, &c. reſolving a Life of Contemplation, and to relieve their Study, at Intervals, with *Armado* and *Coſtard*. The Princeſs of *France*'s Arrival is prepared. *Armado*'s Ridiculous Paſſion for a Country Wench, and hi, and *Coſtard*'s Characters, are open'd. ——— In the 2d Act, Th: Princeſs with her Ladies arrives, and explains the Reaſon of her Coming.

Navarre

SCENE, *the* PARK; *near the Palace.*

Enter Armado *and* Moth.

Arm. WArble, child; make paſſionate my ſenſe of hearing.

Moth. Concolinel —— [*Singing.*

Navarre behaves ſo courteouſly to her, that *Boyet*, one of her Lords, ſuſpects him to be in Love. *Armado*'s Amour is continued; who ſends a Letter by *Coſtard* to his Miſtreſs *Jaquenetta*. *Biron* likewiſe ſends a Billet-doux by *Coſtard* to *Roſaline*, one of the *French* Ladies; and in a Soliloquy confeſſes his being in Love, tho' againſt his Oath.—— In the third Act, the Princeſs and her Ladies, preparing to kill a Deer in the Park, *Coſtard* comes to deliver *Biron*'s Letter to *Roſaline*; but by Miſtake gives That, which *Armado* had directed to *Jaquenetta*. The two Pedants Sir *Nathaniel*, and *Holofernes* are introduc'd. *Jaquenetta* produces *Biron*'s Letter, deliver'd by *Coſtard*'s Miſtake to her, requeſting them to read it: who, obſerving the Contents, ſend it by *Coſtard* and *Jaquenetta* to the King. *Biron*, ſtanding perdue in the Park, overhears the *King*, *Longaville*, and *Dumaine* confeſſing their Paſſions for their reſpective Miſtreſſes; and, coming forward, reproaches them with their Perjury. *Jaquenetta* and *Coſtard* bring the Letter (as they were order'd by the Pedants) to the King, who bids *Biron* read it. He, finding it to be his own Letter, tears it in a Paſſion for *Coſtard*'s Miſtake. The Lords, picking it up, find it to be of *Biron*'s handwriting, and an Addreſs to *Roſaline*. *Biron* pleads guilty: and all the Votariſts at laſt conſent to continue their Perjury, and addreſs their ſeveral Miſtreſſes with ſome Maſque or Device. —— In the fourth Act, The *Pedants* (returning from their Dinner,) enter into a Diſcourſe ſuitable to their Characters. *Armado* comes to them, tells them, he is injoin'd by the King to frame ſome Maſque for the Entertainment of the Princeſs, and craves their learned Aſſiſtance. They propoſe to repreſent the nine Worthies, and go out to prepare themſelves. The Princeſs and her Ladies talk of their ſeveral Lovers, and the Preſents made to them. *Boyet* brings notice, that the King and his Lords are coming to addreſs them, diſguis'd like *Muſcovites*. The Ladies propoſe to be mask'd, and exchange the *Favours* with one another, which were given them by their Lovers: that ſo they, being deceived, may every one addreſs the wrong Perſon. This accordingly hits; and they are rallied from off the Spot by the Ladies: who triumph in this Exploit, and reſolve to banter them again, when they return in their own Perſons. —— In the laſt Act, The *King* and his *Lords* come to the *Princeſs*'s Tent, and all confeſs their Loves. *Coſtard* enters to tell the Approach of the Worthies Maſque; which finiſh'd, News is brought of the Death of the Princeſs's Father. The King and the Lords renewing their Love-ſuits, the Ladies agree to marry them at a Twelvemonth's End, under certain Injunctions; and ſo the Play ends.——Thus the Story (tho' clogg'd with ſome Abſurdities,) has its proper Reſts: the Action riſes by Gradations, according to *Rules*: and the Plot is embroil'd and diſengaged, as it ought; as far as the Nature of the *Fable* will admit.

Arm. Sweet Air! go, tenderneſs of years; take this key, give inlargement to the ſwain; bring him feſtinately hither: I muſt employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Maſter, will you win your love with a *French* brawl?

Arm. How mean'ſt thou, brawling in *French?*

Moth. No, my compleat maſter (12); but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet (13), humour it with turning up your eyelids; ſigh a note and ſing a note; ſometimes through the throat, as if you ſwallow'd love with ſinging love; ſometimes through the noſe, as if you ſnuft up love by ſmelling love; with your hat penthouſe-like o'er the ſhop of your eyes; with your arms croſt on your thin-belly doublet, like a rabbet on a ſpit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a ſnip and away: theſe are complements, theſe are humours; theſe betray nice wenches that would be betray'd without theſe, and make the men of note (14): do you note men, that are moſt affected to theſe?

Arm.

(12) Moth. *No, my compleat Maſter,* &c.] This whole Speech has been ſo terribly confuſed in the pointing, through all the Editions hitherto, that not the leaſt Glimmering of Senſe was to be pick'd out of it. As I have regulated the Paſſage, I think, *Moth* delivers both good *Senſe* and good *Humour.*

(13) Canary *to it with your Feet,*] So *All's Well that* &c. Act. 2. Sc. 2.

——— *I have ſeen a* Medecin,
That's able to breath Life into a Stone,
Quicken a Rock, and make you dance Canary
With ſprightly Fire and Motion; &c.

From both theſe Paſſages the *Canary* ſeems to have been a Dance of much Spirit and Agility. Some Dictionaries tell us, that this Dance deriv'd its Name, as it's probable it might, from the *Iſlands* ſo call'd. But *Richelet* gives us a Deſcription of it the moſt conformable to our Author; *Dance, où l'on remuë fort vîte les piez.* A Dance, in which the Feet are ſhifted with great Swiftneſs.

(14) ——— *theſe betray* nice Wenches, *that would be betray'd without theſe, and make* them *Men of Note.*] Thus all the Editors, with a Sagacity worthy of Wonder. But who will ever believe, that the odd Attitudes and Affectations of *Lovers,* by which they betray young *Wenches,* ſhould

Arm. How haſt thou purchas'd this experience?
Moth. By my pen of obſervation.
Arm. But O, but O ——
Moth. The hobby-horſe is forgot. (15)
Arm. Call'ſt thou my love hobby-horſe?
Moth. No, maſter; the hobby-horſe is but a colt,

ſhould have power to make thoſe young Wenches *Men of Note?* This is a Transformation, which, I dare ſay, the Poet never thought of. His Meaning is, that they not only inveigle the young *Girls*, but make the *Men* taken notice of too, who affect them. I reduc'd the Paſſage to good Senſe, in my SHAKESPEARE *reſtor'd*, by caſhiering only a ſingle Letter: and Mr. *Pope*, in his laſt Impreſſion, has vouchſaf'd to embrace my Correction.

(15) Arm. *But O, but O* ——

Moth. *The* Hobby-horſe *is forgot.*] The Humour of this Reply of *Moth*'s to *Armado*, who is ſighing in Love, cannot be taken without a little Explanation: nor why there ſhould be any Room for making ſuch a Reply. A Quotation from *Hamlet* will be neceſſary on this Occaſion;

——— *Or elſe ſhall he ſuffer not thinking on, with the* hobby-horſe, *whoſe Epitaph is,* For oh! for oh! the *Hobby-horſe* is forgot.

And another from *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in their *Women pleaſed.*

Soto. *Shall the* Hobby-horſe *be forgot then?*
The hopefull Hobby-horſe? *ſhall he lie founder'd?*

In the Rites formerly obſerv'd for the Celebration of *May*-day, beſides thoſe now us'd of hanging a Pole with Garlands, and dancing round it, a Boy was dreſt up repreſenting Maid *Marian*; another, like a *Fryar*; and another rode on a *Hobby-horſe*, with Bells jingling, and painted Streamers. After the *Reformation* took place, and *Preciſians* multiplied, theſe latter Rites were look'd upon to favour of *Paganiſm*; and then Maid *Marian*, the *Fryar*, and the poor *Hobby-horſe* were turn'd out of the Games. Some, who were not ſo *wiſely* preciſe, but regretted the Diſuſe of the *Hobby-horſe*, no doubt, ſatiriz'd this Suſpicion of Idolatry, and archly wrote the *Epitaph* above alluded to. Now *Moth*, hearing *Armado* groan ridiculouſly, and cry out, *But oh! but oh!* —— humourouſly pieces out his Exclamation with the Sequel of this Epitaph: which is putting his Maſter's *Love-paſſion*, and the Loſs of the *Hobby-horſe*, on a Footing. The Zealots' Deteſtation of this Hobby-horſe, I think, is excellently ſneer'd at by *B. Jonſon* in his *Bartholomew*-fair. In this Comedy, *Rabby-Buſy*, a Puritan, is brought into the *Fair*; and being ask'd by the Toyman to buy *Rattles, Drums, Babies, Hobby-horſes*, &c. He immediately in his Zeal cries out:

Peace, with thy Apocryphal Wares, thou prophane Publican! Thy Bells, *thy* Dragons, *and thy* Tobit's *Dogs. Thy* Hobby-horſe *is an Idol, a very Idol, a fierce and rank Idol; and Thou the* Nebuchadnezzar, *the proud* Nebuchadnezzar *of the* Fair, *that ſet'ſt it up for Children to fall down to and worſhip.*

and your love, perhaps, a hackney: but have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almoſt I had.

Moth. Negligent ſtudent, learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, maſter: all thoſe three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live. And this *by*, *in*, and *out of*, upon the inſtant: *by* heart you love her, becauſe your heart cannot come by her: *in* heart you love her, becauſe your heart is in love with her; and *out of* heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all theſe three.

Moth. And three times as much more; and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the ſwain, he muſt carry me a letter.

Moth. A meſſage well ſympathiz'd; a horſe to be embaſſador for an aſs.

Arm. Ha, ha; what ſay'ſt thou?

Moth. Marry, Sir, you muſt ſend the aſs upon the horſe, for he is very ſlow-gated: but I go.

Arm. The way is but ſhort; away.

Moth. As ſwift as lead, Sir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull and ſlow?

Moth. *Minimè*, honeſt maſter; or rather, maſter, no.

Arm. I ſay, lead is ſlow.

Moth. You are too ſwift, Sir, to ſay ſo.
Is that lead ſlow, Sir, which is fir'd from a gun?

Arm. Sweet ſmoak of rhetorick!
He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:
I ſhoot thee at the ſwain.

Moth. Thump then, and I fly. [*Exit.*

Arm. A moſt acute *Juvenile*, voluble and free of grace;
By thy favour, ſweet welkin, I muſt ſigh in thy face.
Moſt rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.

Re-enter Moth *and* Coſtard.

Moth. A wonder, maſter, here's a *Coſtard* broken in a ſhin.

Arm. Some enigma, ſome riddle; come, thy *l'envoy* begin.

Coſt. No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*; no ſalve in the male, Sir. O Sir, plantan, a plain plantan; no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*, or ſalve, Sir, but plantan.

Arm. By vertue, thou enforceſt laughter; thy ſilly thought, my ſpleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous ſmiling: O pardon me, my ſtars! doth the inconſiderate take ſalve for *l'envoy*, and the word *l'envoy* for a ſalve?

Moth. Doth the wiſe think them other? is not *l'envoy* a ſalve?

Arm. No, page, it is an epilogue or diſcourſe, to make plain
Some obſcure precedence that hath tofore been ſain.
I will example it. Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy*.
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were ſtill at odds, being but three.
There's the moral, now the *l'envoy*.

Moth. I will add the *l'envoy*; ſay the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were ſtill at odds, being but three.

Moth. Until the gooſe came out of door,
And ſtay'd the odds by adding four.
A good *l'envoy*, ending in the gooſe; would you deſire more?

Coſt. The boy hath ſold him a bargain; a gooſe, that's flat;
Sir, your penny-worth is good, an your gooſe be fat.
To ſell a bargain well is as cunning as faſt and looſe.
Let me ſee a fat *l'envoy*; I, that's a fat gooſe.

Arm. Come hither, come hither;
How did this argument begin?

Moth. By ſaying, that a *Coſtard* was broken in a ſhin.
Then call'd you for a *l'envoy*.

Coſt. True, and I for a plantan;
Thus came the argument in;
Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the gooſe that you bought,
And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me; how was there a *Coſtard* broken in a ſhin?

Moth. I will tell you ſenſibly.

Coſt. Thou haſt no feeling of it, *Moth*,
I will ſpeak that *l'envoy*.
I *Coſtard* running out, that was ſafely within,
Fell over the threſhold, and broke my ſhin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Coſt. 'Till there be more matter in the ſhin.

Arm. Sirrah, *Coſtard*, I will infranchiſe thee.

Coſt. O, marry me to one *Francis*; I ſmell ſome *l'envoy*, ſome gooſe in this.

Arm. By my ſweet ſoul, I mean, ſetting thee at liberty; enfreedoming thy perſon; thou wert immur'd, reſtrained, captivated, bound.

Coſt. True, true, and now you will be my purgation, and let me looſe.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, ſet thee from durance, and in lieu thereof impoſe on thee nothing but this; bear this ſignificant to the country-maid *Jaquenetta*; there is remuneration; for the beſt ward of mine honours is rewarding my dependants. *Moth*, follow. — [*Exit.*

Moth. Like the ſequel, I. Signior *Coſtard*, adieu. [*Exit.*

Coſt. My ſweet ounce of man's fleſh, my in-cony *Jew!* Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the *Latin* word for three farthings: three farthings remuneration: What's the price of this incle? a penny. No, I'll give you a remuneration: why, it carries it. Remuneration! — why, it is a fairer name than a French crown (16). I will never buy and ſell out of this word.

Enter

(16) *No, I'll give you a Remuneration: Why? It carries* its *Remuneration. Why? It is a fairer Name than a* French-*Crown.*] Thus this Paſſage

Enter Biron.

Biron. O my good knave *Coſtard*, exceedingly well met.

Coſt. Pray you, Sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Coſt. Marry, Sir, half-penny farthing.

Biron. O, why then three farthings worth of ſilk.

Coſt. I thank your worſhip, God be with you.

Biron. O ſtay, ſlave, I muſt employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, my good knave,
Do one thing for me that I ſhall intreat.

Coſt. When would you have it done, Sir?

Biron. O, this afternoon.

Coſt. Well, I will do it, Sir: fare you well.

Biron. O, thou knoweſt not what it is.

Coſt. I ſhall know, Sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou muſt know firſt.

Coſt. I will come to your worſhip to morrow morning.

Biron. It muſt be done this afternoon.
Hark, ſlave, it is but this:
The Princeſs comes to hunt here in the park:
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues ſpeak ſweetly, then they name her name,
And *Roſaline* they call her; ask for her,
And to her ſweet hand ſee thou do commend
This ſeal'd up counſel. There's thy guerdon; go.

Coſt. Guerdon,——O ſweet guerdon! better than remuneration, eleven pence farthing better: moſt ſweet guerdon! I will do it, Sir, in print. Guerdon, remuneration.—— [*Exit.*

Biron. O! and I, forſooth, in love!
I, that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humorous ſigh:

Paſſage has hitherto been writ, and pointed, without any Regard to Common Senſe, or Meaning. The Reform, that I have made, ſlight as it is, makes it both intelligible and humourous.

A critick; nay, a night-watch conſtable,
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal more magnificent.
This whimpled, whining, purblind wayward boy,
This Signior *Junio*'s giant-dwarf, Dan *Cupid*, (17)*
Regent of love-rimes, lord of folded arms,
Th' anointed Soveraign of ſighs and groans:
Leige of all loyterers and malecontents:
Dread Prince of plackets, King of codpieces:
Sole Imperator, and great General
Of trotting parators. (O my little heart!)
And I to be a corporal of his File, (18)
And wear his colours! like a tumbler, ſtoop!
What?

(17) *This* Signior Junio's *giant-dwarf, Dan* Cupid.] It was ſome time ago ingeniouſly hinted to me, (and I readily came into the Opinion;) that as there was a Contraſt of Terms in *giant-dwarf*, ſo, probably, there ſhould be in the Words immediately preceding them; and therefore that we ſhould reſtore,

This Senior-junior, *giant-dwarf, Dan* Cupid.*

i. e. this old, young Man. And there is, indeed, afterwards in this Play, a Deſcription of *Cupid*, which ſorts very aptly with ſuch an Emendation.

That was the way to make his Godhead wax,
For he hath been five thouſand *years a* boy.

The Conjecture is exquiſitely well imagin'd, and ought by all Means to be embrac'd, unleſs there is Reaſon to think, that, in the former Reading, there is an Alluſion to ſome Tale, or Character in an old Play. I have not, on this Account, ventur'd to diſturb the Text, becauſe there ſeems to me ſome Reaſon to ſuſpect, that our Author is here alluding to *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*'s *Bonduca*. In that Tragedy there is the Character of one *Junius*, a *Roman* Captain, who falls in Love to Diſtraction with one of *Bonduca*'s Daughters; and becomes an arrant whining Slave to this Paſſion. He is afterwards cur'd of his Infirmity, and is as abſolute a Tyrant againſt the Sex. Now, with Regard to theſe two Extremes, *Cupid* might very properly be ſtiled *Junius*'s giant-dwarf: a *Giant* in his Eye, while the Dotage was upon him; but ſhrunk into a *Dwarf*, ſo ſoon as he had got the Better of it. Our Poet writing the Name with the *Italian* Termination, and calling him Signior *Junio*, would, I think, be an Objection of little Weight to urge, that the *Roman* Captain could not therefore be meant.

(18) *And I to be a Corporal of his* Field,
And wear his Colours like a Tumbler's hoop!]

A *Corporal* of a *Field* is quite a new Term: neither did the *Tumblers* ever adorn their *Hoops* with Ribbands, that I can learn: for Thoſe were not carried in Parade about with them, as the Fencer carries his Sword:

What? I love! I ſue! I ſeek a wife!
A Woman, that is like a *German* clock,
Still a repairing; ever out of frame,
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd, that it may ſtill go right!
Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worſt of all:
And among three, to love the worſt of all;
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch balls ſtuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and by heav'n, one that will do the deed,
Tho' *Argus* were her eunuch and her guard;
And I to ſigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! go to:——It is a plague,
That *Cupid* will impoſe for my neglect
Of his almighty, dreadful, little, Might.
Well, I will love, write, ſigh, pray, ſue and groan:
Some men muſt love my lady, and ſome *Joan.* [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *a Pavilion in the Park near the Palace.*

Enter the Princeſs, Roſaline, Maria, Catharine, *Lords, Attendants, and a Foreſter.*

PRINCESS.

WAS that the King, that ſpur'd his horſe ſo hard
Againſt the ſteep upriſing of the hill?

Sword: Nor, if they were, is the Similitude at all pertinent to the Caſe in hand. But to *ſtoop like a Tumbler* agrees not only with that Profeſſion, and the ſervile Condeſcenſions of a Lover, but with what follows in the Context. What miſled the wiſe Tranſcribers at firſt, ſeems This: When once the *Tumbler* appear'd, they thought, his *Hoop* muſt not be far behind. Mr. *Warburton.*

Boyet.

Boyet. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.
Prin. Who e'er he was, he ſhew'd a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to day we ſhall have our diſpatch;
On *Saturday* we will return to *France*.
Then Foreſter, my friend, where is the buſh,
That we muſt ſtand and play the murtherer in?
For. Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A ſtand, where you may make the faireſt ſhoot.
Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair, that ſhoot:
And thereupon thou ſpeak'ſt the faireſt ſhoot.
For. Pardon me, madam: for I meant not ſo.
Prin. What, what? firſt praiſe me, then again ſay, no?
O ſhort-liv'd pride! not fair? alack, for wo!
For. Yes, madam, fair.
Prin. Nay, never paint me now;
Where fair is not, praiſe cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glaſs, take this for telling true;
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.
For. Nothing but fair is that, which you inherit.
Prin. See, ſee, my beauty will be ſav'd by merit.
O hereſie in fair, fit for theſe days!
A giving hand, though foul, ſhall have fair praiſe.
But come, the bow; now mercy goes to kill,
And ſhooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I ſave my credit in the ſhoot,
Not wounding, Pity would not let me do't:
If wounding, then it was to ſhew my Skill;
That more for praiſe, than purpoſe, meant to kill.
And, out of queſtion, ſo it is ſometimes;
Glory grows guilty of deteſted crimes;
When for fame's ſake, for praiſe, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart.
As I for praiſe alone now ſeek to ſpill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.
Boyet. Do not curſt wives hold that ſelf-ſoveraignty
Only for praiſe-ſake, when they ſtrive to be
Lords o'er their lords?
Prin. Only for praiſe; and praiſe we may afford
To any lady, that ſubdues her lord.

Enter

Enter Coſtard.

Boyet. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.

Coſt. God dig-you-den all; pray you, which is the head lady?

Prin. Thou ſhalt know her, fellow, by the reſt that have no heads.

Coſt. Which is the greateſt lady, the higheſt?

Prin. The thickeſt and the talleſt.

Coſt. The thickeſt and the talleſt? it is ſo, truth is truth.

An your waſte, miſtreſs, were as ſlender as my wit, * my
One o' theſe maids girdles for your waſte ſhould be fit. ** your
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickeſt *** my
here. W.

Prin. What's your will, Sir? what's your will?

Coſt. I have a letter from Monſieur *Biron*, to one lady *Roſaline*.

Prin. O thy letter, thy letter: he's a good friend of mine.

Stand aſide, good bearer. — *Boyet*, you can carve; (19)
Break up this capon.

Boyet. I am bound to ſerve.
This letter is miſtook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to *Jaquenetta*.

Prin. We will read it, I ſwear.
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

(19) Boyet, *you can carve*;
Break up this Capon.] i. e. open this Letter.
Our Poet uſes this Metaphor, as the *French* do their *Poulet*; which ſignifies both a young Fowl, and a Love-letter. *Poulet, amatoriæ Litteræ*; ſays *Richelet*: and quotes from *Voiture*, *Répondre au plus obligeant* Poulet *du Monde*; To reply to the moſt obliging *Letter* in the World. The *Italians* uſe the ſame manner of Expreſſion, when they call a Love-Epiſtle, *una Pollicetta amoroſa*. I ow'd the Hint of this equivocal uſe of the Word to my ingenious Friend Mr. *Biſhop*. I obſerve in *Weſtwardhoe*, a Comedy written by a Contemporary with our Author, that one of theſe Letters is likewiſe call'd a *Wild-fowl*. Act. 2. Sc. 2.

At the Skirt of that Sheet in black Work is wrought his Name. Break not up the Wild-fowl *till anon, and then feed upon him in Private.*

Boyet

Boyet *reads.*

BY heaven, that thou art fair, is moſt infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth it ſelf, that thou art lovely; more fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth it ſelf; have commiſeration on thy heroical vaſſal. The magnanimous and moſt illuſtrate King *Cophetua* ſet eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar *Zenelophon*; and he it was that might rightly ſay, *veni*, *vidi*, *vici*; which to anatomize in the vulgar, (O baſe and obſcure vulgar!) *videlicet*, he came, ſaw, and overcame; he came, one; ſaw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the King. Why did he come? to ſee. Why did he ſee? to overcome. To whom came he? to the beggar. What ſaw he? the beggar. Who overcame he? the beggar. The concluſion is victory; on whoſe ſide? the King's; the captive is inrich'd: on whoſe ſide? the beggar's. The cataſtrophe is a nuptial: on whoſe ſide? the King's? no, on both in one, or one in both: I am the King, (for ſo ſtands the compariſon) thou the beggar, for ſo witneſſeth thy lowlineſs. Shall I command thy love? I may. Shall I enforce thy love? I could. Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What ſhalt thou exchange for rags? robes; for tittles? titles: for thy ſelf? me. Thus expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

Thine in the deareſt deſign of induſtry,

Don Adriano de Armado.

Thus doſt thou hear the *Nemean* lion roar
'Gainſt thee, thou lamb, that ſtandeſt as his prey;
Submiſſive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play.
But if thou ſtrive (poor ſoul) what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repaſture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he, that indited this letter?
What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear better?

Boyet.

Boyet. I am much deceived, but I remember the ſtile.
Prin. Elſe your memory is bad, going o'er it ere while.
Boyet. This *Armado* is a *Spaniard* that keeps here in Court,
A phantaſme, a monarcho, and one that makes ſport
To the Prince and his book-mates.
Prin. Thou, fellow, a word:
Who gave thee this letter?
Coſt. I told you; my lord.
Prin. To whom ſhould'ſt thou give it?
Coſt. From my lord to my lady.
Prin. From which lord to which lady?
Coſt. From my lord *Berown*, a good maſter of mine,
To a lady of *France*, that he call'd *Roſaline*.
Prin. Thou haſt miſtaken his letter. Come, lords, away.
Here, ſweet, put up this; 'twill be thine another day.
[*Exit* Princeſs *attended.*
Boyet. Who is the ſhooter? who is the ſhooter?
Roſa. Shall I teach you to know?
Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.
Roſa. Why, ſhe that bears the bow. Finely put off.
Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns: but if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miſcarry.
Finely put on. ——
Roſa. Well then, I am the ſhooter.
Boyet. And who is your Deer?
Roſa. If we chuſe by horns, your ſelf; come not near.
Finely put on, indeed ——
Mar. You ſtill wrangle with her, *Boyet*, and ſhe ſtrikes at the brow.
Boyet. But ſhe her ſelf is hit lower. Have I hit her now?
Roſa. Shall I come upon thee with an old ſaying, that was a man when King *Pippin* of *France* was a little boy, as touching the hit it.
Boyet. So I may anſwer thee with one as old, that was a woman when Queen *Guinover* of *Britain* was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Roſa.

Roſa. *Thou can'ſt not hit it, hit it, hit it.* [Singing.
Thou can'ſt not hit it, my good man.

Boyet. *An I cannot, cannot, cannot;*
An I cannot, another can. [*Exit* Roſa.

Coſt. By my troth, moſt pleaſant; how both did fit it.

Mar. A mark marvellous well ſhot; for they both did hit it.

Boyet. A mark? O, mark but that mark! a mark, ſays my lady;
Let the mark have a prick in't, to meet at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o' th' bow-hand; i'faith, your hand is out.

Coſt. Indeed, a' muſt ſhoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

Coſt. Then will ſhe get the upſhot by cleaving the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greaſily; your lips grow foul.

Coſt. She's too hard for you at pricks, Sir, challenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing; good night, my good owl. [*Exeunt all but* Coſtard.

Coſt. By my ſoul, a ſwain; a moſt ſimple clown.
Lord, Lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!
O' my troth, moſt ſweet jeſts, moſt incony vulgar wit,
When it comes ſo ſmoothly off, ſo obſcenely, as it were, ſo fit.
Armado o' th' one ſide, — O, a moſt dainty man;
To ſee him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan.
To ſee him kiſs his hand, and how moſt ſweetly he will ſwear:
And his Page o' t'other ſide, that handfull of Wit;
Ah, heav'ns! it is a moſt pathetical Nit.
[*Exit* Coſtard.

[*Shouting*

[*Shouting within.*

Enter Dull, Holofernes, *and Sir* Nathaniel.

Nath. Very reverend ſport, truly; and done in the teſtimony of a good Conſcience.

Hol. The deer was (as you know) *ſanguis*, in blood; ripe as a pomwater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *Cœlo*, the ſky, the welkin, the heav'n; and anon falleth like a crab on the face of *Terra*, the ſoil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, maſter *Holofernes*, the epithets are ſweetly varied, like a ſcholar at the leaſt: but, Sir, I aſſure ye, it was a buck of the firſt head.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, *haud credo.*

Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Moſt barbarous intimation; yet a kind of inſinuation, as it were *in via*, in way of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication; or rather, *oſtentare*, to ſhow, as it were, his inclination; after his undreſſed, unpoliſhed, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or rathereſt unconfirmed faſhion, to inſert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dull. I ſaid, the deer was not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice ſod ſimplicity, *bis coctus*; O thou monſter ignorance, how deformed doſt thou look?

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed on the dainties that are bred in a book. He hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink. His intellect is not repleniſhed. He is only an animal, only ſenſible in the duller parts; (20) and ſuch barren plants are ſet before [115]

(20) —— *And ſuch barren Plants are ſet before us, that we thankful ſhould be; which we taſte, and* feeling are *for thoſe Parts that do fructify in us more than he.*] If this be not a ſtubborn Piece of Nonſenſe, I'll never venture to judge of common Senſe. That Editors ſhould take ſuch Paſſages upon Content, is, ſurely, ſurpriſing. The Words, 'tis plain, have been ridiculouſly, and ſtupidly, transpos'd and corrupted. The Emendation I have offer'd, I hope, reſtores the Author; At leaſt, I am ſure, it gives him Senſe and Grammar: and anſwers extremely well to his Metaphors taken from *planting*. —— *Ingradare*, with the *Italians*, ſignifies, to riſe higher and higher; *andare di grado in grado*, to make a Progreſſion; and ſo at length come to *fructify*, as the Poet expreſſes it. Mr. *Warburton.*

us,

us, that we thankful ſhould be for thoſe parts, (which we taſte and feel, [*ingradare*) that] do fructify in us, more than He.

" For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiſcreet, or a fool;

" So were there a patch ſet on learning, to ſee him in a ſchool.

" But *omne bene*, ſay I; being of an old father's mind,

" Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men; can you tell by your wit,

What was a month old at *Cain*'s birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna, good-man *Dull*; *Dictynna*, good-man *Dull.*

Dull. What is *Dictynna?*

Nath. A title to *Phœbe*, to *Luna*, to the *Moon.*

Hol. The moon was a month old, when *Adam* was no more:

And rought not to five weeks, when he came to five-ſcore.

Th' alluſion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'Tis true, indeed; the colluſion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I ſay, the alluſion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I ſay, the pollution holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old; and I ſay beſide, that 'twas a pricket that the Princeſs kill'd.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and to humour the ignorant, I have call'd the deer the Princeſs kill'd, a pricket.

Nath. Perge, good maſter *Holofernes*, *perge*; ſo it ſhall pleaſe you to abrogate ſcurrility.

Hol. I will ſomething affect the letter; for it argues facility.

The praiſeful Princeſs pierc'd and prickt
A pretty pleaſing pricket.
Some ſay, a ſore; but not a ſore,
'Till now made ſore with ſhooting.

The

The dogs did yell; put L to ſore,
Then ſorel jumpt from thicket;
Or pricket ſore, or elſe ſorel,
The people fall a hooting.
If ſore be ſore, then L to ſore
Makes fifty ſores, O ſorel!
Of one ſore I an hundred make,
By adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, ſimple, ſimple; a fooliſh extravagant ſpirit, full of forms, figures, ſhapes, objects, ideas, apprehenſions, motions, revolutions. Theſe are begot in the ventricle of memory, nouriſh'd in the womb of *pia mater*, and deliver'd upon the mellowing of occaſion; but the gift is good in thoſe in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praiſe the lord for you, and ſo may my pariſhioners; for their ſons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you; you are a good member of the common-wealth.

Hol. Mehercle, if their ſons be ingenuous, they ſhall want no inſtruction: if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But *vir ſapit, qui pauca loquitur*; a ſoul feminine ſaluteth us.

Enter Jaquenetta, *and* Coſtard.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, maſter Parſon.

Hol. Maſter Parſon, *quaſi* Perſon. And if one ſhould be pierc'd, which is the one?

Coſt. Marry, maſter ſchool-maſter, he that is likeſt to a hogſhead.

Hol. Of piercing a hogſhead, a good Luſtre of conceit in a turf of earth, fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a ſwine: 'Tis pretty, it is well.

Jaq. Good maſter Parſon, be ſo good as read me this letter; it was given me by *Coſtard*, and ſent me from Don *Armatho*. I beſeech you, read it.

Hol. *Fauſte, precor, gelidâ* (21) *quando pecus omne ſub umbrâ*
Ruminat, and ſo forth. Ah, good old *Mantuan*, I may ſpeak of thee as the traveller doth of *Venice*; *Vinegia, Vinegia! qui non te vedi, ei non te pregia* (22). Old *Mantuan*, old *Mantuan!* Who underſtandeth thee not, loves thee not:—*ut re ſol la mi fa*. Under pardon, Sir, what are the contents? or rather, as *Horace* ſays in his: What! my ſoul! verſes? (23)

Nath. Ay, Sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a ſtaff, a ſtanza, a verſe; *Lege, Domine.*

Nath. If love make me forſworn, how ſhall I ſwear to love?
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd;
Though to my ſelf forſworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;
Thoſe thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like oſiers bow'd.
Study his biaſs leaves, and makes his book thine eyes;
Where all thoſe pleaſures live, that art would comprehend:
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee ſhall ſuffice;
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend.

(21) Nath. Fauſte, *precor, gelidâ*] Tho' all the Editions concur to give this Speech to Sir *Nathaniel*, yet, as Dr. *Thirlby* ingeniouſly obſerv'd to me, it is evident, it muſt belong to *Holofernes*. The Curate is employ'd in reading the Letter to himſelf; and while he is doing ſo, that the Stage may not ſtand ſtill, *Holofernes* either pulls out a Book; or, repeating ſome Verſes by heart from *Mantuanus*, comments upon the Character of that Poet. *Baptiſta Spagnolus*, (ſirnamed *Mantuanus*, from the Place of his Birth;) was a voluminous Writer of Poems, who flouriſh'd towards the latter End of the 15th Century.

(22) *Venechi, venache a, qui non te vide, i non te piaech.*] Thus Mr. *Rowe*, and Mr. *Pope*, from the old blundering Editions. But that theſe Gentlemen, Poets, Scholars, and Linguiſts, could not afford to reſtore this little Scrap to true *Italian*, is to me unaccountable. Our Author is applying the Praiſes of *Mantuanus* to a common proverbial Sentence, ſaid of *Venice*. Vinegia, Vinegia! *qui non te vedi, ei non te pregia.* O *Venice, Venice*, he, who has never ſeen thee, has thee not in Eſteem.

(23) *What! my Soul! Verſes?*] As our Poet has mention'd *Horace*, I preſume, he is here alluding to this Paſſage in his I. *Sermon.* 9. *Quid agis, dulciſſime rerum?*

All

All ignorant that Soul, that ſees thee without wonder:
Which is to me ſome praiſe, that I thy parts admire;
Thy eye *Jove*'s lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder;
Which, not to anger bent, is muſick, and ſweet fire.
Celeſtial as thou art, Oh pardon, love, this wrong,
That ſings heav'n's praiſe with ſuch an earthly tongue.

Hol. You find not the *Apoſtrophes*, and ſo miſs the accent. Let me ſuperviſe the canzonet (24). Here are only numbers ratify'd (25); but for the elegancy, facility,

(24) *Let me ſuperviſe the* Cangenet.] If the Editors have met with any ſuch Word, it is more than I have done, or, I believe, ever ſhall do. Our Author wrote *Canzonet*, from the *Italian* Word *Canzonetto*, a little Song. We meet with it in *B. Jonſon*'s Cynthia's *Revells*.

O! what a Call is there! I will have a Canzonet *made with nothing in it but,* Sirrah! *and the Burthen ſhall be,* I come.

(25) Nath. *Here are only Numbers ratified*;] Tho' this Speech has been all along plac'd to Sir *Nathaniel*, I have ventur'd to join it to the preceding Words of *Holofernes*; and not without Reaſon. The Speaker here is impeaching the Verſes; but Sir *Nathaniel*, as it appears above, thought them learned ones: beſides, as Dr. *Thirlby* obſerves, almoſt every Word of this Speech fathers itſelf on the Pedant. So much for the Regulation of it; now, a little, to the Contents.

And why indeed Naſo, *but for ſmelling out the odoriferous Flowers of Fancy? the jerks of Invention* imitary *is nothing.*

Sagacity with a Vengeance! I ſhould be aſham'd to own myſelf a piece of a Scholar, to pretend to the Task of an Editor, and to paſs ſuch Stuff as this upon the World for genuine. Who ever heard of *Invention imitary?* Invention and Imitation have ever been accounted two diſtinct Things. The Speech is by a Pedant, who frequently throws in a Word of *Latin* amongſt his *Engliſh*; and he is here flouriſhing upon the Merit of Invention, beyond That of Imitation, or copying after another. My Correction makes the Whole ſo plain and intelligible, that, I think, it carries Conviction along with it. Again;

So doth the Hound his Maſter, the Ape his Keeper, the tired *Horſe his Rider.*

The Pedant here, to run down Imitation, ſhews that it is a Quality within the Capacity of Beaſts: that the Dog and the Ape are taught to copy Tricks by their Maſter and Keeper; and ſo is the *tir'd* Horſe by his Rider. This laſt is a wonderful Inſtance; but it happens not to be true. Mr. *Warburton* ingeniouſly ſaw, that the Author muſt have wrote —— *the* tryed *Horſe his Rider.*

i. e. One, *exerciſ'd*, and broke to the *Manage:* for he obeys every Sign, and Motion of the Rein, or of his Rider. This is not the only Paſſage,

lity, and golden cadence of poeſie, *caret*: *Ovidius Naſo* was the man. And why, indeed, *Naſo*; but for ſmelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the jerks of invention? **imitari*, is nothing: ſo doth the hound his maſter, the ape his keeper, the try'd horſe his rider: But *Damoſella Virgin*, was this directly to you?

Jaq. Ay, Sir, from one Monſieur *Biron*, to one of the ſtrange Queen's Ladies.

Hol. I will overglance the ſuperſcript. *To the ſnow-white hand of the moſt beauteous lady* Roſaline. I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing, to the perſon written unto.

Your Ladyſhip's in all deſir'd employment, Biron.

This *Biron* is one of the votaries with the King; and here he hath fram'd a letter to a ſequent of the ſtranger Queen's, which accidentally, or by the way of progreſſion, hath miſcarry'd. Trip and go, my ſweet; deliver this paper into the hand of the King; it may concern much; ſtay not thy complement; I forgive thy duty: adieu.

Jaq. Good *Coſtard*, go with me. Sir, God ſave your life.

Coſt. Have with thee, my girl. [*Exe.* Coſt. *and* Jaq.

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiouſly: and as a certain father ſaith——.

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours. But, to return to the verſes; did they pleaſe you, Sir *Nathaniel?*

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if (being repaſt) it ſhall pleaſe you to gratifie the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the aforeſaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto*; where will I prove

* where our Author employs *tryed* in the Senſe of, exercis'd, train'd. So in *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

And how he cannot be a perfect Man,
Not being try'd, *and tutour'd in the World.*

thoſe

thoſe verſes to be very unlearned, neither ſavouring of poetry, wit, nor invention. I beſeech your ſociety.

Nath. And thank you too: for ſociety (ſaith the text) is the happineſs of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text moſt infallibly concludes it. Sir, I do invite you too; [*To* Dull.] you ſhall not ſay me, nay: *Pauca verba.* Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Biron, *with a paper in his hand, alone.*

Biron. The King is hunting the deer, I am courſing my ſelf. They have pitcht a toil, I am toiling in a pitch; pitch, that defiles; defile! a foul word: well, ſet thee down, ſorrow; for ſo they ſay the fool ſaid, and ſo ſay I, and I the fool. Well prov'd wit. By the Lord, this love is as mad as *Ajax*, it kills ſheep, it kills me, I a ſheep. Well prov'd again on my ſide. I will not love; if I do, hang me; i'faith, I will not. O, but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not love; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love; and it hath taught me to rhime, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhime, and here my melancholy. Well, ſhe hath one o' my ſonnets already; the clown bore it; the fool ſent it, and the lady hath it: ſweet clown, ſweeter fool, ſweeteſt lady! by the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan! [*he ſtands aſide.*

Enter the King.

King. Ay me!

Biron. Shot, by heav'n! proceed, ſweet *Cupid*; thou haſt thumpt him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap: in faith, ſecrets.——

King. [*reads.*] So ſweet a kiſs the golden ſun gives not
To thoſe freſh morning drops upon the roſe,
As thy eye-beams, when their freſh rays have ſmote
The night of dew, that on my cheeks down flows;

Nor ſhines the ſilver moon one half ſo bright,
Through the tranſparent boſom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
Thou ſhin'ſt in every tear that I do weep;
No drop, but as a coach doth carry thee,
So rideſt thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the tears that ſwell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will ſhew;
But do not love thy ſelf, then thou wilt keep
My tears for glaſſes, and ſtill make me weep.
O Queen of Queens, how far doſt thou excel!
No thought can think, no tongue of mortal tell. ——

How ſhall ſhe know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;
Sweet leaves, ſhade folly. Who is he comes here?
[*the King ſteps aſide.*

Enter Longaville.

What! *Longaville!* and reading! liſten, ear.
Biron. Now in thy likeneſs one more fool appears.
Long. Ay me! I am forſworn.
Biron. Why, he comes in like a Perjure, wearing papers. (26)
King. In love, I hope; ſweet fellowſhip in ſhame.
Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name.
Long. Am I the firſt, that have been perjur'd ſo?
Biron. I could put thee in comfort: not by two that I know;
Thou mak'ſt the triumviry, the three-corner-cap of ſociety,
The ſhape of love's *Tyburn*, that hangs up ſimplicity.
Long. I fear, theſe ſtubborn lines lack power to move:
O ſweet *Maria*, Empreſs of my love,

(26) *Why, he comes in like a* perjur'd, *wearing Papers.*] All the Editions, that I have ſeen, give us a nonſenſical Adjective here, except the firſt old *Folio*, and a *Quarto* Impreſſion of this Play publiſh'd in 1623: in Both which it is rightly, as I have regulated the Text, *a Perjure*. So, in the *Troubleſom Reign* of K. *John*, in two Parts.

But now black-ſpotted Perjure *as he is.*

In like manner the *French* make a Subſtantive of this Word, *Un Parjure*: i. e. a forſworn Wretch.

Theſe

Theſe numbers will I tear, and write in proſe.

Biron. O, rhimes are guards on wanton *Cupid*'s hoſe: Disfigure not his ſlop. (27)

Long. This ſame ſhall go. [*he reads the ſonnet.*

Did not the heavenly rhetorick of thine eye
('Gainſt whom the world cannot hold argument)
Perſwade my heart to this falſe perjury?
Vows, for thee broke, deſerve not puniſhment:
A woman I forſwore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddeſs, I forſwore not thee.
My vow was earthy, thou a heav'nly love:
Thy grace, being gain'd, cures all diſgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou fair ſun, which on my earth doſt ſhine,
Exhal'ſt this vapour-vow; in thee it is;
If broken then, it is no fault of mine;
If by me broke, what fool is not ſo wiſe
To loſe an oath to win a Paradiſe?

Biron. This is the liver-vein, which makes fleſh a deity;
A green gooſe a goddeſs: pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend, we are much out o' th' way.

(27) *Oh, Rhymes are Guards on wanton* Cupid's *Hoſe; Diſfigure not his* Shop.] All the Editions happen to concur in this Error; but what Agreement in Senſe is there betwixt *Cupid*'s *Hoſe* and his *Shop?* Or, what Relation can thoſe two Terms have to one another? Or, what, indeed, can be underſtood by *Cupid*'s *Shop?* It muſt undoubtedly be corrected, as I have reform'd the Text. *Slops* are large and wide-kneed Breeches, the Garb in Faſhion in our Author's Days, as we may obſerve from old Family-Pictures; but they are now worn only by Boors, and Sea-faring Men: and we have Dealers whoſe ſole Buſineſs it is to furniſh the Sailors with Shirts, Jackets, *&c.* who are call'd, *Slop-men*; and their Shops, *Slop-ſhops.* —— *Shakeſpeare* knew the Term, and has made uſe of it in more than one Place. 2 *Henr.* IV.

What ſaid Mr. Dombledon *about the Sattin for my ſhort Cloak and* Slops?

Romeo *and* Juliet.

Signior Romeo, bon jour; —— *there's a* French *Salutation to your* French Slop.

Much Ado *about* Nothing.

—— *or in the Shape of two Countries at once, as a* German *from the Waſte downward, all* Slops: *&c.*

Enter Dumain.

Long. By whom ſhall I ſend this? —— company? ſtay. ——

Biron. All hid, all hid, an old infant play;
Like a demy God, here ſit I in the sky,
And wretched fools ſecrets headfully o'er-eye:
More ſacks to the mill! O heav'ns, I have my wiſh;
Dumain transform'd? four woodcocks in a diſh?

Dum. O moſt divine *Kate!*

Biron. O moſt prophane coxcomb! [*aſide.*

Dum. By heav'n, the wonder of a mortal eye!

Biron. By earth, ſhe is but corporal; there you lie. (28) [*aſide.*

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.

Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted. [*aſide.*

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. Stoop, I ſay;
Her ſhoulder is with child. [*aſide.*

Dum. As fair as day.

Biron. Ay, as ſome days; but then no ſun muſt ſhine. [*aſide.*

Dum. O that I had my wiſh!

Long. And I had mine! [*aſide.*

King. And mine too, good Lord! [*aſide.*

Biron. Amen, ſo I had mine! Is not that a good word? [*aſide.*

(28) *By Earth, ſhe is* not, corporal, *there you lie.*] *Dumaine*, one of the Lovers in ſpite of his Vow to the contrary, thinking himſelf alone here, breaks out into ſhort Soliloquies of Admiration on his Miſtreſs; and *Biron*, who ſtands behind as an Evesdropper, takes Pleaſure in contradicting his amorous Raptures. But *Dumaine* was a young Lord: He had no Sort of Poſt in the Army: What Wit, or Alluſion, then, can there be in *Biron*'s calling him *Corporal?* I dare warrant, I have reſtor'd the Poet's true Meaning, which is this. *Dumaine* calls his Miſtreſs divine, and the Wonder of a mortal Eye; and *Biron* in flat Terms denies theſe hyperbolical Praiſes. I ſcarce need hint, that our Poet commonly uſes *corporal*, as *corporeal*. A Paſſage, very ſimilar to this, occurs before, betwixt *Proteus* and *Valentine*, in the *Two Gentlemen of* Verona.

Val. *Ev'n She; and is She not a* heav'nly Creature?
Pro. *No: but She is an* earthly *Paragon.*

Dum.

Dum. I would forget her, but a fever ſhe
Reigns in my blood, and will remembred be.
Biron. A fever in your blood! why then, inciſion
Would let her out in ſawcers, ſweet miſpriſion. [*aſide.*
Dum. Once more I'll read the ode, that I have writ.
Biron. Once more I'll mark, how love can vary wit.
[*aſide.*

Dumain *reads his ſonnet.*

On a day, (*alack, the day!*)
Love, whoſe month is ever May,
Spy'd a bloſſom paſſing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unſeen, 'gan paſſage find;
That the lover, ſick to death,
Wiſh'd himſelf the heaven's breath.
Air, (quoth he) *thy cheeks may blow;*
Air, would I might triumph ſo!
But, alack, my hand is ſworn,
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
Youth ſo apt to pluck a ſweet.
Do not call it ſin in me,
That I am forſworn for thee:
Thou, for whom ev'n Jove *would ſwear,*
Juno *but an Ethiope were;*
And deny himſelf for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

This will I ſend, and ſomething elſe more plain,
That ſhall expreſs my true love's faſting pain:
O, would the *King*, *Biron* and *Longaville*,
Were lovers too! Ill, to example Ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note:
For none offend, where all alike do dote.
Long. Dumain, thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief deſir'ſt ſociety: [*coming forward.*
You may look pale; but I ſhould bluſh, I know,
To be o'er-heard, and taken napping ſo.

King.

King. Come, Sir, you bluſh; as his, your caſe is ſuch; [*coming forward.*
You chide at him, offending twice as much.
You do not love *Maria? Longaville*
Did never ſonnet for her ſake compile.
Nor never lay'd his wreathed arms athwart
His loving boſom, to keep down his heart?
I have been cloſely ſhrowded in this buſh,
And markt you both, and for you both did bluſh.
I heard your guilty rhimes, obſerv'd your faſhion;
Saw ſighs reek from you, noted well your paſſion.
Ay me! ſays one; O *Jove!* the other cries;
Her hairs were gold, cryſtal the other's eyes.
You would for Paradiſe break faith and troth;
And *Jove*, for your love, would infringe an oath.
What will *Biron* ſay, when that he ſhall hear
A faith infringed, which ſuch zeal did ſwear?
How will he ſcorn? how will he ſpend his wit?
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that ever I did ſee,
I would not have him know ſo much by me.

Biron. Now ſtep I forth to whip hypocriſie.
Ah, good my Liege, I pray thee, pardon me.
[*Coming forward.*
Good heart, what grace haſt thou thus to reprove
Theſe worms for loving, that art moſt in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches in your tears,
There is no certain Princeſs that appears?
You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing;
Tuſh; none but minſtrels like of ſonnetting.
But are you not aſham'd? nay, are you not
All three of you, to be thus much o'er-ſhot?
You found his mote, the King your mote did ſee:
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O, what a ſcene of fool'ry have I ſeen,
Of ſighs, of groans, of ſorrow, and of teen?
O me, with what ſtrict patience have I ſat,
To ſee a King transformed to a Knot!
To ſee great *Hercules* whipping a gigg,
And profound *Solomon* tuning a jigg?

And

And *Neſtor* play at puſh-pin with the boys,
And Critick *Timon* laugh at idle toys?
Where lyes thy grief? O tell me, good *Dumain*;
And gentle *Longaville*, where lyes thy pain?
And where my Liege's? all about the breaſt?
A candle, hoa!
King. Too bitter is thy jeſt.
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?
Biron. Not you by me, but I betray'd by you.
I, that am honeſt; I, that hold it ſin
To break the vow I am engaged in.
I am betray'd by keeping company
With men, like men, of ſtrange inconſtancy. vant-like
When ſhall you ſee me write a thing in rhime?
Or groan for *Joan?* or ſpend a minute's time
In pruning me? when ſhall you hear, that I
Will praiſe a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gate, a ſtate, a brow, a breaſt, a waſte,
A leg, a limb?
King. Soft, whither away ſo faſt?
A true man or a thief, that gallops ſo?
Biron. I poſt from love; good lover, let me go.

Enter Jaquenetta *and* Coſtard.

Jaq. God bleſs the King!
King. What Preſent haſt thou there?
Coſt. Some certain treaſon.
King. What makes treaſon here?
Coſt. Nay, it makes nothing, Sir.
King. If it mar nothing neither,
The treaſon and you go in peace away together.
Jaq. I beſeech your Grace, let this letter be read,
Our Parſon miſdoubts it: it was treaſon, he ſaid.
King. *Biron*, read it over. [*He reads the letter.*
Where hadſt thou it?
Jaq. Of *Coſtard.*
King. Where hadſt thou it?
Coſt. Of *Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.*
King. How now, what is in you? why doſt thou tear it?

Biron.

Biron. A toy, my Liege, a toy: your Grace needs not fear it.

Long. It did move him to paſſion, and therefore let's hear it.

Dum. It is *Biron*'s writing, and here is his name.

Biron. Ah, you whoreſon loggerhead, you were born to do me ſhame. [*To* Coſtard.

Guilty, my lord, guilty: I confeſs, I confeſs.

King. What?

Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the meſs.

He, he, and you; and you, my Liege, and I
Are pick-purſes in love, and we deſerve to die.
O, diſmiſs this audience, and I ſhall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Biron. True, true; we are four:
Will theſe turtles be gone?

King. Hence, Sirs, away.

Coſt. Walk aſide the true folk, and let the traitors ſtay. [*Exeunt* Coſt. *and* Jaquen.

Biron. Sweet lords, ſweet lovers, O, let us imbrace:
As true we are, as fleſh and blood can be.
The ſea will ebb and flow, heaven will ſhew his face:
Young blood doth not obey an old decree.
We cannot croſs the cauſe why we were born:
Therefore of all hands muſt we be forſworn.

King. What, did theſe rent lines ſhew ſome love of thine?

Biron. Did they, quoth you? Who ſees the heavenly *Roſaline*,
That (like a rude and ſavage man of *Inde*,
At the firſt opening of the gorgeous eaſt)
Bows not his vaſſal head, and, ſtrucken blind,
Kiſſes the baſe ground with obedient breaſt?
What peremptory eagle-ſighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her Majeſty?

King. What zeal, what fury, hath inſpir'd thee now?
My love (her miſtreſs) is a gracious moon;
She (an attending ſtar) ſcarce ſeen a light.

Biron.

Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Biron.*
O, but for my love, day would turn to night.
Of all complexions the cull'd Soveraignty,
Do meet, as at a Fair, in her fair cheek;
Where ſeveral worthies make one dignity;
Where nothing wants, that want it ſelf doth ſeek.
Lend me the flouriſh of all gentle tongues;
Fie, painted rhetorick! O, ſhe needs it not:
To things of ſale, a ſeller's praiſe belongs:
She paſſes praiſe, the praiſe too ſhort doth blot.
A wither'd hermit, fiveſcore winters worn,
Might ſhake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varniſh age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy;
O, 'tis the ſun, that maketh all things ſhine.
King. By heav'n, thy love is black as ebony.
Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine! (29)
A wife of ſuch wood were felicity.
O, who can give an oath? where is a book,
That I may ſwear, Beauty doth beauty lack;
If that ſhe learn not of her eye to look?
No face is fair, that is not full ſo black?
King. O paradox, black is the badge of hell:
The hue of dungeons, and the ſcowl of night; (30)*
And beauty's creſt becomes the heavens well. [4]
Biron. Devils ſooneſt tempt, reſembling ſpirits of light:
O, if in black my lady's brow be deckt,
It mourns, that Painting and uſurping Hair
Should raviſh doters with a falſe aſpect:
And therefore is ſhe born to make black fair.

(29) *Is Ebony like her? O* Word *divine!*] This is the Reading of all the Editions, that I have ſeen: but both Dr. *Thirlby* and Mr. *Warburton* concurr'd in reading, (as I had likewiſe conjectur'd,) *O* Wood *divine!*

(30)*—— *black is the Badge of Hell;*
The hue of Dungeons, and the School *of Night.*] *Black,* being the *School* of Night, is a Piece of Myſtery above my Comprehenſion. I had gueſs'd, it ſhould be, *the* Stole *of Night:* but I have preferr'd the Conjecture of my Friend Mr. *Warburton,* as it comes nearer in Pronunciation to the corrupted Reading, as well as agrees better with the other Images.

Her

Her Favour turns the faſhion of the days,
For native blood is counted painting now;
And therefore red, that would avoid diſpraiſe,
Paints it ſelf black to imitate her brow.
Dum. To look like her, are chimney-ſweepers black.
Long. And ſince her time, are colliers counted bright.
King. And *Ethiops* of their ſweet complexion crack.
Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.
Biron. Your miſtreſſes dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours ſhould be waſht away.
King. 'Twere good, yours did: for, Sir, to tell you plain,
I'll find a fairer face not waſht to day:
Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk 'till dooms-day here.
King. No devil will fright thee then ſo much as ſhe.
Dum. I never knew man hold vile ſtuff ſo dear.
Long. Look, here's thy love; my foot and her face ſee.
Biron. O, if the ſtreets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for ſuch tread.
Dum. O vile! then as ſhe goes, what upward lies
The ſtreet ſhould ſee as ſhe walkt over head.
King. But what of this, are we not all in love?
Biron. Nothing ſo ſure, and thereby all forſworn.
King. Then leave this chat; and, good *Biron*, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.
Dum. Ay, marry, there;——ſome flattery for this evil.
Long. O, ſome authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, ſome quillets, how to cheat the devil.
Dum. Some ſalve for perjury.
Biron. O, 'tis more than need.
Have at you then, Affection's Men at arms; (31)
Con-

(31) *Have at you then Affections. Men at Arms,*] Thus Mr. *Pope* has pointed this Paſſage in Both his Impreſſions, not much to the Praiſe of his Sagacity. The third Edition in *Folio* began the Corruption of the Place in this Manner;

Have at you then Affections, Men at Arms,

which

Conſider, what you firſt did ſwear unto:
To faſt, to ſtudy, and to ſee no woman;
Flat treaſon 'gainſt the kingly ſtate of youth.
Say, can you faſt? your ſtomachs are too young:
And abſtinence ingenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to ſtudy, (Lords)
In That each of you hath forſworn his book.
Can you ſtill dream, and pore, and thereon look?
For when would you, my Lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of Study's excellence,
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
From womens eyes this doctrine I derive;
They are the ground, the book, the academies,
From whence doth ſpring the true *Promethean* fire:
Why, univerſal plodding priſons up
The nimble ſpirits in the arteries;
As motion and long-during action tires
The ſinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in That forſworn the uſe of eyes;
And Study too, the cauſer of your vow.
For where is any author in the world,
Teaches ſuch beauty as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to our ſelf,
And where we are, our Learning likewiſe is.
Then, when our ſelves we ſee in ladies eyes,
Do we not likewiſe ſee our Learning there?
O, we have made a vow to ſtudy, lords;
And in that vow we have forſworn our books:
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation have found out
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?

which Mr. *Rowe* inadvertently follow'd. But we muſt certainly read, as I have reſtor'd to the Text:

Have at you then, Affection's *Men at Arms;*

i. e. Love's Soldiers. The King ſays, towards the Concluſion of this Scene;

Saint Cupid, *then! and, Soldiers, to the Field!*

for by giving *Cupid* as the Word, he would intimate that they fought under his Banner.

Other

Other ſlow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore finding barren practiſers,
Scarce ſhew a harveſt of their heavy toil.
But love, firſt learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain:
But with the motion of all elements,
Courſes as ſwift as thought in every power;
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious Seeing to the eye:
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind!
A lover's ear will hear the loweſt Sound,
When the ſuſpicious head of thrift is ſtopt. (32)
Love's Feeling is more ſoft and ſenſible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled ſnails.
Love's Tongue proves dainty *Bacchus* groſs in Taſte;
For Savour, is not Love a *Hercules?*
Still climbing trees in the *Heſperides.* (33)

Subtle

(32) *A Lover's Ear will hear the loweſt Sound,*
When the ſuſpicious Head of Theft *is ſtop'd.*]

I have ventur'd to ſubſtitute a Word here, againſt the Authority of all the printed Copies. There is no Contraſt of Terms, betwixt a *Lover* and a *Thief:* but betwixt a *Lover* and a *Man of Thrift* there is a remarkable *Antitheſis.* Nor is it true in Fact, I believe, that a *Thief,* harden'd to the Profeſſion, is always ſuſpicious of being apprehended; but He may ſleep as ſound as an honeſter Man. But, according to the Ideas we have of a *Miſer,* a Man who makes *Lucre* and *Pelf* his ſole Object and Purſuit, his Sleeps are broken and diſturb'd with perpetual Apprehenſions of being robb'd of his darling Treaſure: conſequently his Ear is upon the *attentive Bent,* even when he ſleeps beſt.

(33) *For* Valour *is not Love a* Hercules,
Still climbing Trees in the Heſperides?]

I have here again ventur'd to tranſgreſs againſt the printed Books. The Poet is here obſerving how all the Senſes are refin'd by Love. But what has the poor Senſe of *Smelling* done, not to keep its Place among its Brethren? Then *Hercules*'s *Valour* was not in *climbing the Trees,* but in attacking the Dragon *gardant.* I rather think, the Poet meant, that *Hercules* was allured by the *Odour* and *Fragrancy* of the golden Apples. So *Virgil* ſpeaks of a particular Fruit, upon which the Commentators are not agreed.

Et, ſi non alium latè jactaret odorem,
Laurus erat: —— Georg. II.

Beſides, ſetting aſide the Alluſion of *Hercules* to the Fruit, Lovers think ſo grateful an Odour tranſpires from their Miſtreſſes, that from *every*

Pore

Subtle as *Sphinx*; as ſweet and muſical
As bright *Apollo*'s lute, ſtrung with his hair:
And when Love ſpeaks the voice of all the Gods, (34)
Mark, Heaven drowſie with the harmony!
Never durſt Poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's ſighs;
O, then his lines would raviſh ſavage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility. ———
From womens eyes this doctrine I derive:
They ſparkle ſtill the right *Promethean* fire,
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That ſhew, contain, and nouriſh all the world;
Elſe none at all in ought proves excellent.
Then fools you were, theſe women to forſwear:

Pore (as *Nat. Lee* has expreſs'd it) a *Perfume falls.* To theſe Fragrancies the *Claſſics* frequently allude.

——— *quid habes Illius, illius,*
Quæ ſpirabat Amores,
Quæ me ſurpuerat mihi. Hor. lib. iv. Od. 13.

Cum tu, Lydia, Telephi
Cervicem roſeam, *lactea* Telephi
Laudas brachia. Idem. lib. i. Od. 13.

For *Badius Aſcentius*, explaining *Cervicem roſeam*, ſays, *i. e.* fragrantem, *aut formoſam.*

So likewiſe *Virgil*, deſcribing the Fragancy of *Venus*,

——— ——— *avertens* roſeâ Cervice *refulſit*,
Ambroſiæque Comæ divinum Vertice Odorem
Spiravêre. ——— Æneid. I.

(34) *And when Love ſpeaks, the Voice of all the Gods,*
Make *Heaven drowſie with the Harmony.*]

As this is writ and pointed in all the Copies, there is neither *Senſe*, nor *Concord*; as will be obvious to every underſtanding Reader. The fine and eaſy Emendation, which I have inſerted in the Text, I owe to my ingenious Friend Mr. *Warburton*. His Comment on Heaven being *drowſie* with the *Harmony* is no leſs ingenious; and therefore, I'll ſubjoin it in his own Words. "Muſick, we muſt obſerve, in our "Author's time had a very different Uſe to what it has now. At preſent, it is only employ'd to *raiſe* and *inflame* the *Paſſions*; then, to "*calm* and *allay* all kind of *Perturbations*. And, agreeable to this "Obſervation, throughout all *Shakeſpeare*'s Plays, where Muſick is "either actually uſed, or its Power deſcrib'd, 'tis always ſaid to be "for theſe Ends. Particularly, it was moſt frequently us'd at the "*Couchée* of the *Great*. *Heaven* being made *drowſie* with the *Harmony*, "therefore I take to mean, *ſoothing* their *Cares*, and *lulling* them to "*Reſt*. For the *Claſſical Deities*, like earthly *Grandees*, are ſubject to "the moſt violent Perturbations of humane Paſſions".

Or, keeping what is ſworn, you will prove fools.
For wiſdom's ſake (a word, that all men love)
‡ all wo: Or for love's ſake, (a word, ‡that loves all men;)
men lov: Or for mens ſake, (the author of theſe women;)
W Or womens ſake, (by whom we men are men;)
Let us once loſe our oaths, to find our ſelves;
Or elſe we loſe our ſelves, to keep our oaths.
It is religion to be thus forſworn,
For charity it ſelf fullfills the law;
And who can ſever love from charity?

King. Saint *Cupid* then! and, ſoldiers, to the field!

Biron. Advance your ſtandards, and upon them, Lords;
Pell-mell, down with them; but be firſt advis'd,
In conflict that you get the ſun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing, lay theſe glozes by;
Shall we reſolve to woo theſe girls of *France?*

King. And win them too; therefore let us deviſe
Some entertainment for them in their Tents.

Biron. Firſt, from the Park let us conduct them thither;
Then homeward every man attach the hand
Of his fair miſtreſs; in the afternoon
We will with ſome ſtrange paſtime ſolace them,
Such as the ſhortneſs of the time can ſhape:
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
Forerun fair love, ſtrewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away! no time ſhall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

[111] *Biron. Ailons! allons!* ſown Cockle reap'd no corn;(35)*
And juſtice always whirls in equal meaſure;
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forſworn;
If ſo, our copper buys no better treaſure. [*Exeunt.*

(35)* Alone, alone, *ſow'd Cockrel,*] The Editors, ſure, could have no Idea of this Paſſage. *Biron* begins with a Repetition in *French* of what the King had ſaid in *Engliſh*; *Away, away!* and then proceeds with a proverbial Expreſſion, inciting them to what he had before advis'd, from this Inference; *if We only ſow* Cockle, *we ſhall never reap* Corn. i. e. If we don't take the proper Meaſures for winning theſe Ladies, we ſhall never atchieve them. Mr. *Warburton.*

* *This proverbial expreſſion intimates that beginning with perjury they can expect to reap nothing but falſehood. Warb.*

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter Holofernes, Nathaniel *and* Dull.

HOLOFERNES.

Satis, quod sufficit.

Nath. I praise God for you, Sir, your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy: I did converse this *quondam*-day with a companion of the King's, who is entituled, nominated, or called, *Don Adriano de Armado.*

Hol. *Novi hominem, tanquàm te.* His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gate majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is too piqued, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were; too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[*draws out his table-book.*

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such phanatical phantasms, such insociable and *point-devise* companions; such rackers of orthography, as do speak dout fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt; d, e, b, t; not d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf: half, hauf: neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh abbreviated ne: this is abominable, which we would call abhominable: (36)* it insinuateth me of Insanie *Ne intelligis Domine*, to make frantick, lunatick? [2]

(36)* *It insinuateth me of* infamy: Nè intelligis, Domine, *to make frantick, lunatick?*

Nath.

Nath. *Laus deo, bone, intelligo.*

Hol. *Bone?* —— *bone*, for *benè*; *Priſcian* a little ſcratch'd; 'twill ſerve.

Enter Armado, Moth *and* Coſtard.

Nath. *Videſne quis venit?*

Hol. *Video, & gaudeo.*

Arm. Chirra.

Hol. *Quare* Chirra, not Sirrah?

Arm. Men of Peace, well encountred.

Hol. Moſt military Sir, ſalutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feaſt of languages, and ſtole the ſcraps.

Coſt. O, they have liv'd long on the Alms-basket of words. I marvel, thy maſter hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not ſo long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus:* thou art eaſier ſwallow'd than a flap-dragon.

Moth. Peace, the peal begins.

Arm. Monſieur, are you not letter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes, he teaches boys the horn-book: What is A B ſpelt backward with a horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, moſt ſilly ſheep, with a horn. You hear his learning.

Nath. Laus Deo, *bene* intelligo.

Hol. Bome boon *for* boon Preſcian; a little Scratch, 'twill ſerve.] This Play is certainly none of the beſt in it ſelf, but the Editors have been ſo very happy in making it worſe by their Indolence, that they have left me *Augeas*'s Stable to cleanſe: and a Man had need have the Strength of a *Hercules* to heave out all their Rubbiſh. But to Buſineſs; Why ſhould *infamy* be explain'd by making *frantick, lunatick?* It is plain and obvious that the Poet intended, the Pedant ſhould coin an uncouth affected Word here, *inſanie*, from *inſania* of the *Latines*. Then, what a Piece of unintelligible Jargon have theſe learned Criticks given us for *Latine?* I think, I may venture to affirm, I have reſtor'd the Paſſage to its true Purity.

Nath. *Laus Deo*, bone, intelligo.

The Curate, addreſſing with Complaiſance his brother Pedant, ſays, *bone*, to him, as we frequently in *Terence* find *bone Vir*; but the Pedant thinking, he had miſtaken the Adverb, thus deſcants on it.

Bone? —— *bone* for *benè*. Priſcian *a little ſcratch'd: 'twill ſerve.* Alluding to the common Phraſe, *Diminuis* Priſciani *caput*, apply'd to ſuch as ſpeak falſe *Latine*.

Hol.

Hol. *Quis*, *quis*, thou conſonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I. (37)*

Hol. I will repeat them, a e I ———

Moth. The ſheep; the other two concludes it, o, u. [104]

Arm. Now by the ſalt wave of the *Mediterraneum*, a ſweet touch, a quick venew of wit; ſnip, ſnap, quick and home; it rejoiceth my intellect; true wit.

Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man: which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou diſputeſt like an infant; go, whip thy gigg.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy (38) *circùm circà*; a gigg of a cuckold's horn.

Coſt. An I had but one penny in the world, thou ſhouldſt have it to buy ginger-bread; hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy maſter, thou half-penny purſe of wit, thou pidgeon-egg of diſcretion. O, that the heav'ns were ſo pleaſed, that thou wert but my baſtard! what a joyful father wouldſt thou make me? go to, thou haſt it *ad dunghill*; at the finger's ends, as they ſay.

Hol. Oh, I ſmell falſe latine, *dunghil* for *unguem*.

Arm. Arts-man, *præambula*; we will be ſingled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-houſe on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or, *Mons* the hill.

(37)* *The* laſt *of the five Vowels, if you repeat them*; *or the* fifth *if I:* Hol. *I will repeat them,* a e I ——— Moth. *The Sheep*: —— *the other two concludes it* out.] Wonderful Sagacity again! All the Editions agree in this Reading; but is not the *laſt*, and the *fifth*, the ſame *Vowel*? Tho' my Correction reſtores but a poor *Conundrum*, yet if it reſtores the Poet's Meaning, it is the Duty of an Editor to trace him in his loweſt Conceits. By, O, U, *Moth* would mean — Oh, You. — i. e. You are the Sheep ſtill, either way; no Matter, which of Us repeats them.

(38) *I will whip about your Infamy* unum cita;] Here again all the Editions give us Jargon inſtead of *Latine*. But *Moth* would certainly ſay, *circùm circà*: i. e. about and about.

Arm. At your ſweet pleaſure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, *ſans queſtion.*

Arm. Sir, it is the King's moſt ſweet pleaſure and affection, to congratulate the Princeſs at her Pavilion, in the *poſteriors* of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The *poſterior* of the day, moſt generous Sir, is liable, congruent, and meaſurable for the afternoon: the word is well cull'd, choice, ſweet, and apt, I do aſſure you, Sir, I do aſſure.

Arm. Sir, the King is a noble gentleman, and my familiar; I do aſſure ye, my very good friend; for what is inward between us, let it paſs——— I do beſeech thee, remember thy curteſie——I beſeech thee, apparel thy head,——and among other importunate and moſt ſerious deſigns, and of great import indeed too——but let that paſs:——for I muſt tell thee, it will pleaſe his Grace (by the world) ſometime to lean upon my poor ſhoulder, and with his royal finger thus dally with my excrement, with my muſtachio; but ſweet heart, let that paſs. By the world, I recount no fable; ſome certain ſpecial honours it pleaſeth his Greatneſs to impart to *Armado*, a ſoldier, a man of travel, that hath ſeen the world; but let that paſs—— the very all of all is——but ſweet heart, I do implore ſecrecy——that the King would have me preſent the Princeſs (ſweet chuck) with ſome delightful oſtentation, or ſhow, or pageant, or antick, or fire-work. Now, underſtanding that the Curate and your ſweet ſelf are good at ſuch eruptions, and ſudden breaking out of mirth, (as it were) I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your aſſiſtance.

Hol. Sir, you ſhall preſent before her the nine Worthies. Sir, as concerning ſome entertainment of time, ſome ſhow in the *poſterior* of this day, to be rendred by our aſſiſtants at the King's command, and this moſt gallant, illuſtrate and learned gentleman, before the Princeſs: I ſay, none ſo fit as to preſent the nine Worthies.

Nath.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to preſent them?

Hol. Joſhua, your ſelf; this gallant man, *Judas Macabeus*; this ſwain (becauſe of his great limb or joint) ſhall paſs *Pompey* the great; and the page, *Hercules*.

Arm. Pardon, Sir, error: he is not quantity enough for that Worthy's thumb; he is not ſo big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he ſhall preſent *Hercules* in minority: his *Enter* and *Exit* ſhall be ſtrangling a ſnake; and I will have an apology for that purpoſe.

Moth. An excellent device: for if any of the audience hiſs, you may cry; "well done, *Hercules*, now "thou cruſheſt the ſnake;" that is the way to make an offence gracious, tho' few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the reſt of the Worthies,

Hol. I will play three my ſelf.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an Antick. I beſeech you, follow.

Hol. Via! good-man *Dull*, thou haſt ſpoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor underſtood none neither, Sir.

Hol. Allons; we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or ſo: or I will play on the taber to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Moſt dull, honeſt, *Dull*, to our Sport away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *before the Princeſs's Pavilion.*

Enter Princeſs, and Ladies.

Prin. SWeet hearts, we ſhall be rich ere we depart,
If Fairings come thus plentifully in.
A lady wall'd about with diamonds! ——
Look you, what I have from the loving King.

Roſa. Madam, came nothing elſe along with That?

Prin. Nothing but this? yes, as much love in rhyme, (39)
As would be cram'd up in a ſheet of paper,
Writ on both ſides the leaf, margent and all;
That he was fain to ſeal on *Cupid*'s name.

Roſa. That was the way to make his God-head wax,
For he hath been five thouſand years a boy.

Cath. Ay, and a ſhrewd unhappy gallows too.

Roſa. You'll ne'er be friends with him; he kill'd your ſiſter.

Cath. He made her melancholy, ſad and heavy,
And ſo ſhe died; had ſhe been light, like you,
Of ſuch a merry, nimble, ſtirring ſpirit,
She might have been a grandam ere ſhe dy'd.
And ſo may you; for a light heart lives long.

Roſa. What's your dark meaning, mouſe, of this light word?

Cath. A light condition, in a beauty dark.

Roſa. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Cath. You'll marr the light, by taking it in ſnuff:
Therefore I'll darkly end the argument.

Roſa. Look, what you do; and do it ſtill i'th' dark.

Cath. So do not you, for you are a light wench.

Roſa. Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore light.

Cath. You weigh me not; O, that's, you care not for me.

Roſa. Great reaſon; for paſt Cure is ſtill paſt Care. (40)

Prin. Well bandied both; a ſet of wit well play'd.
But, *Roſaline*, you have a Favour too:
Who ſent it? and what is it?

(39) ——— *as much Love in Rhyme,*
As would be cram'd up in a Sheet of Paper,
Writ on both ſides the Leaf, margent and all.]
I dare not affirm This to be an Imitation, but it carries a mighty Reſemblance of this Paſſage in the Beginning of *Juvenal*'s firſt Satire.
——— ſummi plenâ *jàm* margine libri]
Scriptus, & *in* tergo, *nec dùm finitus* Oreſtes.

(40) ——— *for paſt* Care *is ſtill paſt* Cure.] The Tranſpoſition which I have made in the two Words, *Care* and *Cure*, is by the Direction of the ingenious Dr. *Thirlby*. The Reaſon ſpeaks for it ſelf.

Roſa.

Roſa. I would, you knew.
And if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great; be witneſs this.
Nay, I have verſes too, I thank *Biron.*
The numbers true; and were the numbring too,
I were the faireſt Goddeſs on the ground.
I am compar'd to twenty thouſand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter.
Prin. Any thing like?
Roſa. Much in the letters, nothing in the praiſe.
Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good concluſion.
Cath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.
Roſa. Ware pencils. How? let me not die your debter,
My red dominical, my golden letter.
O, that your face were not ſo full of Oes!
Cath. Pox of that jeſt, and I beſhrew all ſhrews: (41)
Prin. But what was ſent to you from fair *Dumaine?*
Cath. Madam, this glove.
Prin. Did he not ſend you twain?
Cath. Yes, madam; and moreover,
Some thouſand verſes of a faithful lover.
A huge tranſlation of hypocriſie,
Vildly compil'd, profound ſimplicity.
Mar. This, and theſe pearls, to me ſent *Longaville*;
The letter is too long by half a mile.
Prin. I think no leſs; doſt thou not wiſh in heart,
The chain were longer, and the letter ſhort?
Mar. Ay, or I would theſe hands might never part.
Prin. We are wiſe girls, to mock our lovers for't.
Roſa. They are worſe fools to purchaſe mocking ſo.
That ſame *Biron* I'll torture, ere I go.
O, that I knew he were but in by th' week,

(41) Prin. *Pox of that jeaſt, and I beſhrew all Shrews.*
As the *Princeſs* has behav'd with great Decency all along hitherto, there is no Reaſon to be aſſign'd why ſhe ſhould ſtart all at once into this courſe Dialect. But I am perſwaded, the Editors only have made her go out of Character. In ſhort, *Roſaline* and *Catharine* are rallying one another without Reſerve; and to *Catharine* this firſt Line certainly belong'd, and therefore I have ventur'd once more to put her in Poſſeſſion of it. *Perhaps this alludes to the Small pox, which had pitted her face, or marked it with Oes.* How

How I would make him fawn, and beg, and ſeek,
And wait the ſeaſon, and obſerve the times,
And ſpend his prodigal wits in bootleſs rhimes,
And ſhape his ſervice all to my beheſts,
And make him proud to make me proud with jeſts:
So Pedant-like would I o'erſway his ſtate, (42)
That he ſhould be my fool, and I his fate.

Prin. None are ſo ſurely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool; folly, in wiſdom hatch'd,
Hath wiſdom's warrant, and the help of ſchool;
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Roſa. The blood of youth burns not in ſuch exceſs,
As gravities revolt to wantonneſs.

Mar. Folly in fools bears not ſo ſtrong a note,
As fool'ry in the wiſe, when wit doth dote:
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth in ſimplicity.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Here comes *Boyet*, and mirth is in his face.

Boyet. O, I am ſtab'd with laughter; where's her Grace?

Prin. Thy news, *Boyet?*

Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare.
Arm, wenches, arm; Encounters mounted are
Againſt your peace; love doth approach diſguis'd,
Armed in arguments; you'll be ſurpriz'd.
Muſter your wits, ſtand in your own defence,
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint *Dennis*, to ſaint *Cupid!* what are they,
That charge their breath againſt us? ſay, ſcout, ſay.

(42) *So* pertaunt *like would I o'erſway his State,*] If the Editors are acquainted with this Word, and can account for the Meaning of it, their Induſtry has been more ſucceſsful than mine, for I can no where trace it. *So* pedant *like*, as I have ventur'd to replace in the Text, makes very good Senſe, i. e. in ſuch lordly, controlling, manner would I bear Myſelf over him, &c. What *Biron* ſays of a *Pedant*, towards the Concluſion of the 2d Act, countenances this Conjecture.

A domineering Pedant *o'er the boy*,
Than whom *no Mortal more* magnificent.

Boyet.

* Portint. W.

Boyet. Under the cool ſhade of a ſycamore,
I thought to cloſe mine eyes ſome half an hour;
When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd Reſt,
Toward that ſhade, I might behold, addreſt
The King and his companions; warily
I ſtole into a neighbour thicket by;
And over-heard, what you ſhall over-hear:
That, by and by, diſguis'd they will be here.
Their Herald is a pretty knaviſh Page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embaſſage.
Action and accent did they teach him there;
Thus muſt thou ſpeak, and thus thy body bear;
And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Preſence majeſtical would put him out:
For, quoth the King, an Angel ſhalt thou ſee;
Yet fear not thou, but ſpeak audaciouſly.
The boy reply'd, an Angel is not evil;
I ſhould have fear'd her, had ſhe been a Devil. ——
With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the ſhoulder,
Making the bold wag by their praiſes bolder.
One rubb'd his elbow thus, and fleer'd, and ſwore,
A better ſpeech was never ſpoke before.
Another with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd, *via!* we will do't, come what will come.
The third he caper'd and cry'd, all goes well:
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that they all did tumble on the ground,
With ſuch a zealous laughter, ſo profound, (43)
That in this ſpleen ridiculous appears,
To check their folly, paſſion's ſolemn tears.

(43) *With ſuch a zealous Laughter, ſo profound,*
That in this Spleen ridiculous appears,
To check their Folly, paſſions, ſolemn tears.]
As Mr. *Rowe* and Mr. *Pope* have writ and ſtop'd this Paſſage, 'tis plain, they gave themſelves no Pains to underſtand the Author's Meaning. Tho' for the Rhyme-ſake, we have a *Verb* ſingular following a *Subſtantive* plural, yet This is what *Shakeſpeare* would ſay; "They cry'd as heartily "with laughing, as if the deepeſt Grief had been the Motive". So before, in *Midſummer Night's Dream.*

Made mine Eyes water, but more merry tears
The Paſſion *of loud* Laughter *never ſhed.*

Prin.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to viſit us?
Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,
Like *Moſcovites*, or *Ruſſians*, as I gueſs.
Their purpoſe is to parley, court and dance;
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his ſeveral miſtreſs; which they'll know
By Favours ſev'ral, which they did beſtow.
Prin. And will they ſo? the gallants ſhall be taskt;
For, ladies, we will every one be maskt:
And not a man of them ſhall have the grace,
Deſpight of ſuite, to ſee a lady's face.
Hold, *Roſaline*; this Favour thou ſhalt wear,
And then the King will court thee for his Dear:
Hold, take thou this, my ſweet, and give me thine;
So ſhall *Biron* take me for *Roſaline*.
And change your Favours too; ſo ſhall your Loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by theſe removes.
Roſa. Come on then, wear the Favours moſt in ſight.
Cath. But in this changing, what is your intent?
Prin. Th' effect of my intent is to croſs theirs;
They do it but in mocking merriment,
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their ſeveral councils they unboſom ſhall
To loves miſtook, and ſo be mockt withal,
Upon the next occaſion that we meet
With viſages diſplay'd to talk and greet.
Roſa. But ſhall we dance, if they deſire us to't?
Prin. No; to the death, we will not move a foot;
Nor to their pen'd ſpeech render we no grace:
But while 'tis ſpoke, each turn away her face.
Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the Speaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his Part.
Prin. Therefore I do it; and I make no doubt,
The reſt will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There's no ſuch Sport, as Sport by Sport o'erthrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own;
So ſhall we ſtay, mocking intended game;
And they, well mockt, depart away with ſhame. [*Sound.*
Boyet. The trumpet ſounds; be maskt, the maskers come.

Enter

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, Dumain, *and attendants, diſguis'd like* Moſcovites ; Moth *with Muſick, as for a maſquerade.*

Moth. All hail, the richeſt beauties on the earth!
Boyet. Beauties, no richer than rich taffata. (44)
Moth. A holy parcel of the faireſt dames,
That ever turn'd their backs to mortal views.
[The ladies turn their backs to him.
Biron. Their eyes, villain, their eyes.
Moth. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views. Out ——
Biron. True; *out*, indeed.
Moth. Out of your favours, heav'nly Spirits, vouchſafe Not to behold.
Biron. Once to behold, rogue.
Moth. Once to behold with your ſun-beamed eyes —— *With your ſun-beamed eyes* ——
Boyet. They will not anſwer to that epithete;
You were beſt call it daughter-beamed eyes.
Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.
Biron. Is this your perfectneſs? be gone, you rogue.
Roſa. What would theſe ſtrangers? know their minds, *Boyet.*
If they do ſpeak our language, 'tis our Will
That ſome plain man recount their purpoſes.
Know, what they would.
Boyet. What would you with the Princeſs?
Biron. Nothing, but peace and gentle viſitation.
Roſa. What would they, ſay they?
Boyet. Nothing, but peace and gentle viſitation.
Roſa. Why, That they have; and bid them ſo be gone.

(44) Biron. *Beauties, no richer than rich Taffata.*] All the Editors concur to give this Line to *Biron*; but, ſurely, very abſurdly: for he's One of the zealous Admirers, and hardly would make ſuch an Inference. *Boyet* is ſneering at the Parade of their Addreſs, is in the ſecret of the Ladies Stratagem, and makes himſelf Sport at the Abſurdity of their Proëm, in complimenting their Beauty, when they were mask'd. It therefore comes from him with the utmoſt Propriety.

Boyet.

Boyet. She ſays, you have it; and you may be gone.
King. Say to her, we have meaſur'd many miles,
To tread a meaſure with her on the graſs.
Boyet. They ſay, that they have meaſur'd many a mile,
To tread a meaſure with you on this graſs.
Roſa. It is not ſo. Ask them, how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have meaſur'd many,
The meaſure then of one is eaſily told.
Boyet. If to come hither you have meaſur'd miles,
And many miles; the Princeſs bids you tell,
How many inches doth fill up one mile?
Biron. Tell her, we meaſure them by weary ſteps.
Boyet. She hears her ſelf.
Roſa. How many weary ſteps
Of many weary miles, you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?
Biron. We number nothing that we ſpend for you;
Our duty is ſo rich, ſo infinite,
That we may do it ſtill without accompt.
Vouchſafe to ſhew the ſunſhine of your face,
That we (like ſavages) may worſhip it.
Roſa. My face is but a moon and clouded too.
King. Bleſſed are clouds, to do as ſuch clouds do.
Vouchſafe, bright moon, and theſe thy ſtars, to ſhine
(Thoſe clouds remov'd) upon our watery eyne.
Roſa. O vain petitioner, beg a greater matter;
Thou now requeſt'ſt but moon-ſhine in the water.
King. Then in our meaſure vouchſafe but one change;
Thou bid'ſt me beg, this begging is not ſtrange.
Roſa. Play, muſick, then; nay, you muſt do it ſoon.
Not yet? no dance? thus change I, like the moon.
King. Will you not dance? how come you thus eſtrang'd?
Roſa. You took the moon at full, but now ſhe's chang'd.

King.

King. Yet ſtill ſhe is the moon, and I the man. (45)
The muſick plays, vouchſafe ſome motion to it
Roſa. Our ears vouchſafe it.
King. But your legs ſhould do it.
Roſa. Since you are ſtrangers, and come here by chance,
We'll not be nice; take hands; — we will not dance.
King. Why take you hands then!
Roſa. Only to part friends;
Curt'ſie, ſweet hearts, and ſo the meaſure ends.
King. More meaſure of this meaſure; be not nice.
Roſa. We can afford no more at ſuch a price.
King. Prize your ſelves then; what buys your company?
Roſa. Your abſence only.
King. That can never be.
Roſa. Then cannot we be bought; and ſo, adieu;
Twice to your viſor, and half once to you.
King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.
Roſa. In private then.
King. I am beſt pleas'd with That.
Biron. White-handed miſtreſs, one ſweet word with thee.
Prin. Honey, and milk, and ſugar, there is three.
Biron. Nay then, two treys; and if you grow ſo nice,
Methegline, wort, and malmſey; —— well run, dice:
There's half a dozen ſweets.
Prin. Seventh ſweet, adieu;
Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.

(45) King. *Yet ſtill ſhe is the Moon, and I the Man.*
Roſa. *The Muſick plays, vouchſafe ſome Motion to it;*
Our Ears vouchſafe it.]

This Verſe, about the Man in the Moon, I verily believe to be ſpurious, and an Interpolation: becauſe, in the firſt place, the Conceit of it is not purſued; and then it entirely breaks in upon the Chain of the Couplets, and has no Rhyme to it. However, I have not ventur'd to caſheer it. The 2d Verſe is given to *Roſaline*, but very abſurdly. The King is intended to ſollicit the Princeſs to dance; but the Ladies had beforehand declar'd their Reſolutions of not complying. It is evident therefore, that it is the King, who ſhould importune *Roſaline*, whom he miſtakes for the Princeſs, to dance with him.

Biron.

Biron. One word in ſecret.
Prin. Let it not be ſweet.
Biron. Thou griev'ſt my gall.
Prin. Gall? bitter. ———
Biron. Therefore meet.
Dum. Will you vouchſafe with me to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Fair lady, ———
Mar. Say you ſo? fair lord:
Take that for your fair lady.
Dum. Pleaſe it you;
As much in private; and I'll bid adieu.
Cath. What, was your vizor made without a tongue?
Long. I know the reaſon, lady, why you ask.
Cath. O, for your reaſon! quickly, Sir; I long.
Long. You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my ſpeechleſs vizor half.
Cath. Veal, quoth the *Dutch* man; is not veal a calf?
Long. A calf, fair lady?
Cath. No, a fair lord-calf.
Long. Let's part the word.
Cath. No, I'll not be your half;
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.
Long. Look, how you butt your ſelf in theſe ſharp mocks!
Will you give horns, chaſte lady? do not ſo.
Cath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.
Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.
Cath. Bleat ſoftly then, the butcher hears you cry.
Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge, invincible,
Cutting a ſmaller hair than may be ſeen:
Above the ſenſe of ſenſe, ſo ſenſible
Seemeth their conference, their conceits have wings;
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, ſwifter things.
Roſa. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.

Biron.

Biron. By heaven, all dry beaten with pure ſcoff. —
King. Farewell, mad wenches, you have ſimple wits. [*Exeunt* King *and* Lords.
Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen *Muſcovites.*
Are theſe the Breed of wits ſo wondred at?
Boyet. Tapers they are, with your ſweet breaths puft out.
Roſa. Well-liking wits they have; groſs, groſs; fat, fat.
Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly poor flout:
Will they not (think you) hang themſelves to night?
Or ever, but in vizors, ſhew their faces?
This pert *Biron* was out of count'nance quite.
Roſa. O! they were all in lamentable caſes.
The King was weeping-ripe for a good word.
Prin. *Biron* did ſwear himſelf out of all ſuit.
Mar. *Dumain* was at my ſervice, and his ſword:
No, *point*, quoth I; my ſervant ſtrait was mute.
Cath. Lord *Longaville* ſaid, I came o'er his heart;
And, trow you, what he call'd me!
Prin. Qualm, perhaps.
Cath. Yes, in good faith.
Prin. Go, ſickneſs as thou art!
Roſa. Well, better wits have worn plain ſtatute caps.
But will you hear? the King is my love ſworn.
Prin. And quick *Biron* hath plighted faith to me.
Cath. And *Longaville* was for my ſervice born.
Mar. *Dumain* is mine, as ſure as bark on tree.
Boyet. Madam, and pretty miſtreſſes, give ear:
Immediately they will again be here
In their own ſhapes; for it can never be,
They will digeſt this harſh indignity.
Prin. Will they return?
Boyet. They will, they will, God knows;
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore change Favours, and when they repair,
Blow like ſweet roſes in this ſummer air.
Prin. How blow? how blow? ſpeak to be underſtood.

Boyet. Fair ladies, maskt, are roſes in their bud; (46)
[129] Or *angel-veiling Clouds: are roſes blown,
Diſmaskt, their damask ſweet Commixture ſhewn.
Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! what ſhall we do,
If they return in their own ſhapes to woo?
Roſ. Good Madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mock them ſtill, as well known, as diſguis'd;
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
[158] Diſguis'd, like *Muſcovites*, in ſhapeleſs gear;
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their ſhallow Shows, and Prologue vildly pen'd,
And their rough carriage ſo ridiculous,
Should be preſented at our Tent to us.
Boyet. Ladies, withdraw, the Gallants are at hand.
Prin. Whip to our Tents, as roes run o'er the land.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *before the Princeſs's Pavilion.*

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, *and* Dumain, *in their own habits*; Boyet, *meeting them.*

KING.

FAIR Sir, God ſave you. Where's the Princeſs?
Boyet. Gone to her Tent.
Pleaſe it your Majeſty, command me any ſervice to her?

(46) *Fair Ladies maskt are roſes in the bud:*
Dismaskt, their damask ſweet Commixture ſhown,
Are Angels *vailing Clouds*, or *roſes blown.*]
As theſe Lines ſtand in all the Editions, there is not only an *Anticlimax* with a Vengeance; but ſuch a Jumble, that makes the whole, I think, ſtark Nonſenſe. I have ventur'd at a Tranſpoſition of the 2d and 3d Lines, by the Advice of my Friend Mr. *Warburton*; and by a minute Change, or two, clear'd up the Senſe, I hope, to the Poet's Intention.
King.

* angels vild in clouds: W.

King. That ſhe vouchſafe me audience for one word.
Boyet. I will; and ſo will ſhe, I know, my lord. [*Exit.*
Biron. This fellow picks up wit, as pigeons peas;
And utters it again, when *Jove* doth pleaſe:
He is wit's pedlar, and retails his wares
At wakes and waſſals, meetings, markets, fairs:
And we that ſell by groſs, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with ſuch ſhow.
This Gallant pins the wenches on his ſleeve;
Had he been *Adam*, he had tempted *Eve*.
He can carve too, and liſp: why, this is he,
That kiſt away his hand in courteſie;
This is the ape of form, Monſieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms: nay, he can ſing
A mean moſt mainly; and, in uſhering,
Mend him who can; the ladies call him ſweet;
The ſtairs, as he treads on them, kiſs his feet.
This is the flower, that ſmiles on every one, (47)
To ſhew his teeth, as white as whale his bone. ——

And

(47) *This is the* Flow'r, *that ſmiles on ev'ry one,* ——]
A *flower ſmiling*, is a very odd Image. I once ſuſpected, that the Poet might have wrote;

This is the Fleerer, *ſmiles on ev'ry One.*

But nothing is to be alter'd in the Text. The *Metaphor* is to be juſtified by our Author's Uſage in other Paſſages.

Romeo *and* Juliet.
Mer. *Nay, I am the very* Pink *of Courteſie.*
Rom. Pink *for* Flower.

And again;

He is not the Flower *of Courteſie; but, I warrant him as gentle as a Lamb.*

But the *complex Metaphor*, as it ſtands in the Paſſage before us, will be much better juſtified by a fine piece of *Criticiſm*, which my ingenious Friend Mr. *Warburton* ſent me upon this Subject. I'll ſubjoin it in his own Words. " What the Criticks call the *broken*, *disjointed*, and *mixt* " Metaphor are very great Faults in Writing. But then obſerve this " Rule, which, I think, is of general and conſtant Uſe in Writing, " and very neceſſary to direct one's Judgment in this part of Style. " That when a Metaphor is grown ſo common as to deſert, as 'twere, " the *figurative*, and to be receiv'd into the *ſimple* or *common* Style, " then what may be affirm'd of the *Subſtance*, may be affirm'd of the " *Image*, i. e. the *Metaphor*: For a *Metaphor* is an *Image*. To illu-

And conſciences, that will not not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongu'd *Boyet.*

King. A bliſter on his ſweet tongue with my heart,
That put *Armado*'s Page out of his Part!

Enter the Princeſs, Roſaline, Maria, Catharine, Boyet, *and attendants.*

Biron. See, where it comes; behaviour, what wert thou,
'Till this man ſhew'd thee? and what art thou now?

King. All hail, ſweet Madam, and fair time of day!

Prin. Fair in all hail is foul, as I conceive.

King. Conſtrue my ſpeeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then wiſh me better, I will give you leave.

King. We come to viſit you, and purpoſe now
To lead you to our Court; vouchſafe it then.

Prin. This field ſhall hold me, and ſo hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.

King. Rebuke me not for That, which you provoke;
The vertue of your eye muſt* break my oath.

" ſtrate this Rule by the Example before us. A very complaiſant,
" finical, over-gracious Perſon was in our Author's time ſo commonly
" call'd a *Flower*, (or as he elſewhere ſtyles it, the *Pink* of *Courteſie*,)
" that in common Talk, or in the loweſt Style, it might be well uſed,
" without continuing the Diſcourſe in the *Terms* of that Metaphor, but
" turning them on the *Perſon* ſo denominated. And now I will give
" the Reaſon of my Rule. In the leſs-uſed Metaphors, our Mind is
" ſo turn'd upon the Image which the Metaphor conveys, that it ex-
" pects that that Image ſhould be for a little time continued, by
" Terms proper to keep it up. But if, for want of theſe Terms, the
" Image be no ſooner preſented, but dropt; the Mind ſuffers a
" kind of Violence by being call'd off unexpectedly and ſuddenly
" from its Contemplation: and from hence the *broken*, *disjointed*, and
" *mixt* Metaphor ſhocks us. But when the Metaphor is worn and
" hackney'd by common Uſe, even the firſt Mention of it does not
" raiſe in the Mind the *Image* of it ſelf, but immediately preſents the
" Idea of the *Subſtance:* And then to endeavour to continue the I-
" mage, and keep it up in the Mind by proper adapted Terms,
" would, on the other hand, have as ill an Effect; becauſe the Mind
" is already gone off from the metaphorical Image to the Subſtance.
" *Grammatical* Criticks would do well to conſider what has been here
" ſaid, when they ſet upon amending *Greek* and *Roman* Writings.
" For the much-uſed, hackney'd Metaphors in thoſe Languages muſt
" now be very imperfectly known: and conſequently, without great
" Caution, they will be ſubject to act temeariouſly.

Prin.

* made. W.

Prin. You nick-name virtue; vice you ſhould have ſpoke:
For virtue's office never breaks mens troth.
Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unſully'd lilly, I proteſt,
A world of torments though I ſhould endure,
I would not yield to be your houſe's gueſt:
So much I hate a breaking cauſe to be
Of heav'nly oaths, vow'd with integrity.
King. O, you have liv'd in deſolation here,
Unſeen, unviſited, much to our ſhame.
Prin. Not ſo, my lord; it is not ſo, I ſwear;
We have had paſtimes here, and pleaſant game.
A meſs of *Ruſſians* left us but of late.
King How, Madam? *Ruſſians?*
Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtſhip, and of ſtate.
Roſa. Madam, ſpeak true. It is not ſo, my lord:
My lady (to the manner of the days)
In courteſie gives undeſerving praiſe.
We four, indeed, confronted were with four,
In *Ruſſian* habit: here they ſtay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bleſs us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirſty, fools would fain have drink.
Biron. This jeſt is dry to me. Fair, gentle, ſweet,
Your wit makes wiſe things fooliſh; when we greet
With eyes beſt ſeeing heaven's fiery eye,
By light we loſe light; your capacity
Is of that nature, as to your huge ſtore
Wiſe things ſeem fooliſh, and rich things but poor.
Roſa. This proves you wiſe and rich; for in my eye---
Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.
Roſa. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to ſnatch words from my tongue.
Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I poſſeſs.
Roſa. All the fool mine?
Biron. I cannot give you leſs.
Roſa. Which of the vizors was it, that you wore?

Biron. Where? when? what vizor? why demand you this?
Roſa. There, then, that vizor, that ſuperfluous Caſe,
That hid the worſe, and ſhew'd the better face.
King. We are deſcried; they'll mock us now downright.
Dum. Let us confeſs, and turn it to a jeſt.
Prin. Amaz'd, my lord? why looks your Highneſs ſad?
Roſa. Help, hold his brows, he'll ſwoon: why look you pale?
Sea-ſick, I think, coming from *Muſcovy.*
Biron. Thus pour the ſtars down plagues for Perjury.
Can any face of braſs hold longer out?
Here ſtand I, lady, dart thy skill at me;
Bruiſe me with ſcorn, confound me with a flout,
Thruſt thy ſharp wit quite through my ignorance;
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;
And I will wiſh thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in *Ruſſian* habit wait.
O! never will I truſt to ſpeeches pen'd,
Nor to the motion of a ſchool-boy's tongue;
Nor never come in vizor to my friend,
Nor woo in rhime like a blind harper's ſong;
Taffata-phraſes, ſilken terms preciſe,
Three-pil'd hyperboles, ſpruce affectation.
Figures pedantical, theſe ſummer-flies,
Have blown me full of maggot oſtentation,
I do forſwear them; and I here proteſt,
By this white glove, (how white the hand, God knows!)
Henceforth my wooing mind ſhall be expreſt
In ruſſet *yeas*, and honeſt kerſie *noes*:
And to begin, wench, ſo God help me, law,
My love to thee is ſound, *ſans* crack or flaw.
Roſa. Sans, ſans, I pray you.
Biron. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage: bear with me, I am ſick.
I'll leave it by degrees: ſoft, let us ſee;

Write,

Write, *Lord have mercy on us*, on thoſe three;
They are infected, in their hearts it lyes;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
Theſe lords are viſited, you are not free;
For the lord's tokens on you both I ſee.

Prin. No, they are free, that gave theſe tokens to us.

Biron. Our ſtates are forfeit, ſeek not to undo us.

Roſa. It is not ſo; for how can this be true,
That you ſtand forfeit, being thoſe that ſue?

Biron. Peace, for I will not have to do with you.

Roſa. Nor ſhall not, if I do as I intend.

Biron. Speak for your ſelves, my wit is at an end.

King. Teach us, ſweet Madam, for our rude tranſgreſſion
Some fair excuſe.

Prin. The faireſt is confeſſion.
Were you not here, but even now, diſguis'd?

King. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well advis'd?

King. I was, fair Madam.

Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whiſper in your lady's ear?

King. That more than all the world I did reſpect her.

Prin. When ſhe ſhall challenge this, you will reject her.

King. Upon mine honour, no.

Prin. Peace, peace, forbear:
Your oath once broke, you force not to forſwear.

King. Deſpiſe me, when I break this oath of mine.

Prin. I will, and therefore keep it. *Roſaline*,
What did the *Ruſſian* whiſper in your ear?

Roſa. Madam, he ſwore, that he did hold me dear
As precious eye ſight; and did value me
Above this world; adding thereto moreover,
That he would wed me, or elſe die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Moſt honourably doth uphold his word.

King. What mean you, Madam? by my life, my troth,
I never ſwore this lady ſuch an oath.
Roſa. By heav'n, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, Sir, again.
King. My faith, and this, to th' Princeſs I did give;
I knew her by this jewel on her ſleeve.
Prin. Pardon me, Sir, this jewel did ſhe wear:
And lord *Biron*, I thank him, is my Dear,
What? will you have me? or your pearl again?
Biron. Neither of either: I remit both twain.
I ſee the trick on't; here was a conſent,
(Knowing aforehand of our merriment)
To daſh it like a *Chriſtmas* comedy.
Some carry-tale, ſome pleaſe-man, ſome ſlight zany,
Some mumble-news, ſome trencher-knight, ſome *Dick*,
That ſmiles his cheek in jeers, and knows the trick (48)
To make my lady laugh, when ſhe's diſpos'd,
Told our intents before; which once diſclos'd,
The ladies did change Favours, and then we,
Following the ſigns, woo'd but the ſign of ſhe:
Now to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forſworn, in will and error.
Much upon this it is. — And might not You [*To* Boyet.
Foreſtal our ſport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot by th' ſquier,
And laugh upon the apple of her eye,
And ſtand between her back, Sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jeſting merrily?
You put our Page out: go, you are allow'd;
Die when you will, a ſmock ſhall be your ſhrowd.
You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye
Wounds like a leaden ſword.
Boyet. Full merrily
Hath this brave Manage, this Career, been run.
Biron. Lo, he is tilting ſtrait. Peace, I have done.

(48) *That ſmiles his Cheek in* years,] Thus the whole Set of Impreſſions: but I cannot for my Heart comprehend the Senſe of this Phraſe. I am perſwaded, I have reſtor'd the Poet's Word and Meaning. *Boyet*'s Character was That of a *Fleerer, jeerer, mocker, carping* Blade.

Enter

Enter Coſtard.

Welcome, pure wit, thou parteſt a fair fray.

Coſt. O lord, Sir, they would know
Whether the three Worthies ſhall come in, or no.

Biron. What, are there but three?

Coſt. No, Sir, but it is vara fine;
For every one purſents three.

Biron. And three times thrice is nine?

Coſt. Not ſo, Sir, under correction, Sir; I hope, it is not ſo.
You cannot beg us, Sir; I can aſſure you, Sir, we know what we know: I hope, three times thrice, Sir——

Biron. Is not nine.

Coſt. Under correction, Sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

Biron. By *Jove*, I always took three threes for nine.

Coſt. O lord, Sir, it were pity you ſhould get your living by reckoning, Sir.

Biron. How much is it?

Coſt. O lord, Sir, the parties themſelves, the actors, Sir, will ſhew whereuntil it doth amount; for my own part, I am, as they ſay, but to perfect one man in one poor man, *Pompion* the Great, Sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Coſt. It pleaſed them to think me worthy of *Pompion* the Great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the Worthy; but I am to ſtand for him.

Biron. Go bid them prepare.

Coſt. We will turn it finely off, Sir, we will take ſome care.

King. *Biron*, they will ſhame us; let them not approach. [*Exit* Coſt.

Biron. We are ſhame-proof, my lord; and 'tis ſome policy
To have one Show worſe than the King's and his Company.

King. I ſay, they ſhall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now;
That ſport beſt pleaſes, that doth leaſt know how.

Where

Where zeal ſtrives to content, and the contents
Dies in the zeal of that which it preſents;
Their form, confounded, makes moſt form in mirth;
When great things, labouring, periſh in their birth.

Biron. A right deſcription of our ſport, my lord.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Anointed, I implore ſo much expence of thy royal ſweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

Prin. Doth this man ſerve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

Prin. He ſpeaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair ſweet honey monarch; for, I proteſt, the ſchoolmaſter is exceeding fantaſtical; too, too vain; too, too vain: but we will put it, as they ſay, to *fortuna de la guerra*. I wiſh you the peace of mind, moſt royal cupplement.

King. Here is like to be a good preſence of Worthies: he preſents *Hector* of *Troy*, the ſwain *Pompey* the Great, the pariſh-curate *Alexander*, *Armado*'s page *Hercules*, the pedant *Judas Machabeus*.
And if theſe four Worthies in their firſt Show thrive,
Theſe four will change habits, and preſent the other five.

Biron. There are five in the firſt Show.

King. You are deceiv'd, 'tis not ſo.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-prieſt, the fool, and the boy.
(m) A bare throw at *Novum*, and the whole world again
Cannot prick out five ſuch, take each one in's vein.

King. The ſhip is under ſail, and here ſhe comes amain.

Enter Coſtard *for* Pompey.

Coſt. *I* Pompey *am*———

Boyet. You lye, you are not he.

Coſt. *I* Pompey *am* ———

Boyet. With *Libbard*'s head on knee. (49)

(49) ——— *with* Libbard's *head on knee.*] This alludes to thoſe old-faſhion'd Garments, upon the *Knees* and *Elbows* of which it was frequent to have, by way of Ornament, a *Leopard*'s, or *Lion*'s head. This Accoutrement the *French* call'd *Une Maſquine*.

Biron.

Biron. Well ſaid, old mocker: I muſt needs be friends with thee.

Coſt. I Pompey *am*, Pompey *ſurnam'd the Big.*

Dum. The Great.

Coſt. It is Great, Sir; Pompey, *ſurnam'd the Great;*
That oft in field, with targe and ſhield,
Did make my foe to ſweat:
And travelling along this coaſt, I here am come by chance;
And lay my arms before the legs of this ſweet Laſs of France.
If your ladyſhip would ſay, "thanks, *Pompey*, I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, great *Pompey.*

Coſt. 'Tis not ſo much worth; but, I hope, I was perfect. I made a little fault in *great.*

Biron. My hat to a half-penny, *Pompey* proves the beſt Worthy.

Enter Nathaniel *for* Alexander.

Nath. *When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's Commander;*
By eaſt, weſt, north and ſouth, I ſpread my conquering might:
My 'Scutcheon plain declares that I am Aliſander.

Boyet. Your noſe ſays, no, you are not; for it ſtands too right.

Biron. Your noſe ſmells, no, in this, moſt tender ſmelling Knight.

Prin. The Conqueror is diſmaid: proceed, good *Alexander.*

Nath. *When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's Commander.*

Boyet. Moſt true, 'tis right; you were ſo, *Aliſander.*

Biron. Pompey the Great, ——

Coſt. Your ſervant and *Coſtard.*

Biron. Take away the Conqueror, take away *Aliſander.*

Coſt. O Sir, you have overthrown *Aliſander* the Conqueror. [*to* Nath.] You will be ſcraped out of the painted

ed cloth for this; your lion, that holds the poll-ax ſitting on a cloſe-ſtool (50), will be given to *A-jax*; he will be then the ninth Worthy. A Conqueror, and afraid to ſpeak? run away for ſhame, *Aliſander*. There, an't ſhall pleaſe you; a fooliſh mild man; an honeſt man, look you, and ſoon daſh'd. He is a marvellous good neighbour, inſooth, and a very good bowler; but for *Aliſander*, alas, you ſee, how 'tis a little o'erparted: but there are Worthies a coming will ſpeak their mind in ſome other ſort.

Biron. Stand aſide, good *Pompey*.

Enter Holofernes *for* Judas, *and* Moth *for* Hercules.

Hol. Great *Hercules* is preſented by this imp,
Whoſe club kill'd *Cerberus*, that three-headed *canus*;
And when he was a babe, a child, a ſhrimp,
Thus did he ſtrangle ſerpents in his *manus*:
Quoniam, he ſeemeth in minority;
Ergo, I come with this apology.——
Keep ſome ſtate in thy *Exit*, and vaniſh. [*Exit* Moth.

Hol. Judas *I am*.

Dum. A *Judas!*

Hol. Not *Iſcariot*, Sir;
Judas *I am*, *ycleped* Machabeus.

Dum. Judas Machabeus clipt, is plain *Judas*.

Biron. A kiſſing traitor. How art thou prov'd *Judas?*

Hol. Judas *I am*.

Dum. The more ſhame for you, *Judas*.

(50) *Your Lion that holds the* poll-ax *ſitting on a* Cloſeſtool,] *Alexander* the *Great*, as one of the Nine *Worthies*, bears *Gules*; a Lion, *Or*, ſeiant in a Chair, holding a *Battle-axe* argent. *Vid.* Ger. Leigh's *Accidence of Armouries*.---------- But why, becauſe *Nathaniel* had behav'd ill as *Alexander*, was that Worthy's Lion and Poll-axe to be given to *Ajax? Coſtard*, the Clown, has a Conceit in This very much of a Piece with his Character. The Name of *Ajax* is equivocally us'd by him; and he means, the *Inſignia* of ſuch a Conqueror, as the Curate exhibited in his wretched Repreſentation, ought to be given to *a Jakes*; ---- *ſit Verbo Reverentia!* The ſame ſort of Conundrum is uſed by *B. Jonſon* at the Cloſe of his Poem, call'd, The *famous Voyage*.

And I could wiſh, for their eterniz'd ſakes,
My Muſe had plow'd with his that ſung A-jax.

Hol. What mean you, Sir?
Boyet. To make *Judas* hang himſelf.
Hol. Begin, Sir, you are my elder.
Biron. Well follow'd; *Judas* was hang'd on an Elder.
Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.
Biron. Becauſe thou haſt no face.
Hol. What is this?
Boyet. A cittern head.
Dum. The head of a bodkin.
Biron. A death's face in a ring.
Long. The face of an old *Roman* coin, ſcarce ſeen.
Boyet. The pummel of *Cæſar*'s faulchion.
Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flask.
Biron. St. *George*'s half-cheek in a brooch.
Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.
Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer; And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.
Hol. You have put me out of countenance.
Biron. Falſe; we have given thee faces.
Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.
Biron. And thou wert a lion, we would do ſo.
Boyet. Therefore as he is an aſs, let him go. And ſo adieu, ſweet *Jude*; nay, why doſt thou ſtay?
Dum. For the latter end of his name.
Biron. For the *Aſs* to the *Jude*; give it him. *Jud-as*, away.
Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.
Boyet. A light for monſieur *Judas*; it grows dark, he may ſtumble.
Prin. Alas! poor *Machabeus*, how he hath been baited!

Enter Armado.

Biron. Hide thy head, *Achilles*, here comes *Hector* in arms.
Dum. Tho' my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry. (*n*)
King. *Hector* was but a *Trojan* in reſpect of this.
Boyet. But is this *Hector?*
King. I think, *Hector* was not ſo clean timber'd.

Long.

Long. His leg is too big for *Hector.*

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is beſt indu'd in the ſmall.

Biron. This can't be *Hector.*

Dum. He's a God or a Painter, for he makes faces.

Arm. *The armipotent* Mars, *of launces the Almighty,*
Gave Hector *a gift,*——

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. *The armipotent* Mars, *of launces the Almighty,*
Gave Hector *a gift, the heir of* Ilion;
A man ſo breathed, that certain he would fight ye
From morn 'till night, out of his pavilion.
I am that flower.

Dum. That mint.

Long. That cullambine.

Arm. Sweet lord *Longaville*, rein thy tongue.

Long. I muſt rather give it the rein; for it runs againſt *Hector.*

Dum. Ay, and *Hector*'s a grey-hound.

Arm. The ſweet War-man is dead and rotten;
Sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the bury'd:
But I will forward with my device;
Sweet Royalty, beſtow on me the ſenſe of hearing.

Prin. Speak, brave *Hector*; we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy ſweet Grace's ſlipper.

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not, by the yard.

Arm. This Hector *far ſurmounted* Hannibal (51).

Coſt. The Party is gone, fellow *Hector*, ſhe is gone; ſhe is two months on her way.

Arm. What mean'ſt thou?

(51) *This* Hector *far ſurmounted* Hannibal.
The party is gone.]
All the Editions ſtupidly have plac'd theſe laſt Words as Part of *Armado*'s Speech in the Interlude. I have ventur'd to give them to *Coſtard*, who is for putting *Armado* out of his Part, by telling him the Party (i. e. his Miſtreſs *Jaquenetta*,) is gone two Months with Child by him.

Coſt.

Coſt. Faith, unleſs you play the honeſt *Trojan*, the poor wench is caſt away; ſhe's quick, the child brags in her belly already. 'Tis yours.

Arm. Doſt thou infamonize me among Potentates? Thou ſhalt die.

Coſt. Then ſhall *Hector* be whipt for *Jaquenetta*, that is quick by him; and hang'd for *Pompey*, that is dead by him.

Dum. Moſt rare *Pompey!*

Boyet. Renowned *Pompey!*

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great *Pompey!* *Pompey* the huge!

Dum. *Hector* trembles.

Biron. *Pompey* is mov'd; more *Ates*, more *Ates*, ſtir them on, ſtir them on.

Dum. *Hector* will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly than will ſup a flea.

Arm. By the north-pole, I do challenge thee.

Coſt. I will not fight with a pole like a northern man: I'll ſlaſh; I'll do't by the Sword: I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incenſed Worthies.

Coſt. I'll do't in my ſhirt.

Dum. Moſt reſolute *Pompey!*

Moth. Maſter, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do ye not ſee, *Pompey* is uncaſing for the combat: what mean you? you will loſe your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen, and ſoldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my ſhirt.

Dum. You may not deny it, *Pompey* hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reaſon have you for't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no ſhirt; I go woolward for penance.

Boyet. True, (52) and it was enjoin'd him in *Rome* for want of linnen; ſince when, I'll be ſworn he wore none,

(52) *And it was injoin'd him in* Rome *for* Want *of* Linnen] *Shakeſpeare* certainly alludes here to a famous Story, a Matter of Fact that hap-

none, but a diſh-clout of *Jaquenetta*'s, and that he wears next his heart for a Favour.

Enter Macard.

Mac. God ſave you, Madam.

Prin. Welcome, *Macard*, but that thou interrupteſt our merriment.

Mac. I'm ſorry, Madam; for the news I bring
Is heavy in my tongue. The King your father——

Prin. Dead, for my life.

Mac. Even ſo: my Tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away; the Scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For my own part, I breathe free breath; I have ſeen the day of wrong through the little hole of diſcretion, and I will right my ſelf like a ſoldier.

[*Exeunt Worthies.*

King. How fares your Majeſty?

Prin. *Boyet*, prepare; I will away to night.

King. Madam, not ſo; I do beſeech you, ſtay.

Prin. Prepare, I ſay. I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-ſad ſoul, that you vouchſafe
In your rich wiſdom to excuſe, or hide,
The liberal oppoſition of our ſpirits;
If over-boldly we have born our ſelves
In the converſe of breath, your gentleneſs
Was guilty of it. Farewel, worthy lord;
An heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue: (53)

Ex-

happen'd at *Rome*, ſometime, I think, before his Time. A *Spaniard* fell in a Duel: In his laſt Moments one of his moſt intimate Friends chanc'd to come by, condol'd with him, and offer'd his beſt Service. The Dying Perſon told him he had but One Requeſt to make to him, and conjur'd him by the Memory of their long Friendſhip punctually to comply with It: which was, not to ſuffer him to be ſtript as uſual, but to bury him in the Condition, and very Habit he was then in. When This was promis'd, the *Spaniard* clos'd his Eyes, with great Compoſure and Satisfaction. But his Friend's Curioſity prevail'd over his Obligations, and deſiring to know the Reaſon of ſo uncommon a Requeſt, ſo earneſtly preſs'd, he had him ſtripp'd; and found, to his great Surprize, he was without a Shirt. Mr. *Warburton.*

(53) *An heavy heart bears not* an humble *Tongue.*] Thus all the Editions; but, ſurely, without either Senſe or Truth. None are more *humble*

Excuſe me ſo, coming ſo ſhort of thanks,
For my great Suit ſo eaſily obtain'd.
King. The extreme part of time extremely forms
All cauſes to the purpoſe of his ſpeed;
And often, at his very looſe, decides
That, which long Proceſs could not arbitrate.
And though the mourning brow of Progeny
Forbid the ſmiling courteſie of love,
The holy ſuit which fain it would convince;
Yet ſince love's argument was firſt on foot,
Let not the cloud of ſorrow juſtle it
From what it purpos'd: Since, to wail friends loſt,
Is not by much ſo wholſome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.
Prin. I underſtand you not, my griefs are double.
Biron. Honeſt plain words beſt pierce the ear of grief;
And by theſe badges underſtand the King.
For your fair ſakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul Play with our oaths: your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, faſhioning our humours
Even to th' oppoſed end of our intents;
And what in us hath ſeem'd ridiculous,
As love is full of unbefitting ſtrains,
All wanton as a child, skipping and vain,
Form'd by the eye, and therefore like the eye,
Full of ſtraying ſhapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in ſubjects as the eye doth rowl,
To every varied object in his glance;
Which party-coated preſence of looſe love
Put on by us, if, in your heav'nly eyes,
Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities;
Thoſe heav'nly eyes, that look into theſe faults,
Suggeſted us to make them: therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewiſe yours. We to our ſelves prove falſe,
By being once falſe, for ever to be true

ble in Speech, than they who labour under any Oppreſſion. The *Princeſs* is deſiring, her Grief may apologize for her not expreſſing her Obligations at large; and my Correction is conformable to that Sentiment.

To thoſe that make us both; fair ladies, you:
And even that falſhood, in it ſelf a ſin,
Thus purifies it ſelf, and turns to grace.
Prin. We have receiv'd your letters, full of love,
Your Favours, the embaſſadors of love;
And in our maiden council rated them
At courtſhip, pleaſant jeſt, and courteſie;
As bumbaſt, and as lining to the time:
But more devout, than theſe are our reſpects,
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own faſhion, like a merriment.
Dum. Our letters, madam, ſhew'd much more than jeſt.
Long. So did our looks.
Roſa. We did not coat them ſo.
King. Now at the lateſt minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.
Prin. A time, methinks, too ſhort,
To make a world-without-end bargain in;
No, no, my lord, your Grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear guiltineſs; and therefore, this ——
If for my love (as there is no ſuch cauſe)
You will do ought, this ſhall you do for me;
Your oath I will not truſt; but go with ſpeed
To ſome forlorn and naked Hermitage,
Remote from all the pleaſures of the world;
There ſtay until the twelve celeſtial Signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning.
If this auſtere inſociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If froſts, and faſts, hard lodging, and thin weeds
Nip not the gaudy bloſſoms of your love,
But that it bear this tryal, and laſt love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me; challenge me, by theſe deſerts;
And by this virgin palm, now kiſſing thine,
I will be thine; and 'till that inſtant ſhut
My woful ſelf up in a mourning houſe,
Raining the tears of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my father's death.

If

If this thou do deny, let our hands part;
Neither intitled in the other's heart.
King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up theſe powers of mine with reſt; *fetter. W.*
The ſudden hand of death cloſe up mine eye!
Hence, ever then, my heart is in thy breaſt.
Biron. (54) [And what to me, my love? and what to me?
Roſa. You muſt be purged too, your ſins are rank,
You are attaint with fault and perjury;
Therefore if you my favour mean to get,
A twelve-month ſhall you ſpend, and never reſt,
But ſeek the weary beds of people ſick.]
Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?
Cath. (55) A wife! —— a beard, fair health and honeſty;
With three-fold love I wiſh you all theſe three.
Dum. O, ſhall I ſay, I thank you, gentle wife?

(54) Biron. [*And what to me, my Love? and what to me?*
Roſa. *You muſt be purged too: your Sins are rank:*
You are attaint with Fault and Perjury.
Therefore if you my Favour mean to get,
A Twelvemonth ſhall you ſpend, and never reſt,
But ſeek the weary Beds of People ſick.]

Theſe ſix Verſes both Dr. *Thirlby* and Mr. *Warburton* concur to think ſhould be expung'd; and therefore I have put them between Crotchets: Not that they were an Interpolation, ſays the *Doctor*, but as the Author's firſt Draught, which he afterwards rejected; and executed the ſame Thought a little lower with much more Spirit and Elegance. Mr. *Warburton* conjectures, that *Shakeſpeare* is not to anſwer for the preſent abſurd Repetition, but his Actor-Editors; who, thinking *Roſalind*'s Speech too long in the ſecond Plan, had abridg'd it to the Lines above quoted: but, in publiſhing the Play, ſtupidly printed both the Original Speech of *Shakeſpeare*, and their own Abridgment of it.

(55) *A* wife, *a* beard, *fair* health, *and* honeſty;
With threefold Love I give you all theſe three.

Thus our ſagacious Modern Editors. But if they had but the *Reckoning* of a *Tapſter*, as our Author ſays, they might have been able to diſtinguiſh *four* from *three*. I have, by the Direction of the old Impreſſions, reform'd the Pointing; and made *Catharine* ſay what She intended. Seeing *Dumaine*, ſo very young, approach her with his Addreſſes, "You "ſhall have a Wife, indeed! *ſays She*; No, no, I'll wiſh you three "Things you have more Need of, a *Beard*, a *ſound Conſtitution*, and "*Honeſty* enough to preſerve it ſuch.

Cath. Not ſo, my lord; a twelve-month and a day,
I'll mark no words that ſmooth-fac'd wooers ſay.
Come, when the King doth to my lady come;
Then if I have much love, I'll give you ſome.
Dum. I'll ſerve thee true and faithfully till then.
Cath. Yet ſwear not, leſt ye be forſworn again.
Long. What ſays *Maria?*
Mar. At the twelve-month's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.
Long. I'll ſtay with patience; but the time is long.
Mar. The liker you; few taller are ſo young.
Biron. Studies my lady? miſtreſs, look on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble Suit attends thy anſwer there;
Impoſe ſome ſervice on me for thy love.
Roſa. Oft have I heard of you, my lord *Biron,*
Before I ſaw you; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of compariſons and wounding flouts;
Which you on all eſtates will execute,
That lye within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And therewithal to win me, if you pleaſe,
Without the which I am not to be won;
You ſhall this twelve-month-term from day to day
Viſit the ſpeechleſs Sick, and ſtill converſe
With groaning wretches; and your task ſhall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
T' enforce the pained Impotent to ſmile.
Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be, it is impoſſible:
Mirth cannot move a ſoul in agony.
Roſa. Why, that's the way to choak a gibing ſpirit,
Whoſe influence is begot of that looſe grace,
Which ſhallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jeſt's proſperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if ſickly ears,
Deaft with the clamours of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle ſcorns; continue then,

And

And I will have you, and that fault withal:
But if they will not, throw away that ſpirit;
And I ſhall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelve-month? well; befall, what will befall,
I'll jeſt a twelve-month in an Hoſpital.

Prin. Ay, ſweet my lord, and ſo I take my leave. [*to the King.*

King. No, Madam; we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old Play;
Jack hath not *Jill*; theſe ladies courteſie
Might well have made our ſport a Comedy.

King. Come, Sir, it wants a twelve-month and a day,
And then 'twill end.

Biron. (56) That's too long for a Play.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Sweet Majeſty, vouchſafe me ——

Prin. Was not that *Hector?*

Dum. That worthy Knight of *Troy.*

Arm. I will kiſs thy royal finger, and take leave. I am a Votary; I have vow'd to *Jaquenetta* to hold the plough for her ſweet love three years. But, moſt-eſteem'd Greatneſs, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled, in praiſe of the owl and the cuckow? it ſhould have follow'd in the end of our Show.

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do ſo.

Arm. Holla! approach.——

Enter all.

This ſide is *Hiems*, winter.
This *Ver*, the ſpring: the one maintain'd by the owl,

(56) *That's too long for a Play.*] Beſides the exact Regularity to the Rules of Art, which the Author has happen'd to preſerve in ſome few of his Pieces; This is Demonſtration, I think, that tho' he has more frequently tranſgreſs'd the *Unity* of *Time*, by cramming Years into the Compaſs of a Play, yet he knew the Abſurdity of ſo doing, and was not unacquainted with the Rule to the contrary.

The other by the cuckow.
Ver, begin.

The SONG.

SPRING.

(57) *When daizies pied, and violets blue,*
And lady-ſmocks all ſilver white,
And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight;
The cuckow then on every tree
Mocks married men; for thus ſings he,
Cuckow!
Cuckow! cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a married ear!

[17]

When ſhepherds pipe on oaten ſtraws,
And merry larks are ploughmens clocks:
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws;
And maidens bleach their ſummer ſmocks;
The cuckow then on every tree
Mocks married men; for thus ſings he,
Cuckow!
Cuckow! cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a married ear!

(57) *When Daizies py'd, and Violets* blue,
And Cuckow-buds of yellow Hue
And Lady-ſmocks all ſilver white,
Do paint the Meadows with Delight;] Tho' all the printed Copies range theſe Verſes in this Order, I have not ſcrupled to tranſpoſe the ſecond and third Verſe, that the Metre may be conformable with That of the three following Stanza's; in all which the Rhymes of the firſt four Lines are *alternate*.— I have now done with this Play, which in the Main may be call'd a very bad One: and I have found it ſo very troubleſom in the Corruptions, that, I think, I may conclude with the old religious Editors, *Deo gratias!*

WIN-

WINTER.

When iſicles hang by the wall,
And Dick *the ſhepherd blows his nail;*
And Tom *bears logs into the hall,*
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl
Tu-whit! to-who!
A merry note,
While greaſie Jone *doth keel the pot.*

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the Parſon's ſaw;
And birds ſit brooding in the ſnow,
And Marian's *noſe looks red and raw;*
When roaſted crabs hiſs in the bowl,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl,
Tu-whit! to-who!
A merry note,
While greaſie Jone *doth keel the pot.*

Arm. The words of *Mercury*
Are harſh after the Songs of *Apollo*:
You, that way; we, this way. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Love's Labour's lost.

a. 120 This conceit about Junius a Roman Captain in the Stars seems very far-fetch'd and strange, the contrast of terms in Giant dwarf and afterwards of — almighty dreadful little might at the end of this speech seem plainly to confirm the reading of Senior-Junior.

b. 95. I am his Grace's Tharborough — Third-borough, Constable. = 272

c 125 A phantasme, a Monarcho — Mammuchio. poppet. Hanm:

d. 128. Without the help of Mr Warburton's Italian, which I believe Shakespear never dream'd of Sr Tho: Hanmer by an easy replacing of the disorderd words and leaving out two superfluous syllables restores this stubborn piece of Nonsence to two such long rhyming verses as the rest are that follow them.

"And such barren plants are set before
us that we thankful should be
"For those parts which we taste and feel
do fructifie in us more than he.

e 132. — was this directly to you?
directed Hanm:

f. 138. Hanm: rectifies the pointing of these lines thus.

Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears
There is no certain Princess that appears;

g. ib: To see a King transformed to a Knot gnat. Hanm:

h 139. With men, like men, of strange inconstancy.
vanes like men, Hanm:

i 150 — to be rendered by our assistants — assistance. So Hanm:

k 153 Wars pencils. How? Let me not die your debtor
Wars pencils So! Hanm: a check upon Catharine for painting.

l. 154 That he should be my Fool, and I his Fate.
See note(i) in Measure for Measure. Vol. 1.

m 170 A bare throw at Novum —
Novem. Hanm:

n 173 Tho my mocks come home by me —
to me Hanm:

o 178 But more devout, than these are our respects,
Have we not been —
— than this in — Hanm:
Warb: reads — than this, save our respects

p 175 - I go wool-ward for penance.
Woolward clad in Woolen.

I find this word in Powel's history of Cambria printed in 1584.
— the Angles and Saxons — slew 1000 prists and Monks of Bangor, with a great number of lay-brethren of the same house, who — were come barefooted and wool-ward to crave mercy and peace at the Saxon's hands. p: 15.

q 118. - my incony Jew!
incony Jewel Warb: kony or incony, he says, in the North signifies, fine, delicate.

r 110 Here seems to be a forgetfulness in the Poet, Dumain inquires after Rosaline and Biron after Catharine whereas it appears that Rosaline was Biron's Love and Catharine Dumain's, nor can it be rectified by changing the names, because the last speech is fixed to Biron by Maria if indeed that line it should not be given to Rosaline
That last is Biron, the merry mad: cap lord. In truth it seems absurd to make them inquire at all for as the Ladies knew them they must have known the Ladies.

S 120 I think the old reading:

"And wear his colors like a tumbler's
hoop

is the true one, it does not mean "and "wear his colors as a tumblers hoop "wears ribbands or colors" but "and "wear Love's colors as a tumbler wears "his hoop" for though tumblers do not adorn their hoops with ribbands, nor is there here the lest hint that they do yet they do carry them about with them, and generally, which is the most commodious way, across their shoulders like a scarf. I think this may be explaned by a passage in Much ado about Nothing. Vol I. 421

Benedict. Come will you go with me?
Claudio. Whither?
Bened: Even to the next willow, about
your own business Count. What
fashion will you wear your garland
of? about your neck like a Usurer's
chain? or under your arm like a
Lieutenant's scarf?

AS YOU LIKE IT.

A

COMEDY.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DUKE.

Frederick, *brother to the Duke, and uſurper of his duke-dom.*

Amiens, } *Lords attending upon the Duke in his baniſh-*
Jaques, } *ment.*

Le Beu, *a courtier, attending on* Frederick.

Oliver, *eldeſt ſon to Sir* Rowland de Boys, *who had formerly been a ſervant to the Duke.*

Jaques, } *Younger brothers to* Oliver.
Orlando, }

Adam, *an old ſervant of Sir* Rowland de Boys, *now following the fortunes of* Orlando.

Dennis, *ſervant to* Oliver.

Charles, *a wreſtler, and ſervant to the uſurping Duke* Frederick.

Touchſtone, *a clown attending on* Celia *and* Roſalind.

Corin, } *ſhepherds.*
Sylvius, }

A clown in love with Audrey.

William, *another clown, in love with* Audrey.

Sir Oliver Mar-text, *a country curate.*

Roſalind, *daughter to the Duke.*

Celia, *daughter to* Frederick.

Phœbe, *a ſhepherdeſs.*

Audrey, *a country wench.*

Lords belonging to the two Dukes; with pages, foreſters, and other attendants.

The SCENE *lyes, firſt, near* Oliver's *houſe; and, afterwards, partly in the Duke's Court; and partly in the Foreſt of* Arden.

As You Like It. (1)

ACT I.

SCENE, Oliver's *Orchard.*

Enter Orlando *and* Adam.

ORLANDO.

AS I remember, *Adam*, it was upon this fashion bequeath'd me by Will, but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother on his Blessing to breed me well; and there begins my sadness. My brother *Jaques* he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home; or, (to speak more properly) stays me here at home, unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? his horses are bred better; for besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the

(1) *As you like it.*] Neither Mr. *Langbaine* nor Mr. *Gildon* acquaint us, to whom *Shakespeare* was indebted for any part of the Fable of this Play. But the Characters of *Oliver*, *Jaques*, *Orlando*, and *Adam*, and the Episodes of the *Wrestler* and the *baniſh'd Tram* seem to me plainly to be borrow'd from Chaucer's *Legend* of *Gamelyn* in the *Cook*'s Tale. Tho' this *Legend* be found in many of the Old MSS. of that Poet, it was never printed till the last Edition of his Works, prepar'd by Mr. *Urrey*, came out.

which

which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Beſides this Nothing that he ſo plentifully gives me, the Something, that Nature gave me, his countenance ſeems to take from me. He lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, *Adam*, that grieves me; and the Spirit of my father, which, I think, is within me, begins to mutiny againſt this ſervitude. I will no longer endure it, tho' yet I know no wiſe remedy how to avoid it.

Enter Oliver.

Adam. Yonder comes my maſter, your brother.

Orla. Go apart, *Adam*, and thou ſhalt hear how he will ſhake me up.

Oli. Now, Sir, what make you here?

Orla. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, Sir?

Orla. Marry, Sir, I am helping you to mar That which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleneſs.

Oli. Marry, Sir, be better employ'd, and be naught a while. (2) (b.)

Orla. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? what Prodigal's portion have I ſpent, that I ſhould come to ſuch penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, Sir?

Orla. O, Sir, very well; here in your Orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, Sir?

Orla. Ay, better than he, I am before, knows me. I know, you are my eldeſt brother; and in the gentle

(2) —— *be* better employ'd, *and be naught awhile.*] i. e. be better employ'd in my Opinion, in *being*, and *doing*, Nothing. Your Idleneſs, as you call it, may be an Exerciſe, by which you may make a figure, and endear your ſelf to the World: and I had rather, you were a contemptible Cypher. The Poet ſeems to me to have that trite proverbial Sentiment in his Eye, quoted from *Attilius* by the younger *Pliny* and others;

Satius eſt otioſum *eſſe quàm* nihil agere.

But *Oliver*, in the Perverſeneſs of his Diſpoſition, would reverſe the Doctrine of the Proverb.

condition

b. *aught.* nought W.

condition of blood, you ſhould ſo know me; the courteſie of nations allows you my better, in that you are the firſt born; but the ſame tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confeſs your coming before me is nearer to his reverence. [37]

Oli. What, boy!

Orla. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orla. I am no villain: I am the youngeſt ſon of Sir *Rowland de Boys*; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain, that ſays, ſuch a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, 'till this other had pull'd out thy tongue for ſaying ſo; thou haſt rail'd on thy ſelf.

Adam. Sweet maſters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I ſay.

Orla. I will not, 'till I pleaſe: you ſhall hear me. My father charg'd you in his Will to give me good education: you have train'd me up like a peaſant, obſcuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities; the Spirit of my father grows ſtrong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me ſuch exerciſes as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by teſtament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is ſpent? well, Sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you: you ſhall have ſome part of your will. I pray you, leave me.

Orla. I will no further offend you, than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? moſt true, I have loſt my teeth in your ſervice. God be with my old maſter, he would not have ſpoke ſuch a word.

[*Exe.* Orlando *and* Adam.

Oli.

Oli. Is it even ſo? begin you to grow upon me? I will phyſick your rankneſs, and yet give no thouſand crowns neither. Holla, *Dennis!*

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your Worſhip?

Oli. Was not *Charles*, the Duke's wreſtler, here to ſpeak with me?

Den. So pleaſe you, he is here at the door, and importunes acceſs to you.

Oli. Call him in; —'twill be a good way; and to morrow the wreſtling is.——

Enter Charles.

Char. Good morrow to your Worſhip.

Oli. Good Monſieur *Charles*, what's the new news at the new Court?

Char. There's no news at the Court, Sir, but the old news; that is, the old Duke is baniſh'd by his younger brother the new Duke, and three or four loving lords have put themſelves into voluntary exile with him; whoſe lands and revenues enrich the new Duke, therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell, if *Roſalind*, the Duke's daughter, be baniſh'd with her father?

Cha. O, no; for the* Duke's daughter her couſin ſo loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that ſhe would have followed her exile, or have died to ſtay behind her. She is at the Court, and no leſs beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved, as they do.

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

Cha. They ſay, he is already in the foreſt of *Arden*, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old *Robin Hood* of *England*; they ſay, many young gentleman flock to him every day, and fleet the time careleſly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wreſtle to morrow before the new Duke?

* new. W

Cha.

Cha. Marry, do I, Sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, Sir, ſecretly to underſtand, that your younger brother *Orlando* hath a diſpoſition to come in diſguis'd againſt me to try a Fall; to morrow, Sir, I wreſtle for my credit; and he, that eſcapes me without ſome broken limb, ſhall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender, and for your love I would be loth to foil him; as I muſt for mine own honour, if he come in; therefore out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might ſtay him from his intendment, or brook ſuch diſgrace well as he ſhall run into; in that it is a thing of his own ſearch and altogether againſt my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou ſhalt find, I will moſt kindly requite. I had my ſelf notice of my brother's purpoſe herein, and have by under-hand means laboured to diſſuade him from it; but he is reſolute. I tell thee, *Charles*, he is the ſtubborneſt young fellow of *France*; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a ſecret and villanous contriver againſt me his natural brother; therefore uſe thy diſcretion; I had as lief thou didſt break his neck, as his finger. And thou wert beſt look to't; for if thou doſt him any ſlight diſgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himſelf on thee, he will practiſe againſt thee by poiſon; entrap thee by ſome treacherous device; and never leave thee, 'till he hath ta'en thy life by ſome indirect means or other; for I aſſure thee, (and almoſt with tears I ſpeak it) there is not one ſo young and ſo villanous this day living. I ſpeak but brotherly of him; but ſhould I anatomize him to thee as he is, I muſt bluſh and weep, and thou muſt look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad, I came hither to you: if he come to morrow, I'll give him his payment; if ever he go alone again, I'll never wreſtle for prize more; and ſo, God keep your Worſhip. [*Exit.*

Oli. Farewel, good *Charles*. Now will I ſtir this gameſter: I hope, I ſhall ſee an end of him; for my ſoul,

ſoul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never ſchool'd, and yet learned; full of noble device, of all Sorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, ſo much in the heart of the world, and eſpecially of my own people who beſt know him, that I am altogether miſpriſed. But it ſhall not be ſo, long; this wreſtler ſhall clear all; nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to an Open Walk, before the Duke's Palace.*

Enter Roſalind *and* Celia.

Cel. I Pray thee, *Roſalind*, ſweet my coz, be merry.

Roſ. Dear *Celia*, I ſhow more mirth than I am miſtreſs of; and would you yet I were merrier? unleſs you could teach me to forget a baniſh'd father, you muſt not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleaſure.

Cel. Herein, I ſee, thou lov'ſt me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my unkle, thy baniſhed father, had baniſhed thy unkle the Duke, my father, ſo thou hadſt been ſtill with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; ſo would'ſt thou, if the truth of thy love to me were ſo righteouſly temper'd, as mine is to thee.

Roſ. Well, I will forget the condition of my eſtate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou ſhalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine Honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monſter: therefore, my ſweet *Roſe*, my dear *Roſe*, be merry.

Roſ. From henceforth I will, coz, and deviſe Sports: let me ſee, what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make ſport withal; but love no man in good earneſt, nor no further in ſport

Sport neither, than with ſafety of a pure bluſh thou may'ſt in honour come off again.

Roſ. What ſhall be our Sport then?

Cel. Let us ſit and mock the good houſewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be beſtowed equally.

Roſ. I would, we could do ſo; for her benefits are mightily miſplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth moſt miſtake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true; for thoſe, that ſhe makes fair, ſhe ſcarce makes honeſt; and thoſe, that ſhe makes honeſt, ſhe makes very ill-favoured.

Roſ. Nay, now thou goeſt from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter Clown.

Cel. No; when nature hath made a fair creature, may ſhe not by fortune fall into the fire? tho' nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune ſent in this Fool to cut off this argument?

Roſ. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature; when fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter off of nature's Wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reaſon of ſuch Goddeſſes, hath ſent this Natural for our whetſtone: for always the dullneſs of the fool is the whetſtone of the wits. How now, Wit, whither wander you?

Clo. Miſtreſs, you muſt come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the meſſenger?

Clo. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Roſ. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Clo. Of a certain Knight, that ſwore by his honour they were good pancakes, and ſwore by his honour the muſtard was naught: Now I'll ſtand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the muſtard was good, and yet was not the Knight forſworn.

Cel. How prove you that in the great heap of your knowledge?

Roſ. Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wiſdom.

Clo. Stand you both forth now; ſtroke your chins, and ſwear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Clo. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you ſwear by That that is not, you are not forſworn; no more was this Knight ſwearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had ſworn it away, before ever he ſaw thoſe pancakes or that muſtard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is That thou mean'ſt?

Clo. (3) One, that old *Frederick* your father loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him enough; ſpeak no more of him, you'll be whipt for taxation one of theſe days.

Clo. The more pity, that fools may not ſpeak wiſely what wiſe men do fooliſhly.

Cel. By my troth, thou ſay'ſt true; for ſince the little wit that fools have was ſilenc'd, the little foolery that wiſe men have makes a great Show: here comes Monſieur *Le Beu.*

Enter Le Beu.

Roſ. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pidgeons feed their young.

Roſ. Then ſhall we be news-cram'd.

Cel. All the better, we ſhall be the more marketable. *Bonjour*, *Monſieur le Beu*; what news?

Le Beu. Fair Princeſs, you have loſt much good Sport.

(3) Clo. *One, that old* Frederick *your Father loves.*

Roſ. *My Father's Love is enough to honour him enough*;] This Reply to the *Clown* is in all the Books plac'd to *Roſalind*; but *Frederick* was not her Father, but *Celia*'s: I have therefore ventur'd to prefix the Name of *Celia*. There is no Countenance from any Paſſage in the Play, or from the *Dramatis Perſonæ*, to imagine, that Both the Brother-Dukes were Nameſakes; and One call'd the Old, and the Other the Younger *Frederick*; and, without ſome ſuch Authority, it would make Confuſion to ſuppoſe it.

Cel.

Cel. Sport; of what colour?

Le Beu. What colour, Madam? how ſhall I anſwer you?

Roſ. As wit and fortune will.

Clo. Or as the deſtinies decree.

Cel. Well ſaid; that was laid on with a trowel.

Clo. Nay, if I keep not my rank,——

Roſ. Thou loſeſt thy old ſmell.

Le Beu. You amaze me, ladies; I would have told you of good wreſtling, which you have loſt the ſight of.

Roſ. Yet tell us the manner of the wreſtling.

Le Beu. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it pleaſe your Ladyſhips, you may ſee the end, for the beſt is yet to do; and here where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

Le Beu. There comes an old man and his three ſons,——

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beu. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and preſence;——

Roſ. With bills on their necks: *Be it known unto all men by theſe preſents,*—— [64]

Le Beu. The eldeſt of the three wreſtled with *Charles* the Duke's Wreſtler; which *Charles* in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: ſo he ſerv'd the Second, and ſo the Third: yonder they lye, the poor old man their father making ſuch pitiful Dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Roſ. Alas!

Clo. But what is the Sport, Monſieur, that the ladies have loſt?

Le Beu. Why this, that I ſpeak of.

Clo. Thus men may grow wiſer every day. It is the firſt time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was ſport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promiſe thee.

Roſ. But (4) is there any elſe longs to ſet this broken muſick in his ſides? is there yet another doats upon rib-breaking? ſhall we ſee this wreſtling, Couſin?

Le Beu. You muſt if you ſtay here, for here is the place appointed for the wreſtling; and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, ſure, they are coming: let us now ſtay and ſee it.

Flouriſh. Enter Duke Frederick, *Lords*, Orlando, Charles, *and attendants.*

Duke. Come on, ſince the youth will not be entreated; his own peril on his forwardneſs.

Roſ. Is yonder the man?

Le Beu. Even he, Madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young; yet he looks ſucceſsfully.

Duke. How now, Daughter and Couſin; are you crept hither to ſee the wreſtling?

Roſ. Ay, my liege, ſo pleaſe you give us leave.

Duke. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is ſuch odds in the man: in pity of the challenger's youth, I would feign diſſuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; ſee, if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monſieur *Le Beu.*

Duke. Do ſo; I'll not be by. [Duke *goes apart.*

Le Beu. Monſieur the Challenger, the Princeſſes call for you.

Orla. I attend them with all reſpect and duty.

Roſ. Young man, have you challeng'd *Charles* the wreſtler?

Orla. No, fair Princeſs; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the ſtrength of my youth.

(4) *Is there any elſe longs to* ſee *this broken Muſick in his Sides?*] This ſeems a ſtupid Error in the Copies. They are talking here of Some who had their Ribs broke in Wreſtling: and the Pleaſantry of *Roſalind*'s Repartee muſt conſiſt in the Alluſion She makes to *compoſing* in *Muſick*. It neceſſarily follows therefore, that the Poet wrote —— ſet *this* broken Muſick *in his Sides.* Mr. *Warburton.*

Cel. Young Gentleman, your ſpirits are too bold for your years: you have ſeen cruel proof of this man's ſtrength. If you ſaw your ſelf with *your eyes, or knew your ſelf with *your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counſel you to a more equal enterpriſe. We pray you, for your own ſake, to embrace your own ſafety, and give over this attempt. *our* *our*

Roſ. Do, young Sir; your reputation ſhall not therefore be miſpriſed; we will make it our ſuit to the Duke, that the wreſtling might not go forward.

Orla. I beſeech you, puniſh me not with your hard thoughts, wherein, I confeſs me much guilty, to deny ſo fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wiſhes go with me to my tryal, wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one ſham'd that was never gracious; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be ſo: I ſhall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better ſupplied when I have made it empty.

Roſ. The little ſtrength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine to eek out hers.

Roſ. Fare you well; pray heav'n, I be deceiv'd in you.

Orla. Your heart's deſires be with you!——

Cha. Come, where is this young Gallant, that is ſo deſirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orla. Ready, Sir; but his Will hath in it a more modeſt working.

Duke. You ſhall try but one Fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your Grace, you ſhall not entreat him to a ſecond, that have ſo mightily perſuaded him from a firſt.

Orla. You mean to mock me after; you ſhould not have mockt me before; but come your ways.

Roſ. Now *Hercules* be thy Speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were inviſible, to catch the ſtrong fellow by the leg! [*they wreſtle.*

Roſ. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who ſhould down. [*ſhout.*

Duke. No more, no more. [Charles *is thrown.*

Orla. Yes, I beſeech your Grace; I am not yet well breathed.

Duke. How doſt thou, *Charles?*

Le Beu. He cannot ſpeak, my Lord.

Duke. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

Orla. Orlando, my liege, the youngeſt ſon of Sir *Rowland de Boys.*

Duke. I would, thou hadſt been ſon to ſome man elſe;
The world eſteem'd thy Father honourable,
But I did find him ſtill mine enemy:
Thou ſhould'ſt have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadſt thou deſcended from another Houſe.
But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth;
I would, thou hadſt told me of another father.

[*Exit* Duke, *with his Train.*

Manent Celia, Roſalind, Orlando.

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orla. I am more proud to be Sir *Rowland*'s ſon,
His youngeſt ſon, and would not change that calling
To be adopted heir to *Frederick.*

Roſ. My father lov'd Sir *Rowland* as his ſoul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his ſon,
I ſhould have giv'n him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he ſhould thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle Couſin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him;
My father's rough and envious diſpoſition
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deſerv'd:
If you do keep your promiſes in love,
But juſtly as you have exceeded all in promiſe,
Your miſtreſs ſhall be happy.

Roſ.

Roſ. Gentleman,
(5) Wear this for me; one out of ſuits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz? [*Giving him a Chain from her Neck.*

Cel. Ay, fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orla. Can I not ſay, I thank you?—my better parts
Are all thrown down; and that, which here ſtands up,
(6) Is but a quintaine, a meer lifeleſs block.

Roſ. He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes.
I'll ask him, what he would. Did you call, Sir?
Sir, you have wreſtled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Roſ. Have with you: fare you well.

[*Exeunt.* Roſ. *and* Cel.

(5) *Wear this for me;*] There is Nothing in the Sequel of this Scene, expreſſing What it is that *Roſalind* here gives to *Orlando:* nor has there been hitherto any Marginal Direction to explain it. It would have been no great Burden to the Editors' Sagacity, to have ſupply'd the Note I have given in the Margin: for afterwards, in the third Act, when *Roſalind* has found a Copy of Verſes in the Woods writ on her ſelf, and *Celia* asks her whether She knows who hath done this, *Roſalind* replies, by way of Queſtion, *Is it a Man?* To which *Celia* again replies, *Ay, and a* Chain, *that* You *once* wore, *about his Neck.*

(6) *Is but a* Quintaine,——] This Word ſignifies in general a *Poſt* or *Butt* ſet up for ſeveral kind of Martial Exerciſes. It ſerved ſometimes to run againſt, on Horſeback, with a Lance: and then One Part of it was always movable, and turn'd about an *Axis.* But, beſides This, there was another *Quintaine,* that was only a *Poſt* fix'd firmly in the Ground; on which they hung a *Buckler,* and threw their Darts, and ſhot their Arrows againſt it: and to This Kind of *Quintaine* it is that *Shakeſpeare* here alludes: And taking it in this latter Senſe, there is an extreme Beauty and Juſtneſs in the Thought. "I am now, ſays *Orlando,* only "a *Quintaine,* a meer lifeleſs Block, on which *Love* only exerciſes his "Arms in Jeſt; the great Diſparity between me and *Roſalind,* in Condi-"tion, not ſuffering Me to hope that ever Love will make a ſerious Mat-"ter of it." *Regnier,* the famous Satiriſt, who dy'd about the Time our Author did, applies this very *Metaphor* to the ſame Subject, tho' the Thought be ſomewhat different.

Et qui depuis dix ans, juſqu'en ſes derniers jours,
A ſoûtenu le Prix en l'Eſcrime d'Amours;
Laſſe enfin de ſervir au Peuple de Quintaine,
Elle &c. *Mr.* Warburton.

Orla. What paſſion hangs theſe weights upon my tongue?
I cannot ſpeak to her; yet ſhe urg'd conference.

Enter Le Beu.

O poor *Orlando!* thou art overthrown;
Or *Charles*, or ſomething weaker, maſters thee.

Le Beu. Good Sir, I do in friendſhip counſel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deſerv'd
High commendation, true applauſe, and love;
Yet ſuch is now the Duke's condition,
That he miſconſtrues all that you have done.
The Duke is humorous; what he is, indeed,
More ſuits you to conceive, than me to ſpeak of.

Orla. I thank you, Sir; and pray you, tell me this;
Which of the two was Daughter of the Duke,
That here was at the wreſtling?

Le Beu. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the ſhorter is his daughter;
The other's Daughter to the baniſh'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her uſurping Uncle
To keep his daughter company, whoſe loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of ſiſters.
But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
Hath ta'en diſpleaſure 'gainſt his gentle Neice;
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praiſe her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's ſake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainſt the lady
Will ſuddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well;
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I ſhall deſire more love and knowledge of you. [*Exit.*

Orla. I reſt much bounden to you: fare you well!
Thus muſt I from the ſmoke into the ſmother;
From tyrant Duke, unto a tyrant brother:
But, heav'nly *Roſalind!* —— [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to an Apartment in the* Palace.

Re-enter Celia *and* Roſalind.

Cel. Why, Couſin; why, *Roſalind*; *Cupid* have mercy; not a word!

Roſ. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be caſt away upon curs, throw ſome of them at me; come, lame me with reaſons.

Roſ. Then there were two Couſins laid up; when the one ſhould be lam'd with reaſons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Roſ. (7) No, Some of it is for my Child's father. Oh, how full of briers is this working-day-world!

Cel. They are but burs, couſin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Roſ. I could ſhake them off my coat; theſe burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Roſ. I would try, if I could cry, hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wreſtle with thy affections.

Roſ. O, they take the part of a better Wreſtler than my ſelf.

Cel. O, a good wiſh upon you! you will try in time, in deſpight of a Fall; — but turning theſe jeſts out of ſervice, let us talk in good earneſt: is it poſſible on ſuch a ſudden you ſhould fall into ſo ſtrong a liking with old Sir *Rowland*'s youngeſt ſon?

Roſ. The Duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

(7) *No, ſome of it is for my* Father's Child.] I have choſen to reſtore here the Reading of the older Copies, which evidently contains the Poet's Sentiment. *Roſalind* would ſay, "No, all my Diſtreſs and Melancholy "is not for my Father; but ſome of it for my Sweetheart, whom I hope "to marry and have Children by." In this Senſe She ſtiles him her *Child*'s *Father*.

Cel.

Cel. Doth it therefore enſue, that you ſhould love his ſon dearly? by this kind of chaſe, I ſhould hate him; for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not *Orlando*.

Roſ. No, faith, hate him not, for my ſake.

Cel. Why ſhould I? doth he not deſerve well?

Enter Duke, *with Lords*.

Roſ. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, becauſe I do. Look, here comes the Duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Duke. Miſtreſs, diſpatch you with your ſafeſt haſte,
And get you from our Court.

Roſ. Me, Uncle!

Duke. You, Couſin.
Within theſe ten days if that thou be'ſt found
So near our publick Court as twenty miles,
Thou dieſt for it.

Roſ. I do beſeech your Grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with my ſelf I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with my own deſires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantick,
(As, I do truſt, I am not,) then, dear Uncle,
Never ſo much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your Highneſs.

Duke. Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did conſiſt in words,
They are as innocent as grace it ſelf:
Let it ſuffice thee, that I truſt thee not.

Roſ. Yet your miſtruſt cannot make me a traitor;
Tell me, wherein the likelihood depends.

Duke. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

Roſ. So was I, when your Highneſs took his Duke-
So was I, when your Highneſs baniſh'd him; [dom;
Treaſon is not inherited, my lord;
Or if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my Liege, miſtake me not ſo much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel.

Cel. Dear Soveraign, hear me ſpeak.
Duke. Ay, *Celia*, we but ſtaid her for your ſake;
Elſe had ſhe with her father rang'd along.
Cel. I did not then entreat to have her ſtay;
It was your pleaſure, and your own remorſe;
I was too young that time to value her;
But now I know her; if ſhe be a traitor,
Why ſo am I; we ſtill have ſlept together,
Roſe at an inſtant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And whereſoe'er we went, like *Juno*'s Swans,
Still we went coupled, and inſeparable.
Duke. She is too ſubtle for thee; and her ſmoothneſs,
Her very ſilence and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her:
Thou art a fool; ſhe robs thee of thy name,
And thou wilt ſhow more bright, and ſeem more vir- [64
tuous,
When ſhe is gone; then open not thy lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my doom,
Which I have paſt upon her; ſhe is baniſh'd.
Cel. Pronounce that Sentence then on me, my Liege;
I cannot live out of her company.
Duke. You are a fool: you, Neice, provide your ſelf;
If you out-ſtay the time, upon mine Honour,
And in the Greatneſs of my word, you die.
[*Exeunt* Duke, *&c.*
Cel. O my poor *Roſalind*; where wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers! I will give thee mine:
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.
Roſ. I have more cauſe.
Cel. Thou haſt not, couſin;
Pr'ythee, be cheerful; know'ſt thou not, the Duke
Has baniſh'd me his daughter?
Roſ. That he hath not.
Cel. No? hath not? (8) *Roſalind* lacks then the love,
Which teacheth Me that thou and I am one:
Shall

(8)* ——— Roſalind *lacks then the Love,*
Which teacheth thee *that thou and I am one*]
Tho' this be the Reading of all the printed Copies, 'tis evident, the Poet wrote;

Which

Shall we be ſundred? ſhall we part, ſweet Girl?
No, let my father ſeek another heir.
Therefore deviſe with me, how we may fly;
Whither to go, and what to bear with us;
And do not ſeek to take your charge upon you,
To bear your griefs your ſelf, and leave me out:
For by this heav'n, now at our ſorrows pale,
Say what thou can'ſt, I'll go along with thee.

Roſ. Why, whither ſhall we go?

Cel. To ſeek my Uncle in the foreſt of *Arden.*

Roſ. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth ſo far!
Beauty provoketh thieves ſooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put my ſelf in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber ſmirch my face;
The like do you; ſo ſhall we paſs along,
And never ſtir aſſailants.

Roſ. Were't not better,
Becauſe that I am more than common tall,
That I did ſuit me all points like a man?
A gallant Curtleax upon my thigh,
A boar-ſpear in my hand, and (in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)
(m)* We'll have a ſwaſhing and a martial outſide,
As many other manniſh cowards have,
That do outface it with their ſemblances.

Cel. What ſhall I call thee, when thou art a man?

Roſ. I'll have no worſe a name than *Jove*'s own Page;
And therefore, look, you call me *Ganimed*;
But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my ſtate:
No longer *Celia*, but *Aliena.*

Which teacheth Me ———
for if *Roſalind* had learnt to think *Celia* one Part of her Self, She could not lack that Love which *Celia* complains She does. My Emendation is confirm'd by what *Celia* ſays when She firſt comes upon the Stage.

Herein I ſee, Thou *lov'ſt me not with the full Weight that I love* thee: &c. *I could have taught my Love to take thy Father for mine; ſo wouldſt* Thou, *if the Truth of* thy *Love to* me *were ſo righteouſly temper'd as* mine *is to* thee.

Roſ.

Roſ. But, Couſin, what if we aſſaid to ſteal
The clowniſh Fool out of your father's Court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?
Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me.
Leave me alone to woo him; let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Deviſe the fitteſt time, and ſafeſt way
To hide us from purſuit that will be made
After my flight: now go we in content
To Liberty, and not to Baniſhment. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, Arden FOREST.

Enter Duke *Senior*, Amiens, *and two or three Lords like Foreſters.*

DUKE *ſenior.*

NOW, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old cuſtom made this life more ſweet
Than That of painted Pomp? are not theſe woods
More free from peril, than the envious Court?
Here feel we but the penalty of *Adam*, (9)
The Seaſons' difference; as, the icie phang,
And churliſh chiding of the winter's wind;
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even 'till I ſhrink with cold, I ſmile, and ſay,

(9) *Here feel we* not *the Penalty.*] What was the Penalty of *Adam*, hinted at by our Poet? The being ſenſible of the Difference of the Seaſons. The *Duke* ſays, the Cold and Effects of the Winter feelingly perſuade him what he is. How does he *not* then feel the Penalty? Doubtleſs, the Text muſt be reſtor'd as I have corrected it: and 'tis obvious in the Courſe of theſe Notes, how often *not* and *but* by Miſtake have chang'd Place in our Author's former Editions.

This

This is no Flattery: theſe are Counſellors,
That feelingly perſuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uſes of Adverſity,
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life, exempt from publick haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in ſtones, and good in every thing.

Ami. I would not change it; happy is your Grace,
That can tranſlate the ſtubbornneſs of fortune
Into ſo quiet and ſo ſweet a ſtyle.

Duke Sen. Come, ſhall we go and kill us veniſon?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this deſart city,
Should, in their own Confines, with forked heads
Have their round haunches goar'd.

1 *Lord.* Indeed, my Lord,
The melancholy *Jaques* grieves at that;
And in that kind ſwears you do more uſurp
Than doth your brother, that hath baniſh'd you:
To day my Lord of *Amiens*, and my ſelf,
Did ſteal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whoſe antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
To the which place a poor ſequeſtred ſtag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languiſh; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched Animal heav'd forth ſuch groans,
That their diſcharge did ſtretch his leathern coat
Almoſt to burſting, and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent noſe
In piteous chaſe; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy *Jaques*,
Stood on th' extremeſt verge of the ſwift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke Sen. But what ſaid *Jaques?*
Did he not moralize this ſpectacle?

1 *Lord.* O yes, into a thouſand ſimilies.
Firſt, for his weeping in the needleſs ſtream;
Poor Deer, quoth he, thou mak'ſt a teſtament

As worldlings do, giving thy ſum of more
To that which had too much. Then being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
'Tis right, quoth he, thus miſery doth part
The flux of company: anon a careleſs herd,
Full of the paſture, jumps along by him,
And never ſtays to greet him: ay, quoth *Jaques*,
Sweep on, you fat and greaſie citizens,
'Tis juſt the faſhion; wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus moſt invectively he pierceth through
The body of the Country, City, Court,
Yea, and of this our life; ſwearing, that we
Are meer uſurpers, tyrants, and what's worſe,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up
In their aſſign'd and native dwelling place.

Duke Sen. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2 *Lord.* We did, my Lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the ſobbing deer.

Duke Sen. Show me the place;
I love to cope him in theſe ſullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

2 *Lord.* I'll bring you to him ſtraight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* PALACE *again.*

Enter Duke Frederick *with Lords.*

Duke. CAN it be poſſible, that no man ſaw them?
It cannot be; ſome villains of my Court
Are of conſent and ſufferance in this.

1 *Lord.* I cannot hear of any that did ſee her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreaſur'd of their miſtreſs.

2 *Lord.* My Lord, the roynish Clown, at whom ſo oft
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is alſo miſſing:
Hiſperia, the Princeſs' Gentlewoman,

Confeſſes,

Confeſſes, that ſhe ſecretly o'er-heard
Your Daughter and her Couſin much commend
The parts and graces of the Wreſtler,
That did but lately foil the ſinewy *Charles*;
And ſhe believes, where ever they are gone,
That Youth is ſurely in their company.
Duke. Send to his brother, fetch that Gallant hither:
If he be abſent, bring his brother to me,
I'll make him find him; do this ſuddenly;
And let not Search and Inquiſition quail
To bring again theſe fooliſh runaways. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* OLIVER's *Houſe.*

Enter Orlando *and* Adam.

Orla. WHO's there?
Adam. What! my young maſter? oh, my gentle maſter,
Oh, my ſweet maſter, O you memory
Of old Sir *Rowland!* why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, ſtrong, and valiant?
Why would you be ſo fond to overcome
The bonny Priſer of the humorous Duke? (10)

(10) *The* bonny *Priſer of the humourous Duke.*] Mr. *Warburton* adviſes to read,

The boney *Priſer* ——

an Epithet more agreeing with the Wreſtler, who is characteriz'd for his Bulk and Strength; not his Gaiety, Humour, or Affability. I have not diſturb'd the Text, as the other Reading gives Senſe: tho there are ſeveral Paſſages in the Play, which, in good Meaſure, vouch for my Friend's Conjecture. The *Duke* ſays, ſpeaking of the Difference betwixt him and *Orlando*;

You will take little Delight in it, I can tell you, there is ſuch Odds *in the* Man:

And the *Princeſs* ſays to *Orlando*;

Young Gentleman, your Spirits are too bold for your Years: you have ſeen cruel Proof of this Man's Strength.

And again, when they are wreſtling;

I would I were inviſible, to catch the ſtrong *Fellow by the Leg.*

And in another Paſſage he is characteriz'd by the Name of the *ſinewy* Charles.

You

Your Praiſe is come too ſwiftly home before you.
Know you not, maſter, to ſome kind of men
Their graces ſerve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle maſter,
Are ſanctified and holy traitors to you.
Oh, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orla. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth,
Come not within theſe doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother — (no; no brother; yet the ſon, —
Yet not the ſon; I will not call him ſon
Of him I was about to call his father,)
Hath heard your praiſes, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you uſe to lie,
And you within it; if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off;
I overheard him, and his practices:
This is no place, this houſe is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orla. Why, whither, *Adam*, wouldſt thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, ſo you come not here.

Orla. What, wouldſt thou have me go and beg my food?
Or with a baſe, and boiſterous ſword enforce
A thieviſh living on the common road?
This I muſt do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will ſubject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not ſo; I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I ſav'd under your father,
Which I did ſtore, to be my foſter nurſe
When ſervice ſhould in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown;
Take That; and he that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the ſparrow,
Be comfort to my age: here is the gold,
All this I give you, let me be your ſervant;

Tho' I look old, yet I am ſtrong and luſty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did I with unbaſhful forehead woo
The means of weakneſs and debility:
Therefore my age is as a luſty winter,
Froſty, but kindly; let me go with you;
I'll do the ſervice of a younger man
In all your buſineſs and neceſſities.

Orla. Oh! good old man, how well in thee appears
The conſtant ſervice of the antique world;
When ſervice ſweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the faſhion of theſe times,
Where none will ſweat, but for promotion;
And, having That, do choak their ſervice up
Even with the Having; it is not ſo with thee;
But, poor old man, thou prun'ſt a rotten tree,
That cannot ſo much as a bloſſom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry;
But come thy ways, we'll go along together;
And ere we have thy youthful wages ſpent,
We'll light upon ſome ſettled low Content.

Adam. Maſter, go on; and I will follow thee
To the laſt gaſp with truth and loyalty.
From ſeventeen years 'till now almoſt fourſcore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At ſeventeen years Many their fortunes ſeek,
But at fourſcore, it is too late a week;
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better
Than to die well, and not my maſter's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the* FOREST *of* Arden.

Enter Roſalind *in Boys cloaths for* Ganymed, Celia *dreſt like a Shepherdeſs for* Aliena, *and* Clown.

Roſ. O *Jupiter!* how weary are my ſpirits? (11)*

Clo. I care not for my ſpirits, if my legs were not weary.

Roſ. I could find in my heart to diſgrace my man's apparel, and cry like a woman; but I muſt comfort the weaker veſſel, as doublet and hoſe ought to ſhow it ſelf courageous to petticoat; therefore, courage, good *Aliena.*

Cel. I pray you, bear with me, I cannot go no further.

Clo. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you; yet I ſhould bear no Croſs, if I did bear you; for, I think, you have no mony in your purſe.

Roſ. Well, this is the foreſt of *Arden.*

Clo. Ay; now I am in *Arden*, the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers muſt be content.

Roſ. Ay, be ſo, good *Touchſtone*: look you, who comes here; a young man and an old in ſolemn talk.

Enter Corin *and* Silvius.

Cor. That is the way to make her ſcorn you ſtill.

Sil. O *Corin*, that thou knew'ſt how I do love her!

Cor. I partly gueſs; for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No, *Corin*, being old, thou can'ſt not gueſs,
Tho' in thy youth thou waſt as true a lover,
As ever ſigh'd upon a midnight pillow;
But if thy love were ever like to mine,

(11)* O Jupiter! *how* merry *are my Spirits?*] And yet, within the Space of one intervening Line, She ſays, She could find in her Heart to diſgrace her Man's Apparel, and *cry* like a Woman. Sure, this is but a very bad Symptom of the *Briskneſs of Spirits*: rather, a direct Proof of the contrary Diſpoſition. Mr. *Warburton* and I, both, concurr'd in conjecturing it ſhould be, as I have reform'd it in the Text;—— *how* weary *are my Spirits?*

(As, ſure, I think, did never man love ſo)
How many actions moſt ridiculous
Haſt thou been drawn to by thy fantaſie?

Cor. Into a thouſand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didſt then ne'er love ſo heartily;
If thou remember'ſt not the ſlighteſt folly,
That ever love did make thee run into;
Thou haſt not lov'd. ———
Or if thou haſt not ſate as I do now,
Wearying the hearer in thy miſtreſs praiſe,
Thou haſt not lov'd. ——
Or if thou haſt not broke from company,
Abruptly, as my paſſion now makes me;
Thou haſt not lov'd. ———
O *Phebe*, *Phebe*, *Phebe!* [*Exit* Sil.

Roſ. Alas, poor Shepherd! ſearching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found my own.

Clo. And I mine; I remember, when I was in love, I broke my ſword upon a ſtone, and bid him take that for coming a-nights to *Jane Smile*; and I remember the kiſſing of her batlet, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt hands had milk'd; and I remember the wooing of a peaſcod inſtead of her, from whom I took two cods, and giving her them again, ſaid with weeping tears, wear theſe for my ſake. We, that are true lovers, run into ſtrange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, ſo is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Roſ. Thou ſpeak'ſt wiſer, than thou art ware of.

Clo. Nay, I ſhall ne'er be ware of mine own wit, 'till I break my ſhins againſt it.

Roſ. Jove! Jove! this Shepherd's paſſion is much upon my faſhion.

Clo. And mine, but it grows ſomething ſtale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you queſtion yond man,
If he for gold will give us any food;
I faint almoſt to death.

Clo. Holla; you, Clown!

Roſ. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinſman.

Cor. Who calls?

Clo.

Clo. Your Betters, Sir.
Cor. Elſe they are very wretched.
Roſ. Peace, I ſay; good Even to you, friend.
Cor. And to you, gentle Sir, and to you all.
Roſ. I pr'ythee, ſhepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this deſart place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may reſt our ſelves, and feed;
Here's a young maid with travel much oppreſs'd,
And faints for ſuccour.
Cor. Fair Sir, I pity her,
And wiſh, for her ſake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am Shepherd to another man,
And do not ſheer the fleeces that I graze;
My maſter is of churliſh diſpoſition,
And little wreaks to find the way to heav'n
By doing deeds of hoſpitality:
Beſides, his Coate, his flocks, and bounds of feed
Are now on ſale, and at our ſheep-coate now,
By reaſon of his abſence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come ſee;
And in my voice moſt welcome ſhall you be.
Roſ. What is he, that ſhall buy his flock and paſture?
Cor. That young ſwain, that you ſaw here but ere while,
That little cares for buying any thing.
Roſ. I pray thee, if it ſtand with honeſty,
Buy thou the cottage, paſture, and the flock,
And thou ſhalt have to pay for it of us.
Cel. And we will mend thy wages.
I like this place, and willingly could waſte
My time in it.
Cor. Aſſuredly the thing is to be ſold;
Go with me; if you like, upon report,
The ſoil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be;
And buy it with your gold right ſuddenly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a deſart Part of the Foreſt.*

Enter Amiens, Jaques, *and others.*

SONG.

Under the green-wood tree,
Who loves to lye with me,
And tune his merry note,
Unto the ſweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here ſhall he ſee
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monſieur *Jaques.*

Jaq. I thank it; more, I pr'ythee, more; I can ſuck melancholy out of a Song, as a weazel ſucks eggs: more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. My voice is rugged; I know, I cannot pleaſe you.

Jaq. I do not deſire you to pleaſe me, I do deſire you to ſing; come, come, another ſtanzo; call you 'em ſtanzo's?

Ami. What you will, Monſieur *Jaques.*

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names, they owe me nothing. — Will you ſing?

Ami. More at your requeſt, than to pleaſe my ſelf.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you; but That, they call Compliments, is like the encounter of two dog-apes. And when a man thanks me heartily, methinks, I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, ſing; and you that will not, hold your tongues ——

Ami.

Ami. Well, I'll end the ſong. Sirs, cover the while; the Duke will dine under this tree; he hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too diſputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he, but I give heav'n thanks, and make no boaſt of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition ſhun,
And loves to lye i'th' Sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets;
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here ſhall he ſee
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verſe to this note, that I made yeſterday in deſpight of my invention.

Ami. And I'll ſing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes.

If it do come to paſs,
That any man turn aſs;
Leaving his wealth and eaſe
A ſtubborn will to pleaſe,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame; (2)
Here ſhall he ſee
Groſs fools as he,
And if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that ducdame?

Jaq. 'Tis a *Greek* invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go ſleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail againſt all the firſt-born of *Egypt*.

Ami. And I'll go ſeek the Duke: his banquet is prepar'd. [*Exeunt, ſeverally.*

Enter Orlando *and* Adam.

Adam. Dear maſter, I can go no further; O, I die for food! here lye I down, and meaſure out my grave. Farewel, kind maſter.

Orla. Why, how now, *Adam!* no greater heart in thee? live a little; comfort a little; cheer thy ſelf a little. If this uncouth Foreſt yield any thing ſavage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee: thy conceit is nearer death, than thy powers. For my ſake be comfortable, hold death a while at the arm's end: I will be here with thee preſently, and if I bring thee not ſomething to eat, I'll give thee leave to die. But if thou dieſt before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well ſaid, thou look'ſt cheerly. And I'll be with thee quickly; yet thou lieſt in the bleak air. Come, I will bear thee to ſome ſhelter, and thou ſhalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this Deſart. Cheerly, good *Adam.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter Duke Sen. *and Lords.* [*A table ſet out.*

Duke Sen. I think, he is transform'd into a beaſt,
For I can no where find him like a man.

1 *Lord.* My Lord, he is but even now gone hence;
Here was he merry, hearing of a Song.

Duke Sen. If he, compact of jars, grow muſical,
We ſhall have ſhortly diſcord in the ſpheres:
Go, ſeek him; tell him, I would ſpeak with him.

Enter Jaques.

1 *Lord.* He ſaves my labour by his own approach.

Duke Sen. Why, how now, Monſieur, what a life is this,
That your poor friends muſt woo your company?
What! you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool; —— I met a fool i' th' foreſt,
A motley fool; a miſerable *world!

As

* varlet. W.

As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the ſun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good ſet terms, and yet a motley fool.
Good morrow, fool, quoth I: No, Sir, quoth he,
Call me not fool, 'till heaven hath ſent me fortune;
And then he drew a dial from his poak,
And looking on it with lack-luſtre eye,
Says, very wiſely, it is ten a clock:
Thus may we ſee, quoth he, how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago ſince it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And ſo from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools ſhould be ſo deep contemplative:
And I did laugh, ſans intermiſſion,
An hour by his dial. O noble fool,
A worthy fool! motley's the only wear.

Duke Sen. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool! one that hath been a Courtier,
And ſays, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biſket
After a voyage, he hath ſtrange places cram'd
With obſervation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke Sen. Thou ſhalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only ſuit;
Provided, that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion, that grows rank in them,
That I am wiſe. I muſt have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I pleaſe, for ſo fools have;
And they that are moſt gauled with my folly,
They moſt muſt laugh: and why, Sir, muſt they ſo?
The why is plain, as way to pariſh church;

(12) He, whom a fool doth very wiſely hit,
Doth very fooliſhly, although he ſmart,
Not to ſeem ſenſeleſs of the bob. If not,
The wiſe man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the ſquandring glances of a fool.
Inveſt me in my motley, give me leave
To ſpeak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanſe the foul body of th' infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke Sen. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldſt do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but good?

Duke Sen. Moſt miſchievous foul ſin, in chiding ſin:
For thou thy ſelf haſt been a libertine,
As ſenſual as the brutiſh ſting it ſelf;
And all th' emboſſed ſores and headed evils,
That thou with licence of free foot haſt caught,
Would'ſt thou diſgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the Sea,
'Till that the very very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I ſay, the city-woman bears
The coſt of Princes on unworthy ſhoulders?
Who can come in, and ſay, that I mean her;
When ſuch a one as ſhe, ſuch is her neighbour?
Or what is he of baſeſt function,
That ſays, his bravery is not on my coſt;
Thinking, that I mean him; but therein ſutes
His folly to the metal of my ſpeech?
There then; how then? what then? let me ſee wherein

(12) *He, whom a Fool doth very wiſely hit,*
Doth very fooliſhly, although he ſmart,
Seem ſenſeleſs of the bob. If not, &c.] Beſides that the third Verſe is defective one whole *Foot* in Meaſure, the Tenour of what *Jaques* continues to ſay, and the Reaſoning of the Paſſage, ſhew it is no leſs defective in the Senſe. There is no Doubt, but the two little Monoſyllables, which I have ſupply'd, were either by Accident wanting in the *Manuſcript* Copy, or by Inadvertence were left out at *Preſs*.

My

My tongue hath wrong'd him; if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why, then my taxing, like a wild gooſe flies
Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

Enter Orlando, *with Sword drawn.*

Orla. Forbear, and eat no more.———
Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.
Orla. Nor ſhalt not, 'till neceſſity be ſerv'd.
Jaq. Of what kind ſhould this Cock come of?
Duke Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy diſtreſs?
Or elſe a rude deſpiſer of good manners,
That in civility thou ſeem'ſt ſo empty?
Orla. You touch'd my vein at firſt; the thorny point
Of bare diſtreſs hath ta'en from me the ſhew
Of ſmooth civility; yet am I in-land bred,
And know ſome nurture: but forbear, I ſay:
He dies, that touches any of this fruit,
'Till I and my affairs are anſwered.
Jaq. If you will not
Be anſwered with reaſon, I muſt die.
Duke Sen. What would you have? Your gentleneſs ſhall force,
More than your force move us to gentleneſs.
Orla. I almoſt die for food, and let me have it.
Duke Sen. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.
Orla. Speak you ſo gently? pardon me, I pray you;
I thought, that all things had been ſavage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of ſtern commandment. But whate'er you are,
That in this deſart inacceſſible,
Under the ſhade of melancholy boughs,
Loſe and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever ſate at any good man's feaſt;
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;

Let

Let gentleneſs my ſtrong enforcement be,
In the which hope I bluſh, and hide my ſword.
Duke Sen. True is it, that we have ſeen better days;
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;
And ſate at good men's feaſts, and wip'd our eyes
Of drops, that ſacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore ſit you down in gentleneſs,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be miniſtred.
Orla. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary ſtep
Limp'd in pure love; 'till he be firſt ſuffic'd,
Oppreſs'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.
Duke Sen. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waſte 'till you return.
Orla. I thank ye; and be bleſs'd for your good comfort! [*Exit.*
Duke Sen. Thou ſeeſt, we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and univerſal Theatre
Preſents more woful pageants, than the ſcene
Wherein we play in.
Jaq. All the world's a Stage,
And all the men and women meerly Players;
They have their *exits* and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts:
His acts being ſeven ages. At firſt the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurſe's arms:
And then, the whining ſchool-boy with his ſatchel,
And ſhining morning-face, creeping like ſnail
Unwillingly to ſchool. And then, the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his miſtreſs' eye-brow. Then, a ſoldier;
Full of ſtrange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, ſudden and quick in quarrel;
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the juſtice
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,

With

With eyes ſevere, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wiſe ſaws (13) and modern inſtances,
And ſo he Plays his part. The ſixt hage ſhifts
Into the lean and ſlipper'd pantaloon,
With ſpectacles on noſe, and pouch on ſide;
His youthful hoſe well ſav'd, a world too wide
For his ſhrunk ſhank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childiſh treble, pipes,
And whiſtles in his ſound. Laſt Scene of all,
That ends this ſtrange eventful Hiſtory,
Is ſecond childiſhneſs, and meer oblivion,
Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans every thing.

Enter Orlando, *with* Adam.

Duke Sen. Welcome: ſet down your venerable burthen,
And let him feed.
Orla. I thank you moſt for him.
Adam. So had you need,
I ſcarce can ſpeak to thank you for my ſelf.
Duke Sen. Welcome, fall to: I will not trouble you,
As yet to queſtion you about your fortunes.
Give us ſome muſick; and, good couſin, ſing.

S O N G.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not ſo unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not ſo keen,
(e) *Becauſe thou art not ſeen,* [53]
Altho' thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho! ſing, heigh ho! unto the green holly;
Moſt friendſhip is feigning; moſt loving meer folly:
Then heigh ho, the holly!
This life is moſt jolly.

(13) ——— *and* modern *Inſtances,*] It is very obſervable that *Shakeſpeare* uſes *modern* exactly in the manner the *Greeks* uſed νεωτὸς; which ſignifies ſometimes in their Writings *novus, recens*; and ſometimes *abſurdus.* Mr. *Warburton.*

Freeze,

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Tho' thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembred not.
Heigh ho! sing, &c.

Duke Sen. If that you were the good Sir *Rowland's* Son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness,
Most truly limn'd, and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither. I'm the Duke,
That lov'd your Father. The residue of your fortune
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old Man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy master is;
Support him by the arm; give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *The* PALACE.

Enter Duke, *Lords, and* Oliver.

DUKE.

NOT see him since? Sir, Sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present: but look to it;
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle: bring him dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth; or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.

Thy

Thy lands and all things that thou doſt call thine,
Worth ſeizure, do we ſeize into our hands;
'Till thou canſt quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think againſt thee.

Oli. Oh, that your Highneſs knew my heart in this:
I never lov'd my Brother in my life.

Duke. More villain thou. Well, puſh him out of doors;
And let my officers of ſuch a nature
Make an Extent upon his houſe and lands:
Do this expediently, and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* FOREST.

Enter Orlando.

Orla. HAng there, my verſe, in witneſs of my love;
And thou thrice-crowned Queen of Night ſurvey,
With thy chaſte eye, from thy pale ſphere above,
Thy huntreſs' name that my full life doth ſway.
O *Roſalind!* theſe trees ſhall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye, which in this Foreſt looks,
Shall ſee thy virtue witneſs'd every where.
Run, run, *Orlando*, carve, on every tree,
The fair, the chaſte, and unexpreſſive She. [*Exit.*

Enter Corin *and* Clown.

Cor. And how like you this ſhepherd's life, Mr. *Touchſtone?*

Clo. Truly, ſhepherd, in reſpect of it ſelf, it is a good life; but in reſpect that it is a ſhepherd's life, it is naught. In reſpect that it is ſolitary, I like it very well; but in reſpect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in reſpect it is in the fields, it pleaſeth me well; but in reſpect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a ſpare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much againſt my ſtomach. Haſt any philoſophy in thee, ſhepherd?

Cor.

Cor. No more, but that I know, the more one ſickens, the worſe at eaſe he is: and that he, that wants mony, means, and content, is without three good friends. That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: that good paſture makes fat ſheep; and that a great cauſe of the night, is lack of the Sun: that he, that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

gross. W.

Clo. Such a one is a natural philoſopher. Waſt ever in Court, ſhepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Clo. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope ——

Clo. Truly, thou art damn'd, like an ill-roaſted egg, all on one ſide.

Cor. For not being at Court? your reaſon.

Clo. Why, if thou never waſt at Court, thou never ſaw'ſt good manners; if thou never ſaw'ſt good manners, then thy manners muſt be wicked; and wickedneſs is ſin, and ſin is damnation: thou art in a parlous ſtate, ſhepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, *Touchſtone*: thoſe, that are good manners at the Court, are as ridiculous in the Country, as the behaviour of the Country is moſt mockable at the Court. You told me, you ſalute not at the Court, but you kiſs your hands; that courteſie would be uncleanly, if Courtiers were ſhepherds.

Clo. Inſtance, briefly; come, inſtance.

Cor. Why, we are ſtill handling our ewes; and their fels, you know, are greaſie.

Clo. Why, do not your Courtiers hands ſweat? and is not the greaſe of a mutton as wholſome as the ſweat of a man? ſhallow, ſhallow; —— a better inſtance, I ſay: come.

Cor. Beſides, our hands are hard.

Clo. Your lips will feel them the ſooner. Shallow again: —— a more ſounder inſtance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the ſurgery of our ſheep; and would you have us kiſs tar? the Courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Clo.

Clo. Moſt ſhallow man! thou worms-meat, in reſpect of a good piece of fleſh, indeed! learn of the wiſe and perpend; civet is of a baſer birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the inſtance, ſhepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll reſt.

Clo. Wilt thou reſt damn'd? God help thee, ſhallow man; God make inciſion in thee, thou art raw. [152]

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer, I earn that I eat; get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happineſs; glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and the greateſt of my pride is, to ſee my ewes graze, and my lambs ſuck.

Clo. That is another ſimple ſin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together; and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be a bawd to a bell-weather; and to betray a ſhe-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated old cuckoldly ram, out of all reaſonable match. If thou be'ſt not damn'd for this, the devil himſelf will have no ſhepherds; I cannot ſee elſe how thou ſhould'ſt 'ſcape.

Cor. Here comes young Mr. *Ganymed*, my new miſtreſs's brother.

Enter Roſalind, *with a paper.*

Roſ. *From the eaſt to weſtern* Inde,
No jewel is like Roſalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Roſalind.
All the pictures faireſt lin'd,
Are but black to Roſalind;
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the face of Roſalind.

Clo. I'll rhime you ſo, eight years together; dinners, and ſuppers, and ſleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to market. f

Roſ. Out, fool!

Clo. For a taſte.——

(14) *If a hart doth lack a hind,*
Let him ſeek out Roſalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be ſure, will Roſalind.
Winter garments muſt be lin'd,
So muſt ſlender Roſalind.
They, that reap, muſt ſheaf and bind;
Then to Cart with Roſalind.
Sweeteſt nut hath ſowreſt rind,
Such a nut is Roſalind.
He that ſweeteſt roſe will find,
Muſt find love's prick, and Roſalind.

This is the very falſe gallop of verſes; why do you infect your ſelf with them?

Roſ. Peace, you dull fool, I found them on a tree.

Clo. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Roſ. I'll graff it with you, and then I ſhall graff it with a medler; then it will be the earlieſt fruit i' th' country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medler.

Clo. You have ſaid; but whether wiſely or no, let
14] the Foreſt judge.

Enter Celia, *with a writing.*

Roſ. Peace, here comes my Siſter reading; ſtand aſide.

Cel. *Why ſhould this a Deſart be,*
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That ſhall civil ſayings ſhow.
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage;

(14) *If a Hart doth lack a hind,* &c.] The Poet, in arraigning this Species of Verſification, ſeems not only to ſatirize the Mode, that ſo much prevail'd in his Time, of writing Sonnets and Madrigals; but tacitly to ſneer the Levity of Dr. *Thomas Lodge*, a grave Phyſician in Queen *Elizabeth*'s Reign, who was very fertil of Paſtoral Songs; and who wrote a whole Book of Poems in the Praiſe of his Miſtreſs, whom he calls *Roſalind.*

That

That the ſtretching of a ſpan
Buckles in his ſum of age;
Some of violated vows,
'Twixt the ſouls of friend and friend;
But upon the faireſt boughs,
Or at every ſentence end,
Will I Roſalinda *write;*
Teaching all, that read, to know,
This Quinteſſence of every Sprite
Heaven would in little ſhow.
Therefore heaven nature charg'd,
That one body ſhould be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd;
Nature preſently diſtill'd
Helen's *cheeks, but not her heart;*
Cleopatra's *majeſty;*
Atalanta's *better part;*
Sad Lucretia's *modeſty.*
Thus Roſalind *of many parts*
By heav'nly ſynod was devis'd;
Of many faces, eyes and hearts,
To have the Touches deareſt priz'd.
Heav'n would that ſhe theſe gifts ſhould have,
And I to live and die her ſlave.

Roſ. O moſt gentle *Jupiter!* — what tedious homily of love have you wearied your Pariſhioners withal, and never cry'd, have patience, good people? [17]

Cel. How now? back-friends! ſhepherd, go off a little: go with him, ſirrah.

Clo. Come, ſhepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; tho' not with bag and baggage, yet with ſcrip and ſcrippage. [*Exeunt* Cor. *and* Clown.

Cel. Didſt thou hear theſe verſes?

Roſ. O yes, I heard them all, and more too; for ſome of them had in them more feet than the verſes would bear.

Cel. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verſes.

Roſ. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themſelves without the verſe, and therefore ſtood lamely in the verſe.

Cel. But didſt thou hear without wondring, how thy name ſhould be hang'd and carv'd upon theſe trees?

Roſ. I was ſeven of the nine days out of wonder, before you came: for, look here, what I found on a palm-tree; I was never ſo be-rhimed ſince *Pythagoras*'s time, that I was an *Iriſh* rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Tro you, who hath done this?

Roſ. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: Change you colour?

Roſ. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and ſo encounter.

Roſ. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it poſſible?

Roſ. Nay, I pr'ythee now, with moſt petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and moſt wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping ——

Roſ. (15) Odd's, my complexion! doſt thou think, though I am capariſon'd like a man, I have a doublet and hoſe in my diſpoſition? (16) One inch of delay more is a South-ſea off diſcovery. I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it; quickly, and ſpeak apace; I would thou could'ſt ſtammer, that thou might'ſt pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or

(15) Good *my Complexion, doſt thou think* &c. —] This is a Mode of Expreſſion, that I could not reconcile to Common Senſe; I have therefore ventur'd by a ſlight Change to read, *Odd's, my Complexion!* So, in another Scene of this Comedy, *Roſalind* again ſays;

Odd's, *my little Life!*

And, again;

——'Odd's, *my Will!*

Her Love is not the Hare that I do hunt.

(16) *One Inch of Delay more is a South-ſea* of *Diſcovery*;] A South-ſea of Diſcovery: This is ſtark Nonſenſe; We muſt read — *off* Diſcovery. i. e. from Diſcovery. "If you delay me one Inch of Time longer, I "ſhall think this Secret as far from Diſcovery as the *South-ſea* is."

none

none at all. I pr'ythee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Roſ. Is he of God's making? what manner of man? is his head worth a hat? or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Roſ. Why, God will ſend more, if the man will be thankful; let me ſtay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young *Orlando*, that tripp'd up the wreſtler's heels and your heart both in an inſtant.

Roſ. Nay, but the devil take mocking; ſpeak, ſad brow, and true maid.

Cel. I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

Roſ. Orlando!

Cel. Orlando.

Roſ. Alas the day, what ſhall I do with my doublet and hoſe? what did he, when thou ſaw'ſt him? what ſaid he? how look'd he? wherein went he? what makes he here? did he ask for me? where remains he? how parted he with thee? and when ſhalt thou ſee him again? anſwer me in one word.

Cel. You muſt borrow me *Garagantua*'s mouth firſt; 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's ſize: to ſay, ay, and no, to theſe particulars, is more than to anſwer in a catechiſm.

Roſ. But doth he know that I am in this Foreſt, and in man's apparel? looks he as freſhly as he did the day he wreſtled?

Cel. It is as eaſie to count atoms, as to reſolve the propoſitions of a lover: but take a taſte of my finding him, and reliſh it with good obſervance. I found him under a tree like a dropp'd acorn.

Roſ. It may well be call'd *Jove*'s tree, when it drops forth ſuch fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good Madam.

Roſ. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he ſtretch'd along like a wounded Knight.

Roſ. Tho' it be pity to ſee ſuch a ſight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets unſeaſonably. He was furniſh'd like a hunter.

Roſ. O ominous, he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would ſing my ſong without a burthen; thou bring'ſt me out of tune.

Roſ. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I muſt ſpeak: Sweet, ſay on.

Enter Orlando *and* Jaques.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft, comes he not here?

Roſ. 'Tis he; ſlink by, and note him.

[Cel. *and* Roſ. *retire.*

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been my ſelf alone.

Orla. And ſo had I; but yet for faſhion ſake, I thank you too for your ſociety.

Jaq. God b'w' you, let's meet as little as we can.

Orla. I do deſire we may be better ſtrangers.

Jaq. I pray you, marr no more trees with writing love-ſongs in their barks.

Orla. (17) I pray you, marr no more of my Verſes with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. *Roſalind*, is your love's name?

Orla. Yes, juſt.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orla. There was no thought of pleaſing you, when ſhe was chriſten'd.

Jaq. What ſtature is ſhe of?

Orla. Juſt as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty anſwers; have you not been acquainted with goldſmiths wives, and conn'd them out of rings?

Orla. Not ſo: (18) but I anſwer you right painted cloth, from whence you have ſtudied your queſtions.

Jaq.

(17) *I pray You,* marr *no more of* my *Verſes with* reading *them* ill-favouredly.] The Poet ſeems to have had in his Eye this Diſtich of *Martial*; Lib. I. Epigr. 39.

Quem recitas, meus *eſt, o* Fidentine, *libellus*;
Sed malè *dum* recitas, *incipit eſſe tuus.*

(18) *But I anſwer you right* painted Cloth.] This alludes to the Faſhion, in old Tapeſtry Hangings, of Motto's and moral Sentences from the

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I think, it was made of *Atalanta*'s heels. Will you ſit down with me, and we two will rail againſt our miſtreſs, the world, and all our miſery.

Orla. I will chide no breather in the world but my ſelf, againſt whom I know moſt faults.

Jaq. The worſt fault you have, is to be in love.

Orla. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your beſt virtue; I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was ſeeking for a fool, when I found you.

Orla. He is drown'd in the brook; look but in, and you ſhall ſee him.

Jaq. There I ſhall ſee mine own figure.

Orla. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.

Jaq. I'll ſtay no longer with you; farewel, good Signior love! [*Exit.*

Orla. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good Monſieur melancholy! [Cel. *and* Roſ. *come forward.*

Roſ. I will ſpeak to him like a ſawcy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him: do you hear, foreſter?

Orla. Very well; what would you?

Roſ. I pray you, what is't a clock?

Orla. You ſhould ask me, what time o' day; there's no clock in the Foreſt.

Roſ. Then there is no true lover in the Foreſt; elſe, ſighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

Orla. And why not the ſwift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Roſ. By no means, Sir: time travels in divers paces, with divers perſons; I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he ſtands ſtill withal?

Orla. I pr'ythee, whom doth he trot withal?

the Mouths of the Figures work'd or painted in them. The Poet again hints at this Cuſtom in his Poem, call'd, *Tarquin* and *Lucrece*:

Who fears a Sentence, or an Old Man's Saw,
Shall by a painted Cloth *be kept in Awe.*

Roſ. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is ſolemniz'd: if the interim be but a ſennight, time's pace is ſo hard that it ſeems the length of ſeven years.

Orla. Who ambles time withal?

Roſ. With a prieſt that lacks *Latine*, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one ſleeps eaſily, becauſe he cannot ſtudy; and the other lives merrily, becauſe he feels no pain: the one lacking the burthen of lean and waſteful learning; the other knowing no burthen of heavy tedious penury. Theſe time ambles withal.

Orla. Whom doth he gallop withal?

Roſ. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as ſoftly as foot can fall, he thinks himſelf too ſoon there.

Orla. Whom ſtays it ſtill withal?

Roſ. With lawyers in the vacation; for they ſleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orla. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Roſ. With this ſhepherdeſs, my ſiſter; here in the skirts of the foreſt, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orla. Are you native of this place?

Roſ. As the cony, that you ſee dwell where ſhe is kindled.

Orla. Your accent is ſomething finer, than you could purchaſe in ſo removed a dwelling.

Roſ. I have been told ſo of many; but, indeed, an old religious Uncle of mine taught me to ſpeak, who was in his youth an inland man, one that knew courtſhip too well; for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures againſt it; I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touch'd with ſo many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole ſex withal.

Orla. Can you remember any of the principal evils, that he laid to the charge of women?

Roſ. There were none principal, they were all like one another, as half pence are; every one fault ſeeming monſtrous, 'till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orla.

Orla. I pr'ythee, recount ſome of them.

Roſ. No; I will not caſt away my phyſick, but on thoſe that are ſick. There is a man haunts the Foreſt, that abuſes our young Plants with carving *Roſalind* on their barks; hangs Odes upon hawthorns, and Elegies on brambles; all, forſooth, deifying the name of *Roſalind*. If I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him ſome good counſel, for he ſeems to have the Quotidian of love upon him.

Orla. I am he, that is ſo love-ſhak'd; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Roſ. There is none of my Uncle's marks upon you; he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of ruſhes, I am ſure, you are not priſoner.

Orla. What were his marks?

Roſ. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and ſunken, which you have not; an unqueſtionable ſpirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; —— but I pardon you for that, for ſimply your Having in beard is a younger Brother's revenue; —— then your hoſe ſhould be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your ſleeve unbutton'd, your ſhoo untied, and every thing about you demonſtrating a careleſs deſolation; but you are no ſuch man, you are rather point-device in your accoutrements, as loving your ſelf, than ſeeming the lover of any other.

Orla. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Roſ. Me believe it? you may as ſoon make her, that you love, believe it; which, I warrant, ſhe is apter to do, than to confeſs ſhe does; that is one of the points, in the which women ſtill give the lie to their conſciences. But, in good ſooth, are you he that hangs the Verſes on the trees, wherein *Roſalind* is ſo admired?

Orla. I ſwear to thee, youth, by the white hand of *Roſalind*, I am That he, that unfortunate he.

Roſ. But are you ſo much in love, as your rhimes ſpeak?

Orla. Neither rhime nor reaſon can expreſs how much.

Roſ. Love is meerly a madneſs, and, I tell you, deſerves as well a dark houſe and a whip, as mad men do: and the reaſon why they are not ſo puniſh'd and cured, is, that the lunacy is ſo ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: yet I profeſs curing it by counſel.

Orla. Did you ever cure any ſo?

Roſ. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his miſtreſs: and I ſet him every day to wooe me. At which time would I, being but a mooniſh youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantaſtical, apiſh, ſhallow, inconſtant, full of tears, full of ſmiles; for every paſſion ſomething, and for no paſſion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the moſt part cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forſwear him; now weep for him, then ſpit at him; that I drave my ſuitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madneſs; which was, to forſwear the full ſtream of the world, and to live in a nook meerly monaſtick; and thus I cur'd him, and this way will I take upon me to waſh your liver as clear as a ſound ſheep's heart, that there ſhall not be one ſpot of love in't.

Orla. I would not be cur'd, youth.

Roſ. I would cure you if you would but call me *Roſalind*, and come every day to my cotte, and wooe me.

Orla. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

Roſ. Go with me to it, and I will ſhew it you; and, by the way, you ſhall tell me where in the Foreſt you live: will you go?

Orla. With all my heart, good youth.

Roſ. Nay, nay, you muſt call me *Roſalind:* come, ſiſter, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

Enter Clown, Audrey *and* Jaques.

Clo. Come apace, good *Audrey*, I will fetch up your goats, *Audrey*; and now, *Audrey*, am I the man yet? doth my ſimple feature content you?

Aud. Your features, lord warrant us; what features?

Clo.

Clo. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the moſt capricious poet honeſt *Ovid* was among the *Goths*.

Jaq. O knowledge ill-inhabited, worſe than *Jove* in a thatch'd houſe!

Clo. When a man's verſes cannot be underſtood, nor a man's good Wit ſeconded with the forward child, Underſtanding; it ſtrikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room; truly, I would the Gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is; is it honeſt in deed and word; is it a true thing?

Clo. No, truly; for the trueſt poetry is the moſt feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they ſwear in poetry, may be ſaid, as lovers, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wiſh then, that the Gods had made me poetical?

Clo. I do, truly; for thou ſwear'ſt to me, thou art honeſt: now if thou wert a poet, I might have ſome hope thou didſt feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honeſt?

Clo. No, truly, unleſs thou wert hard-favour'd; for honeſty coupled to beauty, is, to have honey a ſawce to ſugar.

Jaq. A material fool!

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the Gods make me honeſt!

Clo. Truly, and to caſt away honeſty upon a foul ſlut, were to put good meat into an unclean diſh.

Aud. I am not a ſlut, though I thank the Gods I am foul.

Clo. Well, praiſed be the Gods for thy foulneſs; ſluttiſhneſs may come hereafter: but be it as it may be, I will marry thee; and to that end I have been with Sir *Oliver Mar-text*, the vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meet me in this place of the foreſt, and to couple us.

Jaq. I would fain ſee this meeting.

Aud. Well, the Gods give us joy.

Clo.

Clo. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, ſtagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no aſſembly but horn-beaſts. But what tho'? courage. As horns are odious, they are neceſſary. It is ſaid, many a man knows no end of his goods: right: many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife, 'tis none of his own getting; horns? even ſo —— poor men alone? —— no, no, the nobleſt deer hath them as huge as the raſcal: is the ſingle man therefore bleſſed? no. As a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, ſo is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a batchelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, ſo much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Here comes Sir *Oliver:* Sir *Oliver Mar-text*, you are well met. Will you diſpatch us here under this tree, or ſhall we go with you to your Chappel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Clo. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, ſhe muſt be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. Proceed, proceed! I'll give her.

Clo. Good even, good maſter *what ye call:* how do you, Sir? you are very well met: God'ild you for your laſt company, I am very glad to ſee you; even a toy in hand here, Sir: nay; pray, be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, *Motley?*

Clo. As the ox hath his bow, Sir, the horſe his curb, and the faulcon his bells, ſo man hath his deſire; and as pidgeons bill, ſo wedlock would be nibling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a buſh like a beggar? get you to church, and have a good prieſt that can tell you what marriage is; this fellow will but join you together, as they join wainſcot; then one of you will prove a ſhrunk pannel, and like green timber, warp, warp.

Clo.

Clo. I am not in the mind, but I were better to be married of him than of another; for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuſe for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counſel thee.

Clo. Come, ſweet *Audrey*, we muſt be married, or we muſt live in bawdry: farewell, good Mr. *Oliver*; not O ſweet *Oliver*, O brave *Oliver*, leave me not behind thee: but wind away, begone I ſay, I will not to wedding with thee.

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantaſtical knave of them all ſhall flout me out of my Calling. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Cottage in the* Foreſt.

Enter Roſalind *and* Celia.

Roſ. NEver talk to me, I will weep.

Cel. Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to conſider, that tears do not become a man.

Roſ. But have I not cauſe to weep?

Cel. As good cauſe as one would deſire, therefore weep.

Roſ. His very hair is of the diſſembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than *Judas*'s: marry, his kiſſes are *Judas*'s own children.

Roſ. I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your cheſnut was ever the only colour.

Roſ. (19) And his kiſſing is as full of ſanctity, as the touch of holy Beard.

(19) *And his kiſſing is as full of Sanctity, as the Touch of holy* Bread.] Tho' this be the Reading of the oldeſt Copies, I have made no Scruple to ſubſtitute an Emendation of Mr. *Warburton*, which mightily adds to the Propriety of the *Similie*. What can the Poet be ſuppos'd to mean by *holy Bread?* Not the *Sacramental*, ſure; that would have been Prophanation, upon a Subject of ſo much Levity. But *holy Beard* very beautifully alludes to the Kiſs of a holy *Saint*, which the Antients call'd the *Kiſs of Charity*. And for *Roſalind* to ſay, that *Orlando* kiſs'd as holily as a Saint, renders the Compariſon very juſt.

Cel.

Cel. (20) He hath bought a pair of caſt lips of *Diana*; a nun of Winter's ſiſterhood kiſſes not more religiouſly; the very ice of chaſtity is in them.

Roſ. But why did he ſwear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Roſ. Do you think ſo?

Cel. Yes; I think, he is not a pick-purſe, nor a horſe-ſtealer; but for his verity in love, I do think [60] him as concave as a cover'd goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

Roſ. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but, I think, he is not in.

Roſ. You have heard him ſwear downright, he was.

Cel. Was, is not is; beſides, the oath of a lover is no ſtronger than the word of a tapſter; they are both the confirmers of falſe reckonings; he attends here in the Foreſt on the Duke your Father.

Roſ. I met the Duke yeſterday, and had much queſtion with him: he askt me, of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; ſo he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is ſuch a man as *Orlando?*

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verſes, ſpeaks brave words, ſwears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite travers athwart the heart of his lover; as a puiſny tilter, that ſpurs his horſe but one

(20) *He hath bought a pair of* chaſt *Lips of* Diana; *a Nun of* Winter's *Siſterhood kiſſes not more religiouſly; the very Ice of Chaſtity is in them*] This Pair of *chaſt Lips* is a Corruption as Old as the ſecond Edition in *Folio*; I have reſtor'd with the firſt *Folio*, a Pair of *caſt* Lips, i. e. a Pair left off by *Diana*.—— Again, what Idea does a Nun of *Winter*'s Siſterhood give us? Tho' I have not ventur'd to diſturb the Text, it ſeems more probable to me that the Poet wrote;

A Nun of Winifred's *Siſterhood*, &c.

Not, indeed, that there was any real religious Order of that Denomination: but the Legend of St. *Winifred* is this. She was a Chriſtian Virgin at *Holywell* a ſmall Town in *Flintſhire*, ſo tenacious of her Chaſtity, that when a tyrannous Governour laid Siege to her, he could not reduce her to Compliance, but was oblig'd to raviſh, and afterwards beheaded her in Revenge of her Obſtinacy. *Vid.* Cambden's Britannia *by Dr.* Gibſon p. 688. This Tradition ſuits very well with our Poet's Allusion.

ſide,

ſide, breaks his ſtaff like a noble gooſe; but all's brave that youth mounts, and folly guides: who comes here? o.

Enter Corin.

Cor. Miſtreſs and maſter, you have oft enquir'd
After the ſhepherd that complain'd of love,
Whom you ſaw ſitting by me on the turf,
Praiſing the proud diſdainful ſhepherdeſs
That was his miſtreſs.
Cel. Well; and what of him?
Cor. If you will ſee a pageant truly plaid
Between the pale complexion of true love,
And the red glow of ſcorn and proud diſdain;
Go hence a little, and I ſhall conduct you,
If you will mark it.
Roſ. O come, let us remove;
The ſight of lovers feedeth thoſe in love:
Bring us but to this ſight, and you ſhall ſay
I'll prove a buſy Actor in their Play. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to another part of the* Foreſt.

Enter Silvius *and* Phebe.

Sil. SWeet *Phebe*, do not ſcorn me; do not, *Phebe*;
Say, that you love me not; but ſay not ſo
In bitterneſs; the common executioner,
Whoſe heart th' accuſtom'd ſight of death makes hard,
Falls not the ax upon the humbled neck,
But firſt begs pardon: (21) will you ſterner be
Than he that deals, and lives by bloody drops?

Enter Roſalind, Celia *and* Corin.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.

(21) ——— *will you ſterner be,*
Than He that dies *and lives by bloody Drops?*]
This is ſpoken of the Executioner. He *lives*, indeed, by bloody Drops, if you will: but how does he *dye* by bloody Drops? The Poet muſt certainly have wrote —— *that* deals *and lives* &c. i. e. that gets his Bread, and makes a Trade of cutting off Heads. Mr. *Warburton.*

Thou

Thou tell'ſt me, there is murther in mine eyes;
'Tis pretty, ſure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'ſt and ſofteſt things,
Who ſhut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murtherers! ——
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart,
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to ſwoon; why, now fall down;
Or if thou can'ſt not, oh, for ſhame, for ſhame,
Lie not, to ſay mine eyes are murtherers.
Now ſhew the wound mine eyes have made in thee;
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some ſcar of it; lean but upon a ruſh,
The cicatrice and capable impreſſure
Thy palm ſome moment keeps: but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am ſure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear *Phebe*,
If ever (as that ever may be near)
You meet in ſome freſh cheek the power of fancy,
Then ſhall you know the wounds inviſible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But, 'till that time,
Come not thou near me; and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As, 'till that time, I ſhall not pity thee.

Roſ. And why, I pray you? who might be your mother,
(22) That you inſult, exult, and rail, at once
Over the wretched? (23)*what though you have beauty, (As,

(22) *That you inſult, exult, and* all *at once*
Over the wretched?] If the Speaker only intended to accuſe the Perſon ſpoken to, for inſulting and exulting, inſtead of —— *all* at once, it ought to have been, *both* at once. But on examining, according to Fact, the Crime of the Perſon accus'd, we ſhall find, We ought to read the Line thus;

That you inſult, exult, and rail, *at once* &c.

For theſe three things *Phebe* was guilty of. Mr. *Warburton.*

(23)* —— *What though you have* no *Beauty,*] Tho' all the printed Copies agree in this Reading, it is very accurately obſerv'd to me by an inge-

(As, by my faith, I ſee no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,)
Muſt you be therefore proud and pitileſs?
Why, what means this? why do you look on me?
I ſee no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's ſale-work: odds, my little life!
I think, ſhe means to tangle mine eyes too:
No, faith, proud miſtreſs, hope not after it;
'Tis not your inky brows, your black ſilk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my ſpirits to your worſhip.
You fooliſh ſhepherd, wherefore do you follow her
Like foggy South puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thouſand times a properer man,
Than ſhe a woman. 'Tis ſuch fools as you,
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children;
'Tis not her glaſs, but you, that flatter her;
And out of you ſhe ſees her ſelf more proper,
Than any of her lineaments can ſhow her.
But, miſtreſs, know your ſelf; down on your knees,
And thank heav'n, faſting, for a good man's love;
For I muſt tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can, you are not for all markets.
Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer,
Foul is moſt foul, being foul to be a ſcoffer: *found W.*
So take her to thee, ſhepherd; fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together;
I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

Roſ. He's fallen in love with your foulneſs, and ſhe'll fall in love with my anger. If it be ſo, as faſt as ſhe anſwers thee with frowning looks, I'll ſauce her with bitter words: Why look you ſo upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Roſ. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falſer than vows made in wine;
Beſides, I like you not. If you will know my houſe,

ingenious unknown Correſpondent, who ſigns himſelf L. H. (and to Whom I can only here make my Acknowledgments) that the *Negative* ought to be left out.

'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by:
Will you go, ſiſter? ſhepherd, ply her hard:
Come, ſiſter; ſhepherdeſs, look on him better,
And be not proud; tho' all the world could ſee, ye,
None could be ſo abus'd in ſight as he.
Come, to our flock. [*Exit.*

Phe. Dead ſhepherd, now I find thy Saw of might;
"Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at firſt ſight?

Sil. Sweet *Phebe!*

Phe. Hah: what ſay'ſt thou, *Silvius?*

Sil. Sweet *Phebe*, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am ſorry for thee, gentle *Silvius.*

Sil. Where-ever ſorrow is, relief would be;
If you do ſorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your ſorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou haſt my love; is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were Covetouſneſs.
Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I bear thee love;
But ſince that thou canſt talk of love ſo well,
Thy company, which erſt was irkſome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompence,
Than thine own gladneſs that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy and ſo perfect is my love,
And I in ſuch a poverty of grace,
That I ſhall think it a moſt plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harveſt reaps: looſe now and then
A ſcatter'd ſmile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'ſt thou the youth, that ſpoke to me ere-while?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds,
That the old *Carlot* once was maſter of.

Phe. Think not, I love him, tho' I ask for him;
'Tis but a peeviſh boy, yet he talks well.
But what care I for words? yet words do well,

When

When he, that ſpeaks them, pleaſes thoſe that hear:
It is a pretty youth, not very pretty;
But, ſure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him;
He'll make a proper man; the beſt thing in him
Is his complexion; and faſter than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up:
He is not very tall, yet for his years he's tall;
His leg is but ſo ſo, and yet 'tis well;
There was a pretty redneſs in his lip,
A little riper, and more luſty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas juſt the difference
Betwixt the conſtant red and mingled damask.
There be ſome women, *Silvius*, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him; but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cauſe to hate him than to love him;
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He ſaid, mine eyes were black, and my hair black:
And, now I am remembred, ſcorn'd at me;
I marvel, why I anſwer'd not again;
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou ſhalt bear it; wilt thou, *Silvius?*

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it ſtraight;
The matter's in my head, and in my heart,
I will be bitter with him, and paſſing ſhort:
Go with me, *Silvius*. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE *continues in the* FOREST.

Enter Roſalind, Celia, *and* Jaques.

JAQUES.

I Pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Roſ. They ſay, you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am ſo; I do love it better than laughing.

Roſ. Thoſe, that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellows; and betray themſelves to every modern cenſure, worſe than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be ſad, and ſay nothing.

Roſ. Why then, 'tis good to be a poſt.

Jaq. I have neither the ſcholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the muſician's, which is fantaſtical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the ſoldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politick; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all theſe; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many ſimples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the ſundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a moſt humorous ſadneſs.

Roſ. A traveller! by my faith, you have great reaſon to be ſad: I fear, you have ſold your own lands, to ſee other mens; then, to have ſeen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

Enter Orlando.

Roſ. And your experience makes you ſad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me ſad, and to travel for it too.

Orla.

Orla. Good day, and happineſs, dear *Roſalind!*

Jaq. Nay, then God b'w'y you, an you talk in blank verſe. [*Exit.*

Roſ. Farewel, monſieur traveller; look, you liſp, and wear ſtrange ſuits; diſable all the benefits of your own Country; be out of love with your nativity, and almoſt chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will ſcarce think, you have ſwam in a Gondola. Why, how now, *Orlando*, where have you been all this while? You a lover? an you ſerve me ſuch another trick, never come in my ſight more.

Orla. My fair *Roſalind*, I come within an hour of my promiſe.

Roſ. Break an hour's promiſe in love? he that will divide a minute into a thouſand parts, and break but a part of the thouſandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be ſaid of him, that *Cupid* hath clapt him o'th' ſhoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orla. Pardon me, dear *Roſalind.*

Roſ. Nay, an you be ſo tardy, come no more in my ſight; I had as lief be woo'd of a ſnail.

Orla. Of a ſnail?

Roſ. Ay, of a ſnail; for tho' he comes ſlowly, he carries his houſe on his head: a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman; beſides, he brings his deſtiny with him.

Orla. What's that?

Roſ. Why, horns; which ſuch as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for; but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the ſlander of his wife.

Orla. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my *Roſalind* is virtuous.

Roſ. And I am your *Roſalind.*

Cel. It pleaſes him to call you ſo; but he hath a *Roſalind* of a better leer than you.

Roſ. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holyday humour, and like enough to conſent: what would you ſay to me now, an I were your very, very *Roſalind?*

Orla. I would kiſs, before I ſpoke.

Roſ. Nay, you were better ſpeak firſt, and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take occaſion to kiſs. Very good orators, when they are out, they will ſpit; and for lovers lacking, God warn us, matter, the cleanlieſt ſhift is to kiſs.

Orla. How if the kiſs be denied?

Roſ. Then ſhe puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orla. Who could be out, being before his beloved miſtreſs?

Roſ. Marry, that ſhould you, if I were your miſtreſs; or I ſhould think my honeſty ranker than my wit.

Orla. What, of my ſuit?

Roſ. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your ſuit. Am not I your *Roſalind?*

Orla. I take ſome joy to ſay, you are; becauſe I would be talking of her.

Roſ. Well, in her perſon, I ſay, I will not have you.

Orla. Then in mine own perſon I die.

Roſ. No, faith, die by attorney; the poor world is almoſt ſix thouſand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own perſon, *videlicet*, in a love-cauſe: *Troilus* had his brains daſh'd out with a *Grecian* club, yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. *Leander*, he would have liv'd many a fair year, tho' *Hero* had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midſummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to waſh in the *Helleſpont*, and, being taken with the cramp, was
p. drown'd; and the fooliſh chroniclers of that age found it was, —— *Hero* of *Seſtos*. But theſe are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orla. I would not have my right *Roſalind* of this mind; for, I proteſt, her frown might kill me.

Roſ. By this hand, it will not kill a flie; but come; now I will be your *Roſalind* in a more coming-on diſpoſition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orla. Then love me, *Roſalind.*

Roſ. Yes, faith, will I, *Fridays* and *Saturdays*, and all.

Orla.

Orla. And wilt thou have me?

Roſ. Ay, and twenty ſuch.

Orla. What ſay'ſt thou?

Roſ. Are you not good?

Orla. I hope ſo.

Roſ. Why then, can one deſire too much of a good thing? come, ſiſter, you ſhall be the prieſt, and marry us. Give me your hand, *Orlando:* what do you ſay, Siſter?

Orla. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot ſay the words.

Roſ. You muſt begin,——Will you, *Orlando*——

Cel. Go to; will you, *Orlando*, have to wife this *Roſalind?*

Orla. I will.

Roſ. Ay, but when?

Orla. Why now, as faſt as ſhe can marry us.

Roſ. Then you muſt ſay, I take thee *Roſalind* for wife.

Orla. I take thee *Roſalind* for wife.

Roſ. I might ask you for your commiſſion, but I do take thee *Orlando* for my husband: there's a girl goes before the prieſt, and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orla. So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

Roſ. Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have poſſeſt her.

Orla. For ever and a day,

Roſ. Say a day, without the ever: no, no, *Orlando*, men are *April* when they woo, *December* when they wed: maids are *May* when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives; I will be more jealous of thee than a *Barbary* cock-pidgeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot againſt rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my deſires than a monkey; I will weep for nothing, like *Diana* in the fountain; and I will do that, when you are diſpos'd to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when you are inclin'd to ſleep.

Orla. But will my *Roſalind* do ſo?

weep. W.

Roſ. By my life, ſhe will do as I do.

Orla. O, but ſhe is wiſe.

Roſ. Or elſe ſhe could not have the wit to do this; the wiſer, the waywarder: make the doors faſt upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the caſement; ſhut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; ſtop that, it will fly with the ſmoak out at the chimney.

Orla. A man that had a wife with ſuch a wit, he might ſay, Wit, whither wilt?

Roſ. Nay, you might keep that check for it, 'till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orla. And what wit could wit have to excuſe that?

Roſ. Marry, to ſay ſhe came to ſeek you there: you ſhall never take her without her anſwer, unleſs you take her without her tongue. O that woman, that cannot make her fault her husband's occaſion, let her never nurſe her child her ſelf, for ſhe will breed it like a fool!

Orla. For theſe two hours, *Roſalind*, I will leave thee.

Roſ. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orla. I muſt attend the Duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Roſ. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove, my friends told me as much, and I thought no leſs; that flattering tongue of yours won me; 'tis but one caſt away, and ſo come death: two o'th' clock is your hour!

Orla. Ay, ſweet *Roſalind*.

Roſ. By my troth, and in good earneſt, and ſo God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promiſe, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the moſt pathetical break-promiſe, and the moſt hollow lover, and the moſt unworthy of her you call *Roſalind*, that may be choſen out of the groſs band of the unfaithful; therefore beware my cenſure, and keep your promiſe.

Orla. With no leſs religion, than if thou wert indeed my *Roſalind*; ſo adieu.

Roſ.

Roſ. Well, time is the old Juſtice that examines all ſuch offenders, and let time try. Adieu! [*Exit* Orla.

Cel. You have ſimply miſus'd our ſex in your love-prate: we muſt have your doublet and hoſe pluck'd over your head, and ſhew the world what the bird hath done to her own neſt.

Roſ. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didſt know how many fathom deep I am in love; but it cannot be ſounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the Bay of *Portugal.*

Cel. Or rather, bottomleſs; that as faſt as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Roſ. No, that ſame wicked baſtard of *Venus*, that was begot of thought, conceiv'd of ſpleen, and born of madneſs, that blind raſcally boy, that abuſes every one's eyes, becauſe his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love; I'll tell thee, *Aliena*, I cannot be out of the ſight of *Orlando*; I'll go find a ſhadow, and ſigh 'till he come.

Cel. And I'll ſleep. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Jaques, *Lords, and Foreſters.*

Jaq. Which is he that kill'd the deer?

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's preſent him to the Duke, like a *Roman* Conqueror; and it would do well to ſet the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory; have you no Song, Foreſter, for this purpoſe?

For. Yes, Sir.

Jaq. Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, ſo it make noiſe enough.

Muſick, Song.

What ſhall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin and horns to wear;
Then ſing him home: — take Thou no Scorn (24)

To

(24) *Then ſing him home, the reſt ſhall bear this Burthen.*] This is an admirable Inſtance of the Sagacity of our preceding Editors, to ſay Nothing

To wear the horn, the horn, the horn:
It was a creſt ere thou waſt born.
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it,
The horn, the horn, the luſty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to ſcorn.

} The Reſt ſhall bear this Burthen.

[Exeunt.

Enter Roſalind *and* Celia.

Roſ. How ſay you now, is it not paſt two o'clock? I wonder much, *Orlando* is not here.

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth to ſleep: look, who comes here.

Enter Silvius.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth,
My gentle *Phebe* bid me give you this:
I know not the contents; but, as I gueſs,
By the ſtern brow, and waſpiſh action
Which ſhe did uſe as ſhe was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour; pardon me,
I am but as a guiltleſs meſſenger.

Roſ. Patience her ſelf would ſtartle at this letter,
And play the ſwaggerer; bear this, bear all.
She ſays, I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud, and that ſhe could not love me
Were man as rare as phænix: 'odds my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt.
Why writes ſhe ſo to me? well, ſhepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I proteſt, I know not the contents;

Nothing worſe. One ſhould expect, when they were *Poets*, they would at leaſt have taken care of the *Rhymes*, and not foiſted in what has Nothing to anſwer it. Now, where is the Rhyme to, *the reſt ſhall bear this Burthen?* Or, to ask another Queſtion, where is the Senſe of it? Does the Poet mean, that He, that kill'd the Deer, ſhall be ſung home, and the Reſt ſhall bear the Deer on their Backs. This is laying a Burthen on the Poet, that We muſt help him to throw off. In ſhort, the Myſtery of the Whole is, that a Marginal Note is wiſely thruſt into the Text: the Song being deſign'd to be ſung by a ſingle Voice, and the Stanza's to cloſe with a Burthen to be ſung by the whole Company.

Phebe

Phebe did write it.

Roſ. Come, come, you're a fool,
And turn'd into th' extremity of love.
I ſaw her hand, ſhe has a leathern hand,
A free-ſtone-coloured hand; I verily did think,
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands;
She has a huſwife's hand, but that's no matter;
I ſay, ſhe never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Roſ. Why, 'tis a boiſterous and a cruel ſtile,
A ſtile for challengers; why, ſhe defies me,
Like *Turk* to Chriſtian; woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth ſuch giant rude invention;
Such *Ethiop* words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance; will you hear the letter?

Sil. So pleaſe you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of *Phebe*'s cruelty.

Roſ. She *Phebe*'s me; mark how the tyrant writes.
[Reads.] *Art thou God to ſhepherd turn'd,*
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?
Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Roſ. [Reads.] *Why, thy Godhead laid apart,*
Warr'ſt thou with a woman's heart?
Did you ever hear ſuch railing?
Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.
Meaning me, a beaſt!
If the ſcorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raiſe ſuch love in mine,
Alack, in me, what ſtrange effect
Would they work in mild aſpect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He, that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me;
And by him ſeal up thy mind,
Whether that thy Youth and Kind

Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or elſe by him my love deny,
And then I'll ſtudy how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor ſhepherd!

Roſ. Do you pity him? no, he deſerves no pity: wilt thou love ſuch a woman? what, to make thee an inſtrument, and play falſe ſtrains upon thee? not to be endured! well, go your way to her; (for I ſee, love hath made thee a tame ſnake,) and ſay this to her; that if ſhe love me, I charge her to love thee: if ſhe will not, I will never have her, unleſs thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. [*Exit* Sil.

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know,
Where in the purlews of this foreſt ſtands
A ſheep-cote fenc'd about with olive-trees?

Cel. Weſt of this place, down in the neighbour bottom,
The rank of oſiers, by the murmuring ſtream,
Left on your right-hand, brings you to the place;
But at this hour the houſe doth keep it ſelf,
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then ſhould I know you by deſcription,
Such garments, and ſuch years: "the boy is fair,
"Of female favour, and beſtows himſelf
"Like a ripe Siſter: but the woman low,
"And browner than her brother." Are not you
The owner of the houſe, I did enquire for?

Cel. It is no boaſt, being ask'd, to ſay, we are.

Oli. *Orlando* doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth, he calls his *Roſalind*,
He ſends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

Roſ. I am; what muſt we underſtand by this?

Oli. Some of my ſhame, if you will know of me

What

What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was ſtain'd.
Cel. I pray you, tell it.
Oli. When laſt the young *Orlando* parted from you,
He left a promiſe to return again
Within an hour; and pacing through the foreſt,
Chewing the food of ſweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aſide,
And mark what object did preſent it ſelf.
Under an oak, whoſe boughs were moſs'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity;
A wretched ragged man, o'er-grown with hair,
Lay ſleeping on his back; about his neck
A green and gilded ſnake had wreath'd it ſelf,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth, but ſuddenly
Seeing *Orlando*, it unlink'd it ſelf,
And with indented glides did ſlip away
Into a buſh, under which buſh's ſhade
A Lioneſs, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching head on ground, with cat-like watch
When that the ſleeping man ſhould ſtir; for 'tis
The royal diſpoſition of that beaſt
To prey on nothing that doth ſeem as dead:
This ſeen, *Orlando* did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.
Cel. O, I have heard him ſpeak of that ſame brother,
And he did render him the moſt unnatural
That liv'd 'mongſt men.
Oli. And well he might ſo do;
For, well I know, he was unnatural.
Roſ. But to *Orlando*; did he leave him there
Food to the ſuck'd and hungry lioneſs?
Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd ſo:
But kindneſs, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature ſtronger than his juſt occaſion,
Made him give battel to the lioneſs,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling
From miſerable ſlumber I awak'd.
Cel. Are you his brother?

Roſ.

Roſ. Was't you he reſcu'd?
Cel. Was't you that did ſo oft contrive to kill him?
Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I; I do not ſhame
To tell you what I was, ſince my converſion
So ſweetly taſtes, being the thing I am.
Roſ. But for the bloody napkin?
Oli. By and by.
When from the firſt to laſt, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had moſt kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that deſart place;
In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me freſh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me inſtantly unto his cave,
There ſtrip'd himſelf, and here upon his arm
The lioneſs had torn ſome fleſh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cry'd in fainting upon *Roſalind.* ——
Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;
And, after ſome ſmall ſpace, being ſtrong at heart,
He ſent me hither, ſtranger as I am,
To tell this ſtory, that you might excuſe
His broken promiſe; and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in his blood, unto the ſhepherd youth,
That he in ſport doth call his *Roſalind.*
Cel. Why, how now *Ganymed*, Sweet *Ganymed?*
[Roſ. *faints.*
Oli. Many will ſwoon, when they do look on blood.
Cel. There is more in it: — couſin *Ganymed!*
Oli. Look, he recovers.
Roſ. Would I were at home!
Cel. We'll lead you thither.
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?
Oli. Be of good cheer, youth; you a man? you lack a man's heart.
Roſ. I do ſo, I confeſs it. Ah, Sir, a body would think, this was well counterfeited. I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited: heigh-ho! ——
Oli. This was not counterfeit, there is too great teſtimony in your complexion, that it was a paſſion of earneſt. *Roſ.*

Roſ. Counterfeit, I aſſure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Roſ. So I do: but, i' faith, I ſhould have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you, draw homewards; good Sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I; for I muſt bear anſwer back, How you excuſe my brother, *Roſalind.*

Roſ. I ſhall deviſe ſomething; but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him: will you go?

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *the* FOREST.

Enter Clown *and* Audrey.

CLOWN.

WE ſhall find a time, *Audrey*; patience, gentle *Audrey.*

Aud. Faith, the Prieſt was good enough, for all the old Gentleman's ſaying.

Clo. A moſt wicked Sir *Oliver*, *Audrey*; a moſt vile *Mar-text!* but, *Audrey*, there is a youth here in the Foreſt lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis, he hath no intereſt in Me in the world; here comes the man you mean.

Enter William.

Clo. It is meat and drink to me to ſee a Clown; by my troth, we, that have good wits, have much to anſwer for: we ſhall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good ev'n, *Audrey.*

Aud. God ye good ev'n, *William.*

Will.

Will. And good ev'n to you, Sir.

Clo. Good ev'n, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be cover'd. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, Sir.

Clo. A ripe age: is thy name *William?*

Will. William, Sir.

Clo. A fair name. Waſt born i'th' foreſt here?

Will. Ay, Sir, I thank God.

Clo. Thank God: a good anſwer: art rich?

Will. 'Faith, Sir, ſo, ſo.

Clo. So ſo, is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but ſo, ſo. Art thou wiſe?

Will. Ay, Sir, I have a pretty wit.

Clo. Why, thou ſay'ſt well: I do now remember a Saying; the fool doth think he is wiſe, but the wiſe man knows himſelf to be a fool. (25) The heathen philoſopher, when he had a deſire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, Sir.

Clo. Give me your hand: art thou learned?

Will. No, Sir.

Clo. Then learn this of me; to have, is to have. For it is a figure in rhetorick, that drink being poured out of a cup into a glaſs, by filling the one doth empty the other. For all your writers do conſent, that *ipſe* is he: now you are not *ipſe*; for I am he.

Will. Which he, Sir?

Clo. He, Sir, that muſt marry this woman; therefore you, Clown, abandon, which is in the vulgar, leave the ſociety, which in the booriſh, is company, of this female; which in the common, is woman;

(25) *The heathen Philoſopher, when he had a Deſign to eat a Grape.*] This is certainly deſign'd as a Sneer on the ſeveral trifling, inſignificant, Actions and Sayings, recorded in the Lives of the *Philoſophers* as Things of great Moment. We need only reflect upon what we meet with in *Diogenes Laertius*, to be of this Opinion: eſpecially, when We obſerve that it is introduced by one of their wiſe Sayings that precedes it.

Mr. *Warburton.*

which

which together is, abandon the ſociety of this female; or Clown, thou periſheſt; or, to thy better underſtanding, dieſt; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, tranſlate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage; I will deal in poiſon with thee, or in baſtinado, or in ſteel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble and depart.

Aud. Do, good *William.*

Will. God reſt you merry, Sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our maſter and miſtreſs ſeek you; come away, away.

Clo. Trip, *Audrey*; trip, *Audrey*; I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Orlando *and* Oliver.

Orla. Is't poſſible, that on ſo little acquaintance you ſhould like her? that, but ſeeing, you ſhould love her? and loving, woo? and wooing, ſhe ſhould grant? and will you perſevere to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddineſs of it in queſtion, the poverty of her, the ſmall acquaintance, my ſudden wooing, nor her ſudden conſenting; but ſay with me, I love *Aliena*; ſay with her, that ſhe loves me; conſent with both, that we may enjoy each other; it ſhall be to your Good; for my father's houſe, and all the revenue that was old Sir *Rowland*'s, will I eſtate upon you, and here live and die a ſhepherd.

Enter Roſalind.

Orla. You have my conſent. Let your wedding be to morrow; thither will I invite the Duke, and all his contented followers: go you, and prepare *Aliena*; for, look you, here comes my *Roſalind.*

Roſ. God ſave you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair ſiſter.

Roſ. Oh, my dear *Orlando*, how it grieves me to ſee thee wear thy heart in a ſcarf.

Orla. It is my arm.

Roſ. I thought, thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orla. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Roſ. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to ſwoon, when he ſhew'd me your handkerchief?

Orla. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Roſ. O, I know where you are: nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing ſo ſudden, but the fight of two rams, and *Cæſar*'s thraſonical brag of I *came*, *ſaw* and *overcame*: for your brother and my ſiſter no ſooner met, but they look'd; no ſooner look'd, but they lov'd; no ſooner lov'd, but they ſigh'd; no ſooner ſigh'd, but they ask'd one another the reaſon; no ſooner knew the reaſon, but they ſought the remedy; and in theſe degrees have they made a pair of ſtairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or elſe be incontinent before marriage; they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together. Clubs cannot part them.

Orla. They ſhall be married to morrow; and I will bid the Duke to the Nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happineſs through another man's eyes! by ſo much the more ſhall I to morrow be at the height of heart-heavineſs, by how much I ſhall think my brother happy, in having what he wiſhes for.

Roſ. Why, then to morrow I cannot ſerve your turn for *Roſalind*.

Orla. I can live no longer by thinking.

Roſ. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I ſpeak to ſome purpoſe, that I know, you are a gentleman of good conceit. I ſpeak not this, that you ſhould bear a good opinion of my knowledge; inſomuch, I ſay, I know what you are; neither do I labour for a greater eſteem than may in ſome little meaſure draw a belief from you to do your ſelf good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you pleaſe, that I can do ſtrange things; I have, ſince I was three years old, converſt

with

with a magician, moſt profound in his Art, and yet not damnable. If you do love *Roſalind* ſo near the heart, as your geſture cries it out, when your brother marries *Aliena*, you ſhall marry her. I know into what ſtreights of fortune ſhe is driven, and it is not impoſſible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to ſet her before your eyes to morrow; human as ſhe is, and without any danger.

Orla. Speak'ſt thou in ſober meanings?

Roſ. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, tho' I ſay, I am a magician: therefore put you on your beſt array, bid your friends, for if you will be married to morrow, you ſhall; and to *Roſalind*, if you will.

Enter Silvius *and* Phebe.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleneſs,
To ſhew the letter that I writ to you.

Roſ. I care not, if I have: it is my ſtudy
To ſeem deſpiteful and ungentle to you:
You are there follow'd by a faithful ſhepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worſhips you.

Phe. Good ſhepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be made all of ſighs and tears,
And ſo am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And I for *Ganymed*.

Orla. And I for *Roſalind*.

Roſ. And I for no woman.

Sil. 'It is to be made all of faith and ſervice;
'And ſo am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And I for *Ganymed*.

Orla. And I for *Roſalind*.

Roſ. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantaſie,
All made of paſſion, and all made of wiſhes,
All adoration, duty and obſervance,
All humbleneſs, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all obſervance;

And ſo am I for *Phebe.*

Phe. And ſo am I for *Ganymed.*

Orla. And ſo am I for *Roſalind.*

Roſ. And ſo am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you? [*To* Roſ.

Sil. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you? [*To* Phe.

Orla. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you?

Roſ. Who do you ſpeak to, "why blame you me to love you?

Orla. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear?

Roſ. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of *Iriſh* wolves againſt the moon; I will help you if I can; I would love you, if I could: to morrow meet me all together; I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to morrow; [*To* Phe.] I will ſatisfy you, if ever I ſatisfy'd man, and you ſhall be married to morrow; [*To* Orl.] I will content you, if, what pleaſes you, contents you; and you ſhall be married to morrow. [*To* Sil.] As you love *Roſalind*, meet; as you love *Phebe*, meet; and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So fare you well; I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orla. Nor I. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Clown *and* Audrey.

Clo. To morrow is the joyful day, *Audrey:* to morrow we will be married.

Aud. I do deſire it with all my heart; and, I hope, it is no diſhoneſt deſire, to deſire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the baniſh'd Duke's pages.

Enter two pages.

1 *Page.* Well met, honeſt gentleman.

Clo. By my troth, well met: come, ſit, ſit, and a Song.

2 *Page.* We are for you, ſit i'th' middle.

1 *Page*

1 *Page.* Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or ſpitting, or ſaying we are hoarſe, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 *Page.* I'faith, i'faith, and both in a tune, like two Gypſies on a horſe.

SONG.

It was a lover and his laſs,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did paſs
In the ſpring time; the pretty ſpring time,
When birds do ſing, hey ding a ding, ding,
Sweet lovers love the ſpring.

And therefore take the preſent time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime.
In the ſpring time, &c.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
Theſe pretty country-folks would lye,
In the ſpring time, &c.

The Carrol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower,
In the ſpring time, &c.

Clo. Truly, young gentleman, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untimeable. (26)

1 *Page.* You are deceiv'd, Sir, we kept time, we loſt not our time.

Clo. By my troth, yes: I count it but time loſt to hear ſuch a fooliſh Song. God b'w'y you, and God mend your voices. Come, *Audrey.* [*Exeunt.*

(26) *Truly, young Gentleman, tho' there was no great Matter in the Ditty, yet the Note was very* untunable.] Tho' it is thus in all the printed Copies, it is evident from the ſequel of the Dialogue, that the Poet wrote as I have reform'd in the Text, *untimeable.*

SCENE *changes to another Part of the* FOREST.

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, *and* Celia.

Duke Sen. DOST thou believe, *Orlando*, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promiſed?
Orla. I ſometimes do believe, and ſometimes do not;
9 * As thoſe that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter Roſalind, Silvius, *and* Phebe.

Roſ. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd:
You ſay, if I bring in your *Roſalind*, [*To the Duke.*
You will beſtow her on *Orlando* here?
Duke Sen. That would I, had I Kingdoms to give with her,
Roſ. And you ſay, you will have her when I bring her? [*To* Orlando.
Orla. That would I, were I of all Kingdoms King.
Roſ. You ſay, you'll marry me, if I be willing. [*To* Phebe.
Phe. That will I, ſhould I die the hour after.
Roſ. But if you do refuſe to marry me,
You'll give your ſelf to this moſt faithful ſhepherd.
Phe. So is the bargain.
Roſ. You ſay, that you'll have *Phebe*, if ſhe will? [*To* Silvius.
Sil. Tho to have her and death were both one thing.
Roſ. I've promis'd to make all this matter even;
Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter;
You yours, *Orlando*, to receive his daughter:
Keep your word, *Phebe*, that you'll marry me,
Or elſe, refuſing me, to wed this ſhepherd.
Keep your word, *Silvius*, that you'll marry her,
If ſhe refuſes me; and from hence I go
To make theſe doubts all even. [*Ex.* Roſ. *and* Celia.

Duke

Duke Sen. I do remember in this ſhepherd boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orla. My Lord, the firſt time that I ever ſaw him,
Methought, he was a brother to your daughter;
But, my good Lord, this boy is foreſt-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many deſperate ſtudies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obſcured in the circle of this foreſt.

Enter Clown *and* Audrey.

Jaq. There is, ſure, another flood toward, and theſe couples are coming to the Ark. Here come a pair of very ſtrange beaſts, which in all tongues are call'd fools.

Clo. Salutation, and greeting, to you all.

Jaq. Good my Lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have ſo often met in the foreſt: he hath been a Courtier, he ſwears.

Clo. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation; I have trod a meaſure, I have flatter'd a lady, I have been politick with my friend, ſmooth with mine enemy, I have undone three taylors, I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was That ta'en up?

Clo. 'Faith, we met; and found, the quarrel was upon the ſeventh cauſe.

Jaq. How the ſeventh cauſe? good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke Sen. I like him very well.

Clo. God'ild you, Sir, I deſire you of the like: I preſs in here, Sir, amongſt the reſt of the country copulatives, to ſwear, and to forſwear, according as marriage binds, and blood breaks: a poor virgin, Sir, an ill-favour'd thing, Sir, but mine own, a poor humour of mine, Sir, to take That that no man elſe will. Rich honeſty dwells like a miſer, Sir, in a poor houſe, as your pearl in your foul oyſter.

Duke Sen. By my faith, he is very ſwift and ſententious.

Clo. According to the fool's bolt, Sir, and ſuch dulcet diſeaſes.

Jaq. But, for the ſeventh cauſe; how did you find the quarrel on the ſeventh cauſe?

Clo. Upon a lie ſeven times removed; (bear your body more ſeeming, *Audrey*) as thus, Sir; I did diſlike the cut of a certain Courtier's beard; he ſent me word, if I ſaid his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was. This is call'd the Retort courteous. If I ſent him word again, it was not well cut, he would ſend me word, he cut it to pleaſe himſelf. This is call'd the Quip modeſt. If again, it was not well cut, he diſabled my judgment. This is call'd the Reply churliſh. If again, it was not well cut, he would anſwer, I ſpake not true. This is call'd the Reproof valiant. If again, it was not well cut, he would ſay, I lie. This is call'd the Countercheck quarrelſome; and ſo the Lie circumſtantial, and the Lie direct.

Jaq. And how oft did you ſay, his beard was not well cut?

Clo. I durſt go no further than the Lie circumſtantial; nor he durſt not give me the Lie direct, and ſo we meaſur'd ſwords and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the Lie?

Clo. O Sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners. (27) I will name you the degrees. The firſt, the Retort courteous; the ſecond,

(27) *O, Sir, we quarrel in Print; by the Book; as You have Books for good Manners.*] The Poet throughout this Scene has with great Humour and Addreſs rallied the Mode, ſo prevailing in his Time, of formal *Duelling*. Nor could he treat it with a happier Contempt, than by making his Clown ſo knowing in all its Forms and Preliminaries. It was in Queen *Elizabeth*'s Reign, that puſhing with the Rapier, or ſmall Sword, was firſt practis'd in *England*. And the boiſterous Gallants fell into the Faſhion with ſo much Zeal, that they did not content themſelves with practiſing at the Sword in the Schools; but they ſtudied the Theory of the Art, the Grounding of Quarrels, and the Proceſs of giving and receiving Challenges, from *Lewis de Caranza*'s Treatiſe of Fencing, *Vincentio Saviola*'s Practice of the Rapier and Dagger, and *Giacomo Di Graſſi*'s Art of Defence; with many other Inſtructions upon the ſeveral Branches of the Science.

the Quip modeſt; the third, the Reply churliſh; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck quarrelſome; the ſixth, the Lie with circumſtance; the ſeventh, the Lie direct. All theſe you may avoid, but the Lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew, when ſeven Juſtices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themſelves, one of them thought but of an If; as, if you ſaid ſo, then I ſaid ſo; and they ſhook hands, and ſwore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker; much virtue in If.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke Sen. He uſes his folly like a ſtalking horſe, and under the preſentation of that he ſhoots his wit.

Enter Hymen, Roſalind *in woman's cloaths, and* Celia.

Still Muſick.

Hym. *Then is there mirth in heav'n,*
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good Duke receive thy daughter,
Hymen *from heaven brought her,*
Yea, brought her hither.
That thou might'ſt join her hand with his,
Whoſe heart within his boſom is.

Roſ. To you I give my ſelf; for I am yours.
[*To the Duke.*
To you I give my ſelf; for I am yours. [*To* Orlando.

Duke Sen. If there be truth in ſight, you are my daughter.

Orla. If there be truth in ſight, you are my *Roſalind.*

Phe. If ſight and ſhape be true,
Why, then my love adieu!

Roſ. I'll have no father, if you be not he;
I'll have no husband, if you be not he;
Nor ne'r wed woman, if you be not ſhe.

Hym.

Hym. Peace, hoa; I bar confuſion:
'Tis I muſt make concluſion
Of theſe moſt ſtrange events:
Here's eight that muſt take hands,
To join in *Hymen*'s bands,
If truth holds true contents.
You and you no Croſs ſhall part;
You and you are heart in heart;
You to his love muſt accord,
Or have a woman to your lord.
You and you are ſure together,
As the winter to foul weather:
Whiles a wedlock hymn we ſing,
Feed your ſelves with queſtioning:
That reaſon wonder may diminiſh,
How thus we met, and theſe things finiſh.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's *Crown,*
O bleſſed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen *peoples every town,*
High wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown
To Hymen, *God of every town!*

Duke Sen. O my dear neice, welcome thou art to me,
Even daughter-welcome, in no leſs degree.
Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter Jaques de Boys.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two:
I am the ſecond ſon of old Sir *Rowland*,
That bring theſe tidings to this fair aſſembly.
Duke *Frederick* hearing, how that every day
Men of great worth reſorted to this foreſt,
Addreſs'd a mighty power, which were on foot

In

In his own conduct purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world;
His Crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them again,
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke Sen. Welcome, young man:
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brother's wedding;
To one, his lands with-held; and to the other,
A land it self at large, a potent Dukedom.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun, and well begot:
And, after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our return'd fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Mean time, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustick revelry:
Play, musick; and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to th' measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience: if I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous Court.

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.
You to your former Honour I bequeath, [*To the Duke.*
Your patience and your virtue well deserve it.
You to a love, that your true faith doth merit;
[*To* Orla.
You to your land, and love, and great allies;
[*To* Oli.
You to a long and well deserved bed; [*To* Silv.
And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
[*To the Clown.*
Is but for two months victual'd: so to your pleasures:

I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke Sen. Stay, *Jaques*, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime, I: what you would have, I'll stay to know at your abandon'd Cave. [*Exit.*

Duke Sen. Proceed, proceed; we will begin these rites;
As, we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the Epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the Prologue. If it be true, that *good wine needs no bush*, 'tis true, that a good Play needs no Epilogue. Yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good Plays prove the better by the help of good Epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good Epilogue, nor can insinuate with you in the behalf of a good Play? I am not furnish'd like a beggar; therefore to beg will not become me. My way is to conjure you, and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this Play as pleases you: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your simpring, none of you hate them) that between you and the women, the Play may please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I defy'd not: and I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will for my kind offer, when I make curt'sie, bid me farewel.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

215. (2) Ducdame &c
Sir Tho: Hanmer conjectures it should be read Duc ad me; which seems to be confirmed both by the allusion to the burthen of Amiens' song, and by what Jaques says after of calling fools into a circle.

188. (b) — be better employed and be naught awhile perhaps it should be aught, any thing; to which Orlando's answer is more suitable for hog-keeping is not being naught in any sense of the word.
H. reads — do ought.

c 207. — the roynish Clown — Roignous, [Skinner] Rogneux, Scabiosus. I suppose it is not used in that literal sense here but more largely as a term of reproach as Carogne among the French is.

d 212. Ballet, a flat piece of wood with which washerwomen beat course cloaths. H.

e 221. Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not *seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Sr T. H. reads the second line "Thou causest not that teen, * Sheen W smiling shining.

f 225 — it is the right butterwomen's rank to market. rate. H.

g 229. I found him under a tree like a dropp'd acorn.
Ros: It may well be called Jove's tree &c
I under an oak. H. reads oak tree

* Sheen constantly signifies shining never smiling.

h. 242 — though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as he
could see ye, H.

i 248. — O, that woman that cannot
make her fault her husbands occa:
sion — accusation H

k 187. As I remember, Adam, it was upon
this fashion bequeath'd me by Will,
but a poor thousand Crowns —
— upon this, my Father bequeath'd
me by Will but &c — Hanm:

l. 188. his countenance seems to take
from me.
discountenance. Hanm:

m 204 We'll have a swashing and a mattid
outside.
I'll have — Hanm:

n 218. As sensual as the brutish sting it-
self.

o 239 -breaks his staff like a noble goose:
nose quill'd. Hanm: 9.
what is the meaning of the word?

p 246. — the foolish Chroniclers of that age.
r. Coroners.

q 262 As those that fear their hap, and know
their fear. W.

268 Mr Warburton reads this part of the
Epilogue thus;
I charge you O women for the love
you bear to men to like as much of
this Play as pleases them: and I
charge you, O men, for the love you
bear to women, (as I perceive by
your simpering none of you hates
them) to like as much as pleases
them: that between you and the
women the Play may please.

r 233 — — a blue eye and sunken —
this must mean a blueness about
the eyes, not of the color of the eye
else none who have black or hasel
eyes could ever be in love.

s 251
Meaning me, a beast!
As this is pointed, it should seem to
be understood that Rosalind calls
Phebe a beast; but I think the sense
is that Phebe by what she said im-
plied Rosalind to be a beast
Meaning me a beast —

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Characters *in the* Induction.

A *Lord, before whom the Play is ſuppos'd to be play'd.*
Chriſtopher Sly, *a drunken Tinker.*

Hoſteſs.
Page, Players, Huntſmen, and other Servants attending on the Lord.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Baptiſta, *Father to* Catharina *and* Bianca, *very rich.*
Vincentio, *an old gentleman of* Piſa.
Lucentio, *Son to* Vincentio, *in love with* Bianca.
Petruchio, *a Gentleman of* Verona, *a ſuitor to* Catharina.
Gremio, } *Pretenders to* Bianca.
Hortenſio, }
Tranio, } *Servants to* Lucentio.
Biondello, }
Grumio, *Servant to* Petruchio.
Pedant, *an old fellow ſet up to perſonate* Vincentio.

Catharina, *the Shrew.*
Bianca, *her Siſter.*
Widow.

Taylor, Haberdaſhers; with Servants attending on Baptiſta, *and* Petruchio.

SCENE, *ſometimes in* Padua; *and ſometimes in* Petruchio's *Houſe in the Country.*

THE

THE TAMING *of the* SHREW.

INDUCTION.

SCENE, *before an Ale-houſe, on a Heath.*

Enter Hoſteſs *and* Sly.

SLY.

I'LL pheeze you, in faith.

Hoſt. A pair of ſtocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y'are a baggage; the *Slies* are no rogues. Look in the *Chronicles*, we came in with *Richard Conqueror*; therefore, *paucus pallabris*; (1) let the world ſlide: *Seſſa.*

Hoſt. You will not pay for the glaſſes you have burſt?

Sly. No, not a deniere: go by, *Jeronimo* —— go to thy coldbed, and warm thee. (2)

Hoſt.

(1) paucus pallabris.] *Sly*, as an ignorant Fellow, is purpoſely made to aim at Languages out of his Knowledge, and knock the Words out of Joint. The *Spaniards* ſay, *pócas palabras*, i. e. few Words: as they do likewiſe, *Ceſſa*, i. e. be quiet.

(2) *Go by S.* Jeronimy, *go to thy cold Bed, and warm thee.*] All the Editions have coin'd a Saint here, for *Sly* to ſwear by. But the Poet had no ſuch Intentions. The Paſſage has particular Humour in it, and muſt have been very pleaſing at that time of day. But I muſt clear up a Piece of Stage-hiſtory, to make it underſtood. There is a fuſtian old Play, call'd, *Hieronymo*; Or, The *Spaniſh* Tragedy: which, I find, was the common But of Rallery to all the Poets of *Shakeſpeare*'s Time: and a Paſſage, that appear'd very ridiculous in that Play, is here humourouſly alluded to. *Hieronymo*, thinking himſelf injur'd, applies to the King

Hoſt. I know my remedy; I muſt go fetch the Third-borough. (3) [*Exit. Sly.*

King for Juſtice; but the Courtiers, who did not deſire his Wrongs ſhould be ſet in the true Light, attempt to hinder him from an Audience.

Hiero. *Juſtice, oh! juſtice to* Hieronymo.

Lor. *Back;* —— *ſee'ſt thou not, the King is buſie?*

Hier. *Oh, is he ſo?*

King. *Who is He, that interrupts our Buſineſs?*

Hier. *Not I:* —— Hieronymo, *beware;* go by, go by.

So *Sly* here, not caring to be dun'd by the *Hoſteſs*, cries to her in Effect, "Don't be troubleſom, don't interrupt me, *go by*"; and, to fix the Satire in his Alluſion, pleaſantly calls her *Jeronymo.* What he ſays farther to her, *go to thy cold Bed and warm thee,* I take likewiſe to be a Banter upon another Verſe in that Play.

Hier. *What Outcry calls me from my* naked Bed?

But this particular Paſſage of — *Go, by,* Hieronymo; — was ſo ſtrong a Ridicule, that moſt of the Poets of that Time have had a Fling at it. For Inſtance;

B. Jonſon, in his *Every Man* in his *Humour*;

What new Book have you there? What! ——

Go by, *Hieronymo!*

And *Beaumont* and *Fletcher,* in their *Captain:*

—— —— —— *and whoot at thee;*

And call thee Bloody-bones, and Spade, and Spitfire;

And Gaffer Madman, and Go by, *Jeronymo.* ——

So *Marſton,* in the Induction to his *Antonio* and *Mellida*;

Nay, if You cannot bear two ſubtle Fronts under one Hood, Ideot; go by, go by, *off this World's Stage.*

For 'tis plain, tho' *Jeronymo* is not mention'd, the Paſſage is here alluded to. And *Decker* in his *Weſtward-hoe* has rallied it very neatly by way of *Simily.*

A Woman, when there be Roſes in her Cheeks, Cherries on her Lips, Civet in her Breath, Ivory in her Teeth, Lilies in her hand, and Liquoriſh in her Heart, why, ſhe's like a Play: *if new, very good Company, very good Company: but if ſtale, like old* Jeronymo, — go by, go by.

(3) —— *I muſt go fetch the* Headborough.

Sly. Third, *or* fourth, *or* fifth *Borough,* &c.] This corrupt Reading had paſs'd down through all the Copies, and none of the Editors pretended to gueſs at the Poet's Conceit. What an inſipid, unmeaning Reply does *Sly* make to his Hoſteſs? How do *third,* or *fourth* or *fifth* Borough relate to *Headborough*: The Author intended but a poor Witticiſm, and even That is loſt. The Hoſteſs would ſay, that ſhe'll fetch a *Conſtable:* and this Officer ſhe calls by his other Name, a *Third-borough*: and upon this Term *Sly* founds the Conundrum in his Anſwer to her. Who does not perceive, at a ſingle Glance, ſome Conceit ſtarted by this certain Correction? There is an Attempt at Wit, tolerable enough for a Tinker, and one drunk too. *Third-Borough* is a *Saxon*-term ſufficiently explain'd by the *Gloſſaries:* and in our *Statute-books,* no farther back than

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law; I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly. [*Falls asleep.*

Wind horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with a Train.

Lord. Huntſman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds;
(Brach, *Merriman!* — the poor cur is imboſt;)
And couple *Clowder* with the deep-mouth'd Brach.
Saw'ſt thou not, boy, how *Silver* made it good
At the hedge-corner in the coldeſt fault?
I would not loſe the dog for twenty pound.

Hun. Why, *Belman* is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the meereſt loſs,
And twice to day pick'd out the dulleſt ſcent:
Truſt me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if *Eccho* were as fleet,
I would eſteem him worth a dozen ſuch.
But ſup them well, and look unto them all,
To morrow I intend to hunt again.

Hun. I will, my Lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? ſee, doth he breathe?

2 *Hun.* He breathes, my Lord. Were he not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold, to ſleep ſo ſoundly.

Lord. O monſtrous beaſt! how like a ſwine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathſome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practiſe on this drunken man.

than the 28th Year of *Henry* VIIIth, we find it uſed, to ſignify a *Conſtable*. The Word continued current in People's Mouths to our Author's time; and he has again employ'd it in another of his Plays: *viz. Love's Labour loſt.*

Dull. *I my ſelf* reprehend *his own Perſon*; *for I am his Grace's* Tharborough.

The Word, 'tis true, is corrupted here; but This is done on purpoſe. *Dull* repreſents the Character of an ignorant *Conſtable*; and to make him appear more truly ſuch, the Poet humourouſly makes him corrupt the very Name of his *Office*; and blunder *Thirdborough* into *Tharborough*, as he does *repreſent* into *reprehend*. — I made this Emendation, when I publiſh'd my SHAKESPEARE *reſtor'd*; and Mr. *Pope* has vouchſaf'd to adopt it in his laſt Edition.

What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapt in ſweet cloaths; rings put upon his fingers;
A moſt delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him, when he wakes;
Would not the beggar then forget himſelf?

1 *Hun.* Believe me, Lord, I think he
chuſe.

2 *Hun.* It would ſeem ſtrange unto him, w
wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flatt'ring dream, or worthleſ
Then take him up, and manage well the jeſt:
Carry him gently to my faireſt chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures
Balm his foul head with warm diſtilled waters,
And burn ſweet wood to make the lodging ſweet.
Procure me muſick ready, when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heav'nly ſound;
And if he chance to ſpeak, be ready ſtraight,
And with a low ſubmiſſive reverence,
Say, what is it your Honour will command?
Let one attend him with a ſilver baſon
Full of roſe-water, and beſtrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer; a third a diaper;
And ſay, wilt pleaſe your lordſhip cool your hands?
Some one be ready with a coſtly ſuit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horſe,
And that his Lady mourns at his diſeaſe;
Perſwade him, that he hath been lunatick.
(O.) And when he ſays he is,* — ſay, that he dreams;
For he is nothing but a mighty lord:
This do, and do it kindly, gentle Sirs:
It will be paſtime paſſing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modeſty.

1 *Hun.* My Lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part,
As he ſhall think, by our true diligence,
He is no leſs than what we ſay he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him;
And each one to his office, when he wakes.

[*Some bear out* Sly. *Sound Trumpets.*

Sirrah,

Sirrah, go ſee what trumpet 'tis that ſounds.
Belike, ſome noble gentleman that means, [*Ex. Servant.*
Travelling ſome journey, to repoſe him here.

Re-Enter Servant.

How now? who is it?
Ser. An't pleaſe your Honour, Players
That offer ſervice to your lordſhip.
Lord. Bid them come near:

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.
Play. We thank your Honour.
Lord Do you intend to ſtay with me to night?
2 *Play.* So pleaſe your Lordſhip to accept our duty.
Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldeſt ſon;
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman ſo well:
I have forgot your name; but, ſure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.
Sim. I think, 'twas *Soto* that your Honour means. (4)
Lord. 'Tis very true; thou didſt it excellent:
Well, you are come to me in happy time,
The rather for I have ſome ſport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can aſſiſt me much.
There is a Lord will hear you play to night;
But I am doubtful of your modeſties,
Leſt, over-eying of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his Honour never heard a Play,)
You break into ſome merry paſſion,
And ſo offend him: for I tell you, Sirs,
If you ſhould ſmile, he grows impatient.
Play. Fear not, my lord, we can contain our ſelves;

(4) *I think, 'twas* Soto] I take our Author here to be paying a Compliment to *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*'s *Women pleas'd*, in which Comedy there is the Character of *Soto*, who is a Farmer's Son, and a very facetious Serving-man. Mr. *Rowe* and Mr. *Pope* prefix the Name of *Sim* to the Line here ſpoken; but the firſt *folio* has it *Sincklo*; which, no doubt, was the Name of one of the Players here introduc'd, and who had play'd the Part of *Soto* with Applauſe.

Were he the verieſt antick in the world.

2 *Player.* [*to the other.*] Go get a diſhclout to make clean your ſhoes, and I'll ſpeak for the properties.

[*Exit Player.*

My lord, we muſt have a ſhoulder of mutton for a property, and a little vinegar to make our devil roar.

Lord. Go ſirrah, take them to the buttery.
And give them friendly Welcome, ev'ry one:
Let them want nothing that the houſe affords.

[*Exit one with the Players.*

Sirrah, go you to *Bartholmew* my page,
And ſee him dreſt in all ſuits like a lady.
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
And call him Madam, do him all obeiſance.
Tell him from me, (as he will win my love)
He bear himſelf with honourable action,
Such as he hath obſerv'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accompliſhed;
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With ſoft low tongue, and lowly courteſie;
And ſay; what is't your Honour will command,
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
May ſhew her duty, and make known her love?
And then with kind embracements, tempting kiſſes,
And with declining head into his boſom,
Bid him ſhed tears, as being overjoy'd
To ſee her noble lord reſtor'd to health,
Who for twice ſeven years hath eſteem'd himſelf (5)

(5) *Who for* theſe *ſeven years hath eſteem'd himſelf*
No better than a poor and loathſom Beggar.]

I have ventur'd to alter a Word here, againſt the Authority of the printed Copies; and hope, I ſhall be juſtified in it by two ſubſequent Paſſages. That the Poet deſign'd, the Tinker's ſuppos'd Lunacy ſhould be of 14 years ſtanding at leaſt, ſeems to me evident upon theſe Teſtimonies.

Theſe fifteen *Years you have been in a Dream,*
Or, when you wak'd, ſo wak'd as if you ſlept.

Sly. *Theſe* fifteen *years! by my Fay, a goodly Nap.*

And, again, *Sly* afterwards ſays to the *Page*, whom he takes to be his Lady.

Madam Wife, they ſay, that I have dream'd and ſlept above ſome fifteen *Years and more.*

No

No better than a poor and loathſome beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman's gift
To rain a ſhower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for ſuch a ſhift;
Which, in a napkin being cloſe convey'd,
Shall in deſpight enforce a wat'ry eye.
See this diſpatch'd, with all the haſt thou canſt;
Anon I'll give thee more inſtructions. [*Ex. Servant.*
I know, the boy will well uſurp the grace,
Voice, gate, and action of a gentlewoman.
I long to hear him call the drunkard, husband;
And how my men will ſtay themſelves from laughter,
When they do homage to this ſimple peaſant;
I'll in to counſel them: haply, my preſence
May well abate the over-merry ſpleen;
Which otherwiſe would go into extreams. [*Exit Lord.*

SCENE *changes to a Bedchamber in the Lord's Houſe.*

Enter Sly *with attendants, ſome with apparel, baſon and ewer, and other appurtenances. Reenter* Lord.

Sly. FOR God's ſake, a pot of ſmall ale.

1 *Serv.* Will't pleaſe your lordſhip drink a cup of ſack?

2 *Serv.* Will't pleaſe your Honour taſte of theſe Conſerves?

3 *Serv.* What raiment will your Honour wear to day?

Sly. I am *Chriſtophero Sly*, call not me Honour, nor lordſhip: I ne'er drank ſack in my life: and if you give me any Conſerves, give me Conſerves of beef: ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear, for I have no more doublets than backs, no more ſtockings than legs, nor no more ſhoes than feet; nay, ſometimes, more feet than ſhoes; or ſuch ſhoes as my toes look through the over-leather.

Lord. Heav'n ceaſe this idle humour in your Honour!

Oh, that a mighty man of ſuch Deſcent,
Of ſuch poſſeſſions, and ſo high eſteem,
Should be infuſed with ſo foul a ſpirit. ——

Sly. What, would you make me mad? am not I *Chriſtophero Sly*, old *Sly*'s Son of *Burton-heath*, by birth a pedler, by education a card-maker, by tranſmutation a bearherd, and now by preſent profeſſion a tinker? ask *Marian Hacket*, the fat ale-wife of *Wincot*, if ſhe know me not; if ſhe ſay, I am not fourteen pence on the ſcore for ſheer ale, ſcore me up for the lying'ſt knave in Chriſtendom. What, I am not beſtraught: here's ——

1 *Man.* Oh, this it is, that makes your lady mourn.

2 *Man.* Oh, this it is, that makes your ſervants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it, that your kindred ſhun your houſe,
As beaten hence by your ſtrange lunacy.
Oh, noble Lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from baniſhment,
And baniſh hence theſe abject lowly dreams.
Look, how thy ſervants do attend on thee;
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have muſick? hark, *Apollo* plays; [*Muſick.*
And twenty caged nightingales do ſing.
Or wilt thou ſleep? we'll have thee to a Couch,
Softer and ſweeter than the luſtful bed
On purpoſe trimm'd up for *Semiramis*.
Say, thou wilt walk, we will beſtrow the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horſes ſhall be trapp'd,
Their harneſs ſtudded all with gold and pearl.
Doſt thou love hawking? thou haſt hawks, will ſoar
Above the morning lark. Or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds ſhall make the welkin anſwer them,
And fetch ſhrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Man.* Say, thou wilt courſe, thy greyhounds are as ſwift
As breathed ſtags; ay, fleeter than the roe.

2 *Man.* Doſt thou love pictures? we will fetch thee ſtrait
Adonis, painted by a running brook;

And

And *Citherea* all in ſedges hid;
Which ſeem to move, and wanton with her breath,
Ev'n as the waving ſedges play with wind.
Lord. We'll ſhew thee *Io*, as ſhe was a maid,
And how ſhe was beguiled and ſurpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.
3 *Man.* Or *Daphne* roaming through a thorny wood,
Scratching her legs, that, one ſhall ſwear, ſhe bleeds;
And at that ſight ſhall ſad *Apollo* weep:
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.
Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou haſt a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waining age.
1 *Man.* And 'till the tears, that ſhe hath ſhed for thee,
Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,
She was the faireſt Creature in the world,
And yet ſhe is inferior to none.
Sly. Am I a Lord, and have I ſuch a Lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dreamed 'till now?
I do not ſleep; I ſee, I hear, I ſpeak;
I ſmell ſweet ſavours, and I feel ſoft things:
Upon my life, I am a Lord, indeed;
And not a Tinker, nor *Chriſtophero Sly*.
Well, bring our Lady hither to our ſight,
And, once again, a pot o' th' ſmalleſt ale.
2 *Man.* Will't pleaſe your Mightineſs to waſh your hands?
Oh, how we joy to ſee your wits reſtor'd!
Oh, that once more you knew but what you are!
Theſe fifteen years you have been in a dream,
Or, when you wak'd, ſo wak'd as if you ſlept.
Sly. Theſe fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap:
But did I never ſpeak of all that time?
1 *Man.* Oh, yes, my Lord, but very idle words.
For tho' you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you ſay, ye were beaten out of door,
And rail'd upon the Hoſteſs of the houſe; *9*
And ſay, you would preſent her at the Leet,
Becauſe ſhe bought ſtone-jugs, and no ſeal'd quarts:

Sometimes, you would call out for *Cicely Hacket*.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the houſe.

3 *Man*. Why, Sir, you know no houſe; nor no ſuch maid;

Nor no ſuch men, as you have reckon'd up;

*(6) As *Stephen Sly*, and old *John Naps* of *Greece*,

And *Peter Turf*, and *Henry Pimpernell*,

And twenty more ſuch names and men as theſe,

Which never were, nor no man ever ſaw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. *Amen*.——

Sly. By th' Maſs, I think, I am a Lord indeed. What is thy name?

Man. *Sim*, an't pleaſe your Honour.

Sly. *Sim?* that's as much as to ſay, *Simeon* or *Simon*; put forth thy hand and fill the pot.

[*The Servant gives him Drink.*

Enter Lady, *with attendants*.

I thank thee;—— thou ſhalt not loſe by it.

Lady. How fares my noble Lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well, for here is cheer enough. Where is my wife?

Lady. Here, noble Lord, what is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me husband? My men ſhould call me lord, I am your good man.

Lady. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;

I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well: what muſt I call her?

(6)* *As* Stephen Sly, *and old* John Naps *of* Greece,] An unknown Correſpondent, (who ſigns himſelf L. H.) is pleas'd to propoſe this very reaſonable Conjecture,

* —— and old *John Naps* o' th' Green. *So Hanmer.*

As *Sly* ſays, He's the Son of old *Sly* of *Burton*-heath, and talks of the fat Alewife of *Wincot*; he thinks, he can with no Propriety have any Acquaintance in *Greece*. If, indeed, the Province of *Greece* were to be here underſtood, this Obſervation muſt neceſſarily take place; but I have not diſturb'd the Text, becauſe I do not know, but that, in the Neighbourhood of *Wincot* and *Burton*-heath, there may be ſome Village call'd *Greece*, or *Greys*, &c.

* My conjecture is confirmed by Mr Dyer who Lord. writes that there is a place ſtill called Jinkers-Green, & the Green for ſhortneſs, near Wincot.

Lord. Madam.

Sly. *Alce* madam, or *Joan* madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing elſe, ſo lords call ladies.

Sly. Come, ſit down on my knee. *Sim*, drink to her. Madam wife, they ſay, that I have dream'd, and ſlept above ſome fifteen years and more.

Lady. Ay, and the time ſeems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much. Servants, leave me and her alone:—
Madam, undreſs you, and come now to bed. *Sim*, drink to her.

Lady. Thrice-noble Lord, let me entreat of you,
To pardon me yet for a night or two:
Or, if not ſo, until the Sun be ſet;
For your phyſicians have expreſly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I ſhould yet abſent me from your bed;
I hope, this reaſon ſtands for my excuſe.

Sly. Ay, it ſtands ſo, that I may hardly tarry ſo long; but I would be loath to fall into my dream again: I will therefore tarry in deſpight of the fleſh and the blood.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Your Honour's Players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleaſant Comedy;
For ſo your Doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing too much ſadneſs hath congeal'd your blood;
And melancholy is the nurſe of frenzy.
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a Play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment;
Which bars a thouſand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play; is it not a Commodity? a *Chriſtmas* gambol, or a tumbling trick?

Lady. No, my good Lord, it is more pleaſing ſtuff.

Sly. What, houſhold ſtuff?

Lady. It is a kind of hiſtory.

Sly. Well, we'll ſee't: come, Madam wife, ſit by my ſide, and let the world ſlip, we ſhall ne'er be younger.

The

The TAMING *of the* SHREW.

ACT I.

SCENE, *a Street in* PADUA.

Flouriſh. Enter Lucentio *and* Tranio.

LUCENTIO.

TRanio, ſince for the great deſire I had
To ſee fair *Padua*, nurſery of arts,
I am arriv'd from fruitful *Lombardy*, (7)
The pleaſant garden of great *Italy*;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company:
Moſt truſty ſervant, well approv'd in all,
Here let us breathe, and haply inſtitute
A courſe of learning, and ingenious ſtudies.
Piſa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my Being; and my father firſt,
A merchant of great traffick through the world:
Vincentio's come of the *Bentivolii*,
Vincentio his ſon, brought up in *Florence*,
It ſhall become to ſerve all hopes conceiv'd,

(7) *I am arriv'd* for *fruitful* Lombardy,] Tho' all the Impreſſions concur in this, I take it to be a Blunder of the Editors, and not of the Author. *Padua* is not in *Lombardy*; but *Piſa*, from which *Lucentio* comes, is really in thoſe Territories.

To

To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, *Tranio*, for the time I ſtudy,
Virtue and that part of philoſophy
Will I apply, that treats of happineſs,
By virtue ſpecially to be atchiev'd.
Tell me thy mind, for I have *Piſa* left,
And am to *Padua* come, as he that leaves
A ſhallow plaſh to plunge him in the deep,
And with ſatiety ſeeks to quench his thirſt.
Tra. Me pardonato, gentle maſter mine,
I am in all affected as your ſelf:
Glad, that you thus continue your Reſolve,
To ſuck the ſweets of ſweet philoſophy:
Only, good maſter, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral diſcipline,
Let's be no Stoicks, nor no ſtocks, I pray;
Or, ſo devote to *Ariſtotle*'s checks,
As *Ovid* be an Outcaſt quite abjur'd.
Talk logick with acquaintance that you have,
And practiſe rhetorick in your common talk;
Muſick and Poeſie uſe to quicken you;
The Mathematicks, and the Metaphyſicks,
Fall to them, as you find your ſtomach ſerves you:
No profit grows, where is no pleaſure ta'en:
In brief, Sir, ſtudy what you moſt affect.
Luc. Gramercies, *Tranio*, well doſt thou adviſe;
If, *Biondello*, thou wert come aſhore,
We could at once put us in readineſs;
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends, as time in *Padua* ſhall beget.
But ſtay a while, what company is this?
Tra. Maſter, ſome ſhow to welcome us to town.

Enter Baptiſta *with* Catharina *and* Bianca, Gremio *and* Hortenſio. Lucentio *and* Tranio *ſtand by.*

Bap. Gentlemen Both, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am reſolv'd, you know;
That is, not to beſtow my youngeſt Daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you Both love *Catharina*,

Becauſe

Becauſe I know you well, and love you well,
Leave ſhall you have to court her at your pleaſure.
Gre. To cart her rather. — She's too rough for me:
There, there, *Hortenſio*, will you any wife?
Cath. I pray you, Sir, is it your will
To make a Stale of me amongſt theſe mates?
Hor. Mates, maid, how mean you that? no mates for you;
Unleſs you were of gentler milder mould.
Cath. I'faith, Sir, you ſhall never need to fear,
I wis, it is not half way to her heart:
But if it were, doubt not, her care ſhall be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd ſtool,
And paint your face, and uſe you like a fool.
Hor. From all ſuch devils, good Lord, deliver us.
Gre. And me too, good Lord.
Tra. Huſh, maſter, here's ſome good paſtime toward;
That wench is ſtark mad, or wonderful froward.
Luc. But in the other's ſilence I do ſee *aſide.*
Maid's mild behaviour and ſobriety.
Peace, *Tranio.*
Tra. Well ſaid, maſter; mum! and gaze your fill.
Bap. Gentlemen, that I may ſoon make good
What I have ſaid, *Bianca*, get you in;
And let it not diſpleaſe thee, good *Bianca*;
For I will love thee ne'er the leſs, my girl.
Cath. A pretty Peat! it is beſt put finger in the eye, an ſhe knew why.
Bian. Siſter, content you in my diſcontent.
Sir, to your pleaſure humbly I ſubſcribe:
My books and inſtruments ſhall be my company,
On them to look, and practiſe by my ſelf.
Luc. Hark, *Tranio*, thou may'ſt hear *Minerva* ſpeak. *aſide.*
Hor. Signior *Baptiſta*, will you be ſo ſtrange?
Sorry am I, that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre.

Gre. Why will you mew her up,
Signior *Baptiſta*, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am reſolv'd:
Go in, *Bianca*. —— [*Exit* Bianca.
And for I know, ſhe taketh moſt delight
In muſick, inſtruments, and poetry;
School-maſters will I keep within my houſe,
Fit to inſtruct her youth. If you, *Hortenſio*,
Or Signior *Gremio*, you, know any ſuch,
Prefer them hither: for to cunning men
I will be very kind; and liberal
To mine own children, in good bringing up;
And ſo farewel. *Catharina*, you may ſtay,
For I have more to commune with *Bianca*. [*Exit.*

Cath. Why, and, I truſt, I may go too, may I not? what, ſhall I be appointed hours, as tho', belike, I knew not what to take, and what to leave? ha! [*Exit.*

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts are ſo good, here is none will hold you. Our love is not ſo great, *Hortenſio*, but we may blow our nails together, and faſt it fairly out. Our cake's dow on both ſides. Farewel; yet for the love I bear my ſweet *Bianca*, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her That wherein ſhe delights, I will wiſh him to her Father.

Hor. So will I, Signior *Gremio*: but a word, I pray; tho' the nature of our quarrel never yet brook'd Parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us Both, that we may yet again have acceſs to our fair Miſtreſs, and be happy rivals in *Bianca*'s love, to labour and effect one thing 'ſpecially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, Sir, to get a husband for her ſiſter.

Gre. A husband! a devil.——

Hor. I ſay, a husband.

Gre. I ſay, a devil. Think'ſt thou, *Hortenſio*, tho' her father be very rich, any man is ſo very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor.

Hor. Tuſh, *Gremio*; tho' it paſs your patience and mine to endure her loud alarms, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all her faults, and mony enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, to be whip'd at the high-croſs every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you ſay, there's a ſmall choice in rotten apples: but, come, ſince this bar in law makes us friends, it ſhall be ſo far forth friendly maintain'd, 'till by helping *Baptiſta*'s eldeſt daughter to a husband, we ſet his youngeſt free for a husband, and then have to't afreſh. Sweet *Bianca!* happy man be his dole; he that runs faſteſt gets the ring; how ſay you, Signior *Gremio?*

Gre. I am agreed; and would I had given him the beſt horſe in *Padua* to begin his wooing, that would throughly wooe her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the houſe of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt* Gremio *and* Hortenſio.

Manent Tranio *and* Lucentio.

Tra. I pray, Sir, tell me, is it poſſible
That love ſhould on a ſudden take ſuch hold?

Luc. Oh *Tranio*, 'till I found it to be true,
I never thought it poſſible or likely.
But ſee, while idly I ſtood looking on,
I found th' effect of Love in idleneſs.
And now in plainneſs do confeſs to thee,
(That art to me as ſecret, and as dear,
As *Anna* to the Queen of *Carthage* was;)
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I periſh, *Tranio*,
If I atchieve not this young modeſt girl:
Counſel me, *Tranio*, for, I know, thou canſt;
Aſſiſt me, *Tranio*, for, I know, thou wilt.

Tra. Maſter, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart.
If love hath touch'd you, nought remains but ſo,
Redime te captum quàm queas minimo.

Luc.

Luc. Gramercy, lad; go forward, this contents;
The reſt will comfort, for thy counſel's ſound.
Tra. Maſter, you look'd ſo longly on the maid,
Perhaps, you mark'd not what's the pith of all.
Luc. O yes, I ſaw ſweet Beauty in her face;
Such as the daughter of *Agenor* had,
That made great *Jove* to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiſs'd the *Cretan* ſtrand.
Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how her ſiſter
Began to ſcold, and raiſe up ſuch a ſtorm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?
Luc. *Tranio*, I ſaw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath ſhe did perfume the air;
Sacred and ſweet was all I ſaw in her.——
Tra. Nay, then 'tis time to ſtir him from his trance:
I pray, awake, Sir; if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wit t' atchieve her. Thus it ſtands:
Her eldeſt Siſter is ſo curſt and ſhrewd,
That till the Father rids his Hands of her,
Maſter, your Love muſt live a Maid at home;
And therefore has he cloſely mew'd her up,
Becauſe ſhe ſhall not be annoy'd with ſuitors.
Luc. Ah, *Tranio*, what a cruel Father's he!
But art thou not adviſ'd, he took ſome care
To get her cunning ſchool-maſters t' inſtruct her?
Tra. Ay, marry, am I, Sir; and now 'tis plotted.
Luc. I have it, *Tranio*.
Tra. Maſter, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.
Luc. Tell me thine firſt.
Tra. You will be ſchool-maſter,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.
Luc. It is: may it be done?
Tra. Not poſſible: for who ſhall bear your part,
And be in *Padua* here *Vincentio*'s ſon,
Keep houſe, and ply his book, welcome his friends,
Viſit his countrymen, and banquet them?

Luc.

Luc. Baſta;—— content thee; for I have it full.
We have not yet been ſeen in any houſe,
Nor can we be diſtinguiſh'd by our faces,
For man or maſter: then it follows thus.
Thou ſhalt be maſter, *Tranio*, in my ſtead;
Keep houſe, and port, and ſervants, as I ſhould.
I will ſome other be, ſome *Florentine*,
Some *Neapolitan*, or meaner man of *Piſa*.
'Tis hatch'd, and ſhall be ſo: *Tranio*, at once
Uncaſe thee: take my colour'd hat and cloak.
When *Biondello* comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him firſt to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. [*They exchange Habits.*
In brief, good Sir, ſith it your pleaſure is,
And I am tied to be obedient,
(For ſo your Father charg'd me at our parting;
Be ſerviceable to my Son, quoth he,)
Altho', I think, 'twas in another ſenſe;
I am content to be *Lucentio*,
Becauſe ſo well I love *Lucentio*.

Luc. Tranio, be ſo; becauſe *Lucentio* loves;
And let me be a ſlave t'atchieve that Maid,
Whoſe ſudden ſight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.

Here comes the rogue. Sirrah, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been? nay, how now, where are you? maſter, has my fellow *Tranio* ſtoll'n your cloaths, or you ſtoll'n his, or both? pray, what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jeſt;
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow *Tranio* here, to ſave my life,
Puts my apparel and my count'nance on,
And I for my eſcape have put on his:
For in a quarrel, ſince I came aſhore,
I kill'd a man, and, fear, I am deſcry'd:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes;
While I make way from hence to ſave my life.
You underſtand me?

Bion.

Bion. Ay, Sir, ne'er a whit. ——

Luc. And not a jot of *Tranio* in your mouth; *Tranio* is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

Bion. The better for him, would I were ſo too.

Tra. So would I, 'faith, boy, to have the next wiſh after; that *Lucentio*, indeed, had *Baptiſta*'s youngeſt Daughter. But, ſirrah, not for my ſake, but your maſter's, I adviſe you, uſe your manners diſcreetly in all kind of companies: when I am alone, why, then I am *Tranio*; but in all places elſe, your maſter *Lucentio*.

Luc. Tranio, let's go: one thing more reſts, that thy ſelf execute, to make one among theſe wooers; if thou ask me why, ſufficeth, my reaſons are both good and weighty. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *before* Hortenſio's *Houſe*, *in* Padua.

Enter Petruchio, *and* Grumio.

Pet. VERONA, for a while I take my leave,
To ſee my friends in *Padua*; but of all
My beſt beloved and approved friend,
Hortenſio; and, I trow, this is the houſe;
Here, ſirrah, *Grumio*, knock, I ſay.

Gru. Knock, Sir? whom ſhould I knock? is there any man, has rebus'd your Worſhip?

Pet. Villain, I ſay, knock me here ſoundly.

Gru. Knock you here, Sir? why, Sir, what am I, Sir,
That I ſhould knock you here, Sir?

Pet. Villain, I ſay, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My maſter is grown quarrelſome: I ſhould knock you firſt,
And then I know after, who comes by the worſt.

Pet. Will it not be?
Faith, ſirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it,
I'll try how you can *Sol*, *Fa*, and ſing it.
[*He wrings him by the Ears.*

Gru. Help, maſters, help; my maſter is mad.

Pet. Now knock, when I bid you: Sirrah! Villain!

Enter Hortenſio.

Hor. How now, what's the matter? my old friend *Grumio*, and my good friend *Petruchio!* how do you all at *Verona?*

Pet. Signior *Hortenſio*, come you to part the fray? *Con tutto il Core ben trovato*, may I ſay.

Hor. *Alla noſtra Caſa ben venuto, molto honorato Signor mio* Petruchio.

Riſe, *Grumio*, riſe; we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, what he leges in Latine. If this be not a lawful cauſe for me to leave his ſervice, look you, Sir: he bid me knock him, and rap him ſoundly, Sir. Well, was it fit for a ſervant to uſe his maſter ſo, being, perhaps, for ought I ſee, two and thirty, a pip out?

Whom, would to God, I had well knock'd at firſt,
Then had not *Grumio* come by the worſt.

Pet. A ſenſeleſs villain! —— Good *Hortenſio*,
I bid the raſcal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate? O heav'ns! ſpake you not theſe words plain? ſirrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock me ſoundly: and come you now with knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I adviſe you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am *Grumio*'s pledge:
Why, this is a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,
Your ancient, truſty, pleaſant ſervant *Grumio*;
And tell me now, ſweet Friend, what happy Gale
Blows you to *Padua* here, from old *Verona?*

Pet. Such wind as ſcatters young men through the world,
To ſeek their fortunes farther than at home;
(8) Where ſmall experience grows, but, in a few,
Signior *Hortenſio*, thus it ſtands with me,

(8) *Where ſmall Experience grows*, but *in a few.*] Our Poet is frequently obſcure in his Uſe of this Conjunction disjunctive. He means here, that ſmall Experience grows to Youths, who ſtay at home; except to a Few, that are Exceptions to this Obſervation.

Antonio my Father is deceas'd;
And I have thrust my self into this maze,
Happly to wive and thrive, as best I may:
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel,
And yet, I'll promise thee, she shall be rich,
And very rich: but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior *Hortensio*, 'twixt such friends as us
Few words suffice; and therefore if you know
One rich enough to be *Petruchio*'s wife;
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance)
Be she as foul as was *Florentio's* love,
As old as *Sibyl*, and as curst and shrewd
As *Socrates' Xantippe*, or a worse,
She moves me not; or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me. Were she as rough [443]
As are the swelling *Adriatick* Seas,
I come to wive it wealthily in *Padua:*
If wealthily, then happily, in *Padua.*

Gru. Nay, look you, Sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: why, give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby, or an old Trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, tho' she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses; why, nothing comes amiss, so mony comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we are stept thus far in,
I will continue That I broach'd in jest.
I can, *Petruchio*, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young and beauteous;
Brought up, as best becomes a gentlewoman.
Her only fault, and that is fault enough,
Is, that she is intolerable curst;
And shrewd, and froward, so beyond all measure,
That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a Mine of gold.

Affection sig'd in coin. W.

Pet. *Hortenſio*, peace; thou know'ſt not gold's effect;
Tell me her Father's name, and 'tis enough:
For I will board her, tho' ſhe chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in Autumn crack.
Hor. Her Father is *Baptiſta Minola*,
An affable and courteous Gentleman;
Her name is *Catharina Minola*,
Renown'd in *Padua* for her ſcolding tongue.
Pet. I know her Father, tho' I know not her;
And he knew my deceaſed Father well.
I will not ſleep, *Hortenſio*, 'till I ſee her,
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this firſt encounter,
Unleſs you will accompany me thither.
Gru. I pray you, Sir, let him go while the humour laſts. O' my word, an ſhe knew him as well as I do, ſhe would think ſcolding would do little good upon him. She may, perhaps, call him half a ſcore knaves, or ſo: why, that's nothing; an he begin once, he'll (i) rail in his rope-tricks. I'll tell you what, Sir, an ſhe ſtand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and ſo disfigure her with it, that ſhe ſhall have no more eyes to ſee withal than a cat: you know him not, Sir.
Hor. Tarry, *Petruchio*, I muſt go with thee,
For in *Baptiſta*'s houſe my Treaſure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngeſt Daughter, beautiful *Bianca*;
(9) And her with-holds he from me, and others more
Suitors to her, and Rivals in my love:
Suppoſing it a thing impoſſible,
(For thoſe defects I have before rehears'd,)
That ever *Catharina* will be woo'd;
Therefore this order hath *Baptiſta* ta'en,

(9) *And her withholds he from me. Other more Suitors to her, and Rivals in my Love:* &c.] The Editors, in this Careleſsneſs of their Pointing, have made ſtark Nonſenſe of this Paſſage. The Regulation, which I have given to the Text, was dictated to me by the ingenious Dr. *Thirlby*.

That

That none ſhall have acceſs unto *Bianca*,
'Till *Catharine* the curſt have got a husband.
Gru. *Catharine* the curſt?
A title for a maid of all titles the worſt!
Hor. Now ſhall my Friend *Petruchio* do me grace,
And offer me diſguis'd in ſober robes
To old *Baptiſta* as a ſchool-maſter,
Well ſeen in muſick, to inſtruct *Bianca*;
That ſo I may by this device, at leaſt,
Have leave and leiſure to make love to her;
And, unſuſpected, court her by her ſelf.

Enter Gremio, *and* Lucentio *diſguis'd.*

Gru. Here's no knavery! ſee, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together. Maſter, look about you: who goes there? ha.
Hor. Peace, *Grumio*, 'tis the Rival of my love. *Petruchio*, ſtand by a while.
Gru. A proper Stripling, and an amorous.——
Gre. O, very well; I have perus'd the note. Hark you, Sir, I'll have them very fairly bound, All books of love; ſee That, at any hand; And ſee, you read no other lectures to her: You underſtand me—Over and beſide Signior *Baptiſta*'s liberality, I'll mend it with a largeſs. Take your papers too, And let me have them very well perfum'd; For ſhe is ſweeter than perfume it ſelf, To whom they go: what will you read to her?
Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you, As for my Patron, ſtand you ſo aſſured; As firmly, as your ſelf were ſtill in place; Yea, and, perhaps, with more ſucceſsful words Than you, unleſs you were a ſcholar, Sir.
Gre. Oh this learning, what a thing it is!
Gru. Oh this woodcock, what an aſs it is!——
Pet. Peace, Sirrah.
Hor. *Grumio*, mum! God ſave you, Signior *Gremio*.
Gre. And you are well met, Signior *Hortenſio*. Trow you, whither I am going? to *Baptiſta Minola*; I pro-

mis'd to enquire carefully about a ſchool-maſter for the fair *Bianca*; and by good fortune I have lighted well on this young man; for Learning and Behaviour fit for her turn, well read in Poetry, and other books, good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman,
Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
A fine muſician to inſtruct our miſtreſs;
So ſhall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair *Bianca*, ſo belov'd of me.

Gre. Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds ſhall prove.

Gru. And that his bags ſhall prove.

Hor. *Gremio*, 'tis now no time to vent our love.
Liſten to me; and, if you ſpeak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a Gentleman whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to wooe curſt *Catharine*;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry pleaſe.

Gre. So ſaid, ſo done, is well;——
Hortenſio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know, ſhe is an irkſome brawling Scold;
If that be all, maſters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, ſayeſt me ſo, friend? what Countryman?

Pet. Born in *Verona*, old *Antonio*'s Son;
My Father's dead, my fortune lives for me,
And I do hope good days and long to ſee.

Gre. Oh, Sir, ſuch a life with ſuch a wife were ſtrange;
But if you have a ſtomach, to't, o' God's name:
You ſhall have me aſſiſting you in all.
But will you wooe this wild cat?

Pet. Will I live?

Gru. Will he wooe her? ay, or I'll hang her.

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Think you, a little din can daunt my ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the ſea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with ſweat?
Have I not heard great Ordnance in the field?
And heav'n's artillery thunder in the skies?

Have

Have I not in a pitched battel heard
Loud larums, neighing ſteeds, and trumpets clangue?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half ſo great a blow to hear,
As will a cheſnut in a farmer's fire?
Tuſh, tuſh, fear boys with bugs.
Gru. For he fears none.——
Gre. Hortenſio, hark:
This Gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind preſumes, for his own good, and ours.
Hor. I promis'd, we would be contributors;
And bear his charge of wooing whatſoe'er.
Gre. And ſo we will, provided that he win her.
Gru. I would, I were as ſure of a good dinner.

To them Tranio *bravely apparell'd, and* Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen, God ſave you. If I may be bold, tell me, I beſeech you, which is the readieſt way to the houſe of Signior *Baptiſta Minola?*
Bion. He, that has the two fair Daughters? is't he you mean?
Tra. Even he, *Biondello.*
Gre. Hark you, Sir, you mean not her, to——
Tra. Perhaps, him and her; what have you to do?
Pet. Nor her that chides, Sir, at any hand, I pray.
Tra. I love no chiders, Sir: *Biondello*, let's away.
Luc. Well begun, *Tranio.*
Hor. Sir, a word ere you go:
Are you a ſuitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?
Tra. An if I be, Sir, is it any offence?
Gre. No; if without more words you will get you hence.
Tra. Why, Sir, I pray, are not the ſtreets as free
For me, as for you?
Gre. But ſo is not ſhe.
Tra. For what reaſon, I beſeech you?
Gre. For this reaſon, if you'll know:
That ſhe's the choice love of Signior *Gremio.*
Hor. That ſhe's the choſen of Signior *Hortenſio.*
Tra. Softly, my maſters; if you be gentlemen,
Do me this Right; hear me with patience.

Baptiſta is a noble Gentleman,
To whom my Father is not all unknown;
And, were his Daughter fairer than ſhe is,
She may more ſuitors have, and me for one.
Fair *Leda*'s Daughter had a thouſand wooers;
Then well One more may fair *Bianca* have,
And ſo ſhe ſhall. *Lucentio* ſhall make one,
Tho' *Paris* came, in hope to ſpeed alone.
Gre. What, this Gentleman will out-talk us all!
Luc. Sir, give him head; I know, he'll prove a jade.
Pet. Hortenſio, to what end are all theſe words?
Hor. Sir, let me be ſo bold as to ask you,
Did you yet ever ſee *Baptiſta*'s Daughter?
Tra. No, Sir; but, hear I do, that he hath two:
The one as famous for a ſcolding tongue,
As the other is for beauteous modeſty.
Pet. Sir, Sir, the firſt's for me; let her go by.
Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great *Hercules*;
And let it be more than *Alcides*' twelve.
Pet. Sir, underſtand you this of me, inſooth:
The youngeſt Daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her Father keeps from all acceſs of ſuitors,
And will not promiſe her to any man,
Until the eldeſt Siſter firſt be wed:
The younger then is free, and not before.
Tra. If it be ſo, Sir, that you are the man
Muſt ſteed us all, and me amongſt the reſt;
And if you break the ice, and do this feat,
Atchieve the elder, ſet the younger free
For our acceſs; whoſe hap ſhall be to have her,
Will not ſo graceleſs be, to be ingrate.
Hor. Sir, you ſay well, and well you do conceive:
And ſince you do profeſs to be a ſuitor,
You muſt, as we do, gratifie this Gentleman,
To whom we all reſt generally beholden.
Tra. (10) Sir, I ſhall not be ſlack; in ſign whereof,
[75] Pleaſe ye, we may convive this afternoon,

And

(10) *Sir, I ſhall not be ſlack; in ſign whereof,*
Pleaſe you, we may contrive *this Afternoon,*]
What were they to *contrive?* Or how is it any Teſtimony of *Tranio*'s con-

And quaff carouſes to our Miſtreſs' health;
And do as adverſaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru. Bion. O excellent motion: fellows, let's be gone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it ſo,
Petruchio, I ſhall be your *ben venuto*. [*Exeunt.*

[*The Preſenters, above, ſpeak here.*

1 Man. *My Lord, you nod; you do not mind the Play.*

Sly. *Yea, by St.* Ann, *do I: a good matter, ſurely! comes there any more of it?*

Lady. *My Lord, 'tis but begun.*

Sly. *'Tis a very excellent piece of work, Madam Lady. Would 'twere done!*——

conſenting to be *liberal*, that he will join in *contriving* with them? In ſhort, a fooliſh Corruption poſſeſſes the Place, that quite ſtrips the Poet of his intended Humour. What was ſaid here is purely ἐν ἤθει, as the old *Scholiaſts* call it, in Character. *Tranio* is but a ſuppos'd Gentleman: His Habit is all the *Gentility* he has about him: and the Poet, I am perſuaded, meant that the *Servingman*'s Qualities ſhould break out upon him; and that his Mind ſhould rather run on *good Cheer* than *Contrivances*. I have therefore ventur'd to ſuſpect;

Pleaſe you, we may convive *this Afternoon,*

This agrees with, *quaff Carowſes*; and with What he ſays at the Concluſion of this Speech, *but* eat *and* drink *as Friends*. And this word *convive*, however quaint and uncommon it may be, is again uſed by our Poet in his *Troilus* and *Creſſida*:

Firſt, all You Peers of Greece, *go to my Tent;*
There in the full convive *You.*

It is regularly deriv'd from *Convivium* of the *Latines*; and the Active Verb, uſed more obſoletely inſtead of the Paſſive.

Si Calendis convivant, *Idibus cœnant foris.*

And,

Malo hercle ſuo magno convivant *ſine modo.*

Say *Pomponius* and *Ennius*, as quoted by *Nonius Marcellus*.

* Yet Shakespeare may use it in the sense of the Latin word Conterere, to spend together, [as Terence contrivi diem.] W. Spenser Fairy Queen B II. c: 9 st 48 says Three ages, such as mortal men contrive

But see Note 9.

ACT II.

SCENE, Baptiſta's *Houſe in* Padua.

Enter Catharina *and* Bianca.

BIANCA.

GOOD Siſter, wrong me not, nor wrong your ſelf,
To make a bond-maid and a ſlave of me;
That I diſdain; (11) but for theſe other Gawds,
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off my ſelf;
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat,
Or, what you will command me, will I do;
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Cath. Of all thy Suitors here, I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'ſt beſt: ſee, thou diſſemble not.

Bian. Believe me, Siſter, of all men alive
I never yet beheld that ſpecial face,

(11) ——— *But for theſe other* Goods,] This is ſo trifling and unexpreſſive a Word, that, I am ſatisfied, our Author wrote, *Gawds*, (i. e. Toys, trifling Ornaments;) a Term that he frequently uſes and ſeems fond of.

Midſummer Night's Dream.

With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, *conceits,*
Knacks, trifles,———

And again,

As the remembrance of an idle Gawde,
Which in my Childhood I did doat upon.

King John.

Is all too wanton, and too full of Gawds,
To give me Audience.

So *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in their *Women pleas'd*;

Her Rules and Precepts hung with Gawds *and Ribbands.*

And in their *Two Noble Kinſmen*;

——— *What a mere Child is Fancy,*
That having Two fair Gawds *of equal Sweetneſs,*
Cannot diſtinguiſh, but muſt cry for Both.
&c. &c. &c.

Which

Which I could fancy more than any other.
Cath. Minion, thou lieſt; is't not *Hortenſio?*
Bian. If you affect him, ſiſter, here I ſwear,
I'll plead for you my ſelf, but you ſhall have him.
Cath. Oh, then, belike, you fancy riches more;
You will have *Gremio*, to keep you fair.
Bian. Is it for him you do ſo envy me?
Nay, then you jeſt; and now, I well perceive,
You have but jeſted with me all this while;
I pr'ythee, ſiſter *Kate*, untie my hands.
Cath. If That be jeſt, then all the reſt was ſo.
[*Strikes her.*

Enter Baptiſta.

Bap. Why, how now, dame, whence grows this inſolence?
Bianca, ſtand aſide; poor girl, ſhe weeps;
Go ply thy needle, meddle not with her.
For ſhame, thou hilding of a deviliſh ſpirit,
Why doſt thou wrong her, that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did ſhe croſs thee with a bitter word?
Cath. Her ſilence flouts me; and I'll be reveng'd.
[*Flies after* Bianca.
Bap. What, in my ſight? *Bianca*, get thee in.
[*Ex.* Bian.
Cath. Will you not ſuffer me? nay, now I ſee,
She is your treaſure; ſhe muſt have a husband;
I muſt dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell:
Talk not to me, I will go ſit and weep,
'Till I can find occaſion of revenge. [*Exit* Cath.
Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd, as I?
But who comes here?

Enter Gremio, Lucentio *in the habit of a mean man*; Petruchio *with* Hortenſio, *like a muſician*; Tranio *and* Biondello *bearing a lute and books.*

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour *Baptiſta.*
Bap. Good morrow, neighbour *Gremio:* God ſave you, gentlemen.

Pet.

Pet. And you, good Sir; pray, have you not a daughter call'd *Catharina*, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, Sir, call'd *Catharina*.

Gre. You are too blunt; go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, Signior *Gremio*, give me leave.
I am a gentleman of *Verona*, Sir,
That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,
Am bold to shew my self a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that Report, which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
[*Presenting* Hor.
I do present you with a man of mine,
Cunning in musick, and the mathematicks,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong,
His name is *Licio*, born in *Mantua*.

Bap. You'are welcome, Sir, and he for your good sake.
But for my daughter *Catharine*, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more's my grief.

Pet. I see, you do not mean to part with her;
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but what I find.
Whence are you, Sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. *Petruchio* is my name, *Antonio*'s son,
A man well known throughout all *Italy*.

(c) *Bap.* I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, *Petruchio*, I pray, let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too. *Baccalare!* —you are marvellous forward. (12)

Pet.

(12) Baccare, *you are marvellous forward.*] But not so forward, as our Editors are indolent and acquiescing. This is a stupid Corruption of the Press, that None of them have div'd into. We must read, *Baccalare*, as Mr. *Warburton* acutely observ'd to me; by which the *Italians* mean,

Pet. Oh, pardon me, Signior *Gremio*, I would fain be doing. (13)

Gre. I doubt it not, Sir, but you will curſe your wooing. Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am ſure of it. To expreſs the like kindneſs my ſelf, that have been more kindly beholden to you than any, free leave give to this young ſcholar, that hath been long ſtudying at *Reims*, [*Preſenting* Luc.] as cunning in *Greek*, *Latin*, and other languages, as the other in muſick and mathematicks; his name is *Cambio*; pray, accept his ſervice.

Bap. A thouſand thanks, Signior *Gremio:* welcome, good *Cambio*. But, gentle Sir, methinks, you walk like a ſtranger; [*To* Tranio.] may I be ſo bold to know the cauſe of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, Sir, the boldneſs is mine own,
That, being a ſtranger in this City here,
Do make my ſelf a ſuitor to your daughter,
Unto *Bianca*, fair and virtuous:
Nor is your firm reſolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldeſt ſiſter.
This liberty is all that I requeſt,
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongſt the reſt that woo,
And free acceſs and favour as the reſt.

mean, Thou arrogant, preſumptuous Man! The Word is uſed ſcornfully, upon any One that would aſſume a Port of Grandeur and high Repute: *Per deriſione d'huomo che ſtia in riputatione, e che grandeggi*; ſays *La Cruſca*. The *French* call ſuch a Character, *un Bravache*; and the *Spaniards*, *el Fanfarron*.

(13) *Oh, pardon me, Signor* Gremio, *I would fain be doing.*

Gre. *I doubt it not, Sir, but you will curſe your wooing Neighbours. This is a Gift*;] It would be very unreaſonable, after ſuch a Number of Inſtances, to ſuſpect the Editors ever dwelt on the meaning of any Paſſage: But why ſhould *Petruchio* curſe his *wooing Neighbours?* They were None of them his Rivals: Nor, tho' he ſhould curſe his own Match afterwards, did he commence his Courtſhip on their Accounts. In ſhort, *Gremio* is deſign'd to anſwer to *Petruchio* in doggrel Rhyme, to this purpoſe,—"Yes; I know, You would fain be doing; but you'll coap "with ſuch a Devil, that You'll have Reaſon to curſe your Wooing."—and then immediately turns his Diſcourſe to *Baptiſta*, whom he calls *Neighbour*, (as he had done before at the Beginning of this Scene,) and makes his Preſent to him.

And

And toward the education of your daughters,
I here beſtow a ſimple Inſtrument,
And this ſmall packet of *Greek* and *Latin* books.
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

[*They greet privately.*

Bap. *Lucentio* is your name? of whence I pray?

Tra. Of *Piſa*, Sir, ſon to *Vincentio*.

Bap. A mighty man of *Piſa*; by Report
I know him well; you are very welcome, Sir.
Take You the lute, and You the Set of books,

[*To* Hortenſio *and* Lucentio.

You ſhall go ſee your pupils preſently.
Holla, within! ——

Enter a ſervant.

Sirrah, lead theſe gentlemen
To my two daughters; and then tell them Both,
Theſe are their tutors, bid them uſe them well.

[*Exit Serv. with* Hortenſio *and* Lucentio.

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are paſſing welcome,
And ſo, I pray you all, to think your ſelves.

Pet. Signior *Baptiſta*, my buſineſs asketh haſte,
And every day I cannot come to wooe.
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left ſolely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd, rather than decreas'd;
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry ſhall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands:
And, in poſſeſſion, twenty thouſand crowns.

Pet. And for that dowry, I'll aſſure her of
Her widowhood, be it that ſhe ſurvive me,
In all my lands and leaſes whatſoever;
Let ſpecialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the ſpecial thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing: for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as ſhe proud-minded.
And where two raging fires meet together,

They

They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Tho' little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extream gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yields to me,
For I am rough, and wooe not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'st thou wooe, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof, as mountains are for winds:
That shake not, tho' they blow perpetually.

Enter Hortensio *with his head broke.*

Bap. How now, my friend; why dost thou look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hor. I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her, she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
Frets call you them? quoth she: I'll fume with them:
And with that word she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way,
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute:
While she did call me rascal, fidler,
And twangling *Jack*, with twenty such vile terms,
As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did;
Oh, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited,
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter,
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns;
Signior *Petruchio*, will you go with us,

Or

Or ſhall I ſend my daughter *Kate* to you?

Pet. I pray you, do. I will attend her here:

[*Exit* Bap. *with* Grem. Horten. *and* Tranio.

And wooe her with ſome ſpirit when ſhe comes.
Say, that ſhe rail; why, then I'll tell her plain,
She ſings as ſweetly as a nightingale:
Say, that ſhe frowns; I'll ſay, ſhe looks as clear
As morning roſes newly waſh'd with dew;
Say, ſhe be mute, and will not ſpeak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility;
And ſay, ſhe uttereth piercing eloquence:
If ſhe do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As tho' ſhe bid me ſtay by her a week;
If ſhe deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I ſhall ask the banes, and when be married?
But here ſhe comes, and now *Petruchio* ſpeak.

Enter Catharina.

Good morrow, *Kate*; for that's your name, I hear.

Cath. Well have you heard, but ſomething hard of hearing.

They call me *Catharine*, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith, for you are call'd plain *Kate*;
And bonny *Kate*, and ſometimes *Kate* the curſt:
But *Kate*, the prettieſt *Kate* in chriſtendom,
Kate of *Kate-hall*, my ſuper-dainty *Kate*,
(For dainties are all *Cates*) and therefore *Kate*;
Take this of me, *Kate* of my conſolation!
Hearing thy mildneſs prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues ſpoke of, and thy beauty ſounded,
Yet not ſo deeply as to thee belongs:
My Self am mov'd to wooe thee for my wife

Cath. Mov'd! in good time; let him, that mov'd you hither,
Remove you hence; I knew you at the firſt
You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable?

Cath. A join'd ſtool.

Pet. Thou haſt hit it; come, ſit on me.

Cath.

Cath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.
Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.
Cath. No such jade, Sir, as you; if me you mean.
Pet. Alas, good *Kate*, I will not burthen thee;
For knowing thee to be but young and light——
Cath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.
Pet. Should *bee*; —— should *buz*. ——
Cath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.
Pet. Oh, slow-wing'd turtle, shall a buzzard take thee?
Cath. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.
Pet. Come, come, you wasp, i'faith, you are too angry.
Cath. If I be waspish, 'best beware my sting.
Pet. My remedy is then to pluck it out.
Cath. Ah, if the fool could find it, where it lies.
Pet. Who knows not, where a wasp doth wear his sting?
In his tail. ——
Cath. In his tongue.
Pet. Whose tongue?
Cath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewel.
Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,
Good *Kate*, I am a gentleman.
Cath. That I'll try. [*She strikes him.*
Pet. I swear, I'll cuff you, if you strike again.
Cath. So may you lose your arms.
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.
Pet. A herald, *Kate?* oh, put me in thy books.
Cath. What is your crest, a coxcomb?
Pet. A combless cock, so *Kate* will be my hen.
Cath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.
Pet. Nay, come, *Kate*; come, you must not look so sower.
Cath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.
Pet. Why, here's no crab, and therefore look not so sower.

Cath. There is, there is.
Pet. Then ſhew it me.
Cath. Had I a glaſs, I would.
Pet. What, you mean my face?
Cath. Well aim'd, of ſuch a young one. ——
Pet. Now, by St. *George*, I am too young for you.
Cath. Yet you are wither'd.
Pet. 'Tis with Cares.
Cath. I care not.
Pet. Nay, hear you, *Kate*; Inſooth, you 'ſcape not ſo.
Cath. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.
Pet. No, not a whit, I find you paſſing gentle:
'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and ſullen,
And now I find Report a very liar;
For thou art pleaſant, gameſome, paſſing courteous,
But ſlow in ſpeech, yet ſweet as ſpring-time flowers.
Thou canſt not frown, thou can'ſt not look aſcance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
Nor haſt thou pleaſure to be croſs in talk:
But thou with mildneſs entertain'ſt thy wooers,
With gentle conf'rence, ſoft and affable.
Why doth the world report, that *Kate* doth limp?
Oh ſland'rous world! *Kate*, like the hazle twig,
Is ſtrait, and ſlender; and as brown in hue
As hazle nuts, and ſweeter than the kernels.
O, let me ſee thee walk: thou doſt not halt.
Cath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'ſt command.
Pet. Did ever *Dian* ſo become a grove,
As *Kate* this chamber with her princely gaite?
O, be thou *Dian*, and let her be *Kate*,
And then let *Kate* be chaſt, and *Dian* ſportful! ——
Cath. Where did you ſtudy all this goodly ſpeech?
Pet. It is *extempore*, from my mother-wit.
Cath. A witty mother, witleſs elſe her ſon.
Pet. Am I not wiſe?
Cath. Yes; keep you warm.
Pet. Why, ſo I mean, ſweet *Catharine*, in thy bed:
And therefore ſetting all this chat aſide,

Thus

Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented,
That you shall be my wife; your dow'ry 'greed on,
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, *Kate*, I am a husband for your turn,
For by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
(Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well;)
Thou must be married to no man but me.
For I am he, am born to tame you, *Kate*;
And bring you from a wild cat to a *Kate*,
Conformable as other houshold *Kates*;
Here comes your father, never make denial,
I must and will have *Catharine* to my wife.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, *and* Tranio.

Bap. Now, Signior *Petruchio*, how speed you with my daughter?

Pet. How but well, Sir? how but well?
It were impossible, I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter *Catharine*, in your dumps?

Pet. Call you me daughter? now, I promise you,
You've shew'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatick;
A madcap ruffian, and a swearing *Jack*,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus; your self and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;
If she be curst, it is for policy,
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove:
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience, she will prove a second *Grissel*;
And *Roman Lucrece* for her chastity.
And, to conclude, we've 'greed so well together,
That upon *Sunday* is the wedding day.

Cath. I'll see thee hang'd on *Sunday* first.

Gre. Hark: *Petruchio!* she says, she'll see thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night, our part!

Pet. Be patient, Sirs, I chuse her for my self;

If ſhe and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That ſhe ſhall ſtill be curſt in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much ſhe loves me; oh, the kindeſt *Kate!* ——
She hung about my neck, and kiſs on kiſs
She vy'd ſo faſt, proteſting oath on oath,
That in a twink ſhe won me to her love.
Oh, you are novices; 'tis a world to ſee,
How tame (when men and women are alone)
(e) A meacock wretch can make the curſteſt ſhrew.
Give me thy hand, *Kate*, I will unto *Venice*,
To buy apparel 'gainſt the wedding day;
Father, provide the feaſt, and bid the gueſts;
I will be ſure, my *Catharine* ſhall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to ſay, but give your hands;
God ſend you joy, *Petruchio*, 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, ſay we; we will be witneſſes.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to *Venice*, *Sunday* comes apace,
We will have rings and things, and fine array;
And kiſs me, *Kate*, we will be married a *Sunday*.

[*Ex.* Petruchio, *and* Catharine *ſeverally.*

Gre. Was ever match clapt up ſo ſuddenly?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a deſperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you;
'Twill bring you gain, or periſh on the ſeas.

Bap. The gain I ſeek is quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch:
But now, *Baptiſta*, to your younger daughter;
Now is the day we long have looked for:
I am your neighbour, and was ſuitor firſt.

Tra. And I am one, that love *Biancha* more
Than words can witneſs, or your thoughts can gueſs.

Gre. Youngling! thou canſt not love ſo dear as I.

Tra. Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry.
Skipper, ſtand back; 'tis age, that nouriſheth.

Tra. But youth, in ladies eyes that flouriſheth.

Bap.

Bap. Content you, Gentlemen, I will compound this ſtrife;
'Tis deeds muſt win the prize; and he, of Both,
That can aſſure my daughter greateſt dower,
Shall have *Bianca*'s love.
Say, Signior *Gremio*, what can you aſſure her?
Gre. Firſt, as you know, my houſe within the city
Is richly furniſhed with plate and gold,
Baſons and ewers to lave her dainty hands:
My hangings all of *Tyrian* tapeſtry;
In ivory coffers I have ſtufft my crowns;
In cypreſs cheſts my arras, counterpanes,
Coſtly apparel, tents and canopies,
Fine linnen, *Turkey* cuſhions boſs'd with pearl;
Valance of *Venice* gold in needle-work;
Pewter and braſs, and all things that belong
To houſe, or houſe-keeping: then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixſcore fat oxen ſtanding in my ſtalls;
And all things anſwerable to this portion.
My ſelf am ſtruck in years, I muſt confeſs,
And if I die to morrow, this is hers;
If, whilſt I live, ſhe will be only mine.
Tra. That *only* came well in.—Sir, liſt to me;
I am my father's heir, and only ſon;
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houſes three or four as good,
Within rich *Piſa* walls, as any one
Old Signior *Gremio* has in *Padua*;
Beſides two thouſand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land; all which ſhall be her jointure.
What, have I pinch'd you, Signior *Gremio*?
Gre. Two thouſand ducats by the year of land! (14)
My

(14) Gre. *Two thouſand Ducats by the year of Land!*
My Land amounts not *to ſo much in all:*
That ſhe ſhall have, and ————]
Tho' all the Copies concur in this Reading, ſurely, if We examine the Reaſoning, ſomething will be found wrong. *Gremio* is ſtartled at the high Settlement *Tranio* propoſes; ſays, his whole Eſtate in Land can't match it, yet he'll ſettle ſo much a Year upon her, *&c.* This is Mock-reaſoning,

My land amounts but to ſo much in all:
That ſhe ſhall have, beſides an *Argoſie*
That now is lying in *Marſeilles*'s road.
What, have I choakt you with an *Argoſie?*
Tra. Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no leſs
Than three great *Argoſies*, beſides two galliaſſes,
And twelve tight gallies; theſe I will aſſure her,
And twice as much, what e'er thou offer'ſt next.
Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all; I have no more;
And ſhe can have no more than all I have;
If you like me, ſhe ſhall have me and mine.
Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promiſe; *Gremio* is out-vied.
Bap. I muſt confeſs, your offer is the beſt;
And let your father make her the aſſurance,
She is your own, elſe you muſt pardon me:
If you ſhould die before him, where's her dower?
Tra. That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.
Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?
Bap. Well, gentlemen, then I am thus reſolv'd:
On *Sunday* next, you know,
My daughter *Catharine* is to be married:
Now on the *Sunday* following ſhall *Bianca*
Be bride to you, if you make this aſſurance;
If not, to Signior *Gremio*:
And ſo I take my leave, and thank you both. [*Exit.*
Gre. Adieu, good neighbour. — Now I fear thee not:
Sirrah, young gameſter, your father were a fool
To give thee all; and in his waining age
Set foot under thy table: tut! a toy!
An old *Italian* fox is not ſo kind, my boy. [*Exit.*

reaſoning, or I don't know what to call it. The Change of the *negative* Monoſyllable in the 2d Line, which Mr. *Warburton* preſcrib'd, ſalves the Abſurdity, and ſets the Paſſage right. *Gremio* and *Tranio* are vyeing in their Offers to carry *Bianca:* The latter boldly propoſes to ſettle Land to the Amount of 2000 Ducats *per Annum.* Ay, ſays the Other; My whole Eſtate in Land amounts *but* to that Value: yet ſhe ſhall have *That*; I'll endow her with the *Whole*; and conſign a rich Veſſel to her Uſe, over and above. Thus all is intelligible, and he goes on to outbid his Rival.

Tra.

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten:
'Tis in my head to do my maſter good:
I ſee no reaſon, but ſuppos'd *Lucentio*
May get a father, call'd, ſuppos'd *Vincentio*;
And that's a wonder: fathers commonly
Do get their children; but in this caſe of wooing,
A child ſhall get a ſire, if I fail not of my cunning. [*Exit.*

——— [The Preſenters, above, ſpeak here.

Sly. Sim, *when will the fool come again?*

Sim. *Anon, my Lord.*

Sly. *Give's ſome more drink here* —— *where's the tapſter? here,* Sim, *eat ſome of theſe things.*

Sim. *So I do, my Lord.*

Sly. *Here,* Sim, *I drink to thee.*

ACT III.

SCENE, Baptiſta's *Houſe.*

Enter Lucentio, Hortenſio, *and* Bianca.

LUCENTIO.

FIdler, forbear; you grow too forward, Sir:
Have you ſo ſoon forgot the entertainment
Her ſiſter *Catharine* welcom'd you withal?

Hor. [She is a Shrew, but,] Wrangling Pedant, this is (15)

The

(15) ——— *Wrangling Pedant, this*
The Patroneſs of Heavenly Harmony.]
There can be no Reaſon, why *Hortenſio* ſhould begin with an Hemiſtich; but much leſs, why Mr. *Pope* ſhould have yet curtail'd this Hemiſtich, againſt the Authority of all the old Copies, which read;
——— But, *wrangling Pedant, this* is
The Words which I have added to fill the Verſe, being purely by Con-

The patroneſs of heavenly harmony;
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in muſick we have ſpent an hour,
Your lecture ſhall have leiſure for as much.

Luc. Prepoſterous aſs! that never read ſo far
To know the cauſe why muſick was ordain'd:
Was it not to refreſh the mind of man
After his ſtudies, or his uſual pain?
Then give me leave ro read philoſophy,
And, while I pauſe, ſerve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear theſe Braves of thine.

Bian. Why, Gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To ſtrive for That which reſteth in my choice:
I am no breeching ſcholar in the ſchools;
I'll not be tied to hours, nor pointed times,
But learn my leſſons as I pleaſe my ſelf;
And, to cut off all ſtrife, here ſit we down,
Take you your inſtrument, play you the while;
His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture, when I am in tune?
[Hortenſio *retires.*

Luc. That will be never; tune your inſtrument.

Bian. Where left we laſt?

Luc. Here, Madam: *Hac ibat Simois, hic eſt Sigeia tellus,*
Hic ſteterat Priami regia celſa ſenis.

Bian. Conſtrue them.

Luc. Hac ibat, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am *Lucentio*, *hic eſt*, ſon unto *Vincentio* of *Piſa*, *Sigeia tellus*, diſguiſed thus to get your love, *hic ſteterat*, and that *Lucentio* that comes a wooing, *Priami*, is my man *Tranio*, *regia*, bearing my port, *celſa ſenis*, that we might beguile the old Pantaloon.

Hor. Madam, my inſtrument's in tune. [*Returning.*

Bian. Let's hear. O fie, the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

jecture, and ſupply'd by the Senſe that ſeems requir'd, without any Traces of a corrupted Reading left, to authorize or found them upon; I have for that Reaſon incloſed them within Crotchets, to be embraced or rejected, at every Reader's pleaſure.

Bian.

Bian. Now let me see, if I can construe it: *Hac ibat Simois*, I know you not, *hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not, *hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not, *regia*, presume not, *celsa senis*, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right, 'tis the base knave that jars.
How fiery and how froward is our Pedant!
Now, for my life, that knave doth court my love;
Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust. (16)

Luc. Mistrust it not, —— for, sure, *Æacides*
Was *Ajax*, call'd so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master, else I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt;
But let it rest. Now, *Licio*, to you:
Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, and give me leave a while;
My lessons make no musick in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, Sir? well, I must wait,
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine musician groweth amorous.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you *Gamut* in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade;
And there it is in writing fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my *Gamut* long ago.

Hor. Yet read the *Gamut* of *Hortensio*.

Bian. [*reading.*] *Gamut* I am, the ground of all accord,

(16) *In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.*] This and the 7 Verses, that follow, have in all the Editions been stupidly shuffled and misplac'd to wrong Speakers: so that every Word said was glaringly out of Character. I first directed the true Regulation of them in my SHAKESPEARE *restor'd*, and Mr. *Pope* has since embraced it in his last Edition. I ought to take notice, the ingenious Dr. *Thirlby*, without seeing my Book, had struck out the self-same Regulation.

Are,

Are, to plead *Hortenſio*'s paſſion;
B mi, *Bianca*, take him for thy lord,
C faut, that loves with all affection;
D ſol re, one cliff, but two notes have I.
Elami, ſhow pity, or I die.
Call you this *Gamut?* tut, I like it not;
Old faſhions pleaſe me beſt; I'm not ſo nice (17)
To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Miſtreſs, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dreſs your ſiſter's chamber up;
You know, to morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewel, ſweet maſters, both; I muſt be gone. [*Exit.*

Luc. Faith, miſtreſs, then I have no cauſe to ſtay. [*Exit.*

Hor. But I have cauſe to pry into this pedant;
Methinks, he looks as tho' he were in love:
Yet if thy thoughts, *Bianca*, be ſo humble,
To caſt thy wandring eyes on every Stale;
Seize thee, who liſt; if once I find thee ranging,
Hortenſio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit.*

Enter Baptiſta, Gremio, Tranio, Catharina, Lucentio, Bianca, *and attendants.*

Bap. Signior *Lucentio*, this is the 'pointed day
That *Cath'rine* and *Petruchio* ſhould be married;
And yet we hear not of our ſon-in-law.
What will be ſaid? what mockery will it be,

(17) *Old Faſhions pleaſe me beſt: I'm not ſo nice*
To change true Rules for new Inventions.]
This is Senſe and the Meaning of the Paſſage; but the Reading of the Second Verſe, for all that, is ſophiſticated. The genuine Copies all concur in Reading,
To change true Rules for old Inventions.
This, indeed, is contrary to the very Thing it ſhould expreſs: But the eaſy Alteration, which I have made, reſtores the Senſe, but adds a Contraſt in the Terms perfectly juſt. *True* Rules are oppos'd to *odd* Inventions; i. e. *Whimſies*.

To

To want the Bridegroom, when the Prieſt attends
To ſpeak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
What ſays *Lucentio* to this ſhame of ours?
Cath. No ſhame, but mine; I muſt, forſooth, be forc'd
To give my hand oppos'd againſt my heart,
Unto a mad-brain Rudesby, full of ſpleen;
Who woo'd in haſte, and means to wed at leiſure.
I told you, I, he was a frantick fool,
Hiding his bitter jeſts in blunt behaviour:
And to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thouſand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banes;
Yet never means to wed, where he hath woo'd.
Now muſt the world point at poor *Catharine*,
And ſay, lo! there is mad *Petruchio*'s wife,
If it would pleaſe him come and marry her.
Tra. Patience, good *Catharine*, and *Baptiſta* too;
Upon my life, *Petruchio* means but well;
What ever fortune ſtays him from his word.
Tho' he be blunt, I know him paſſing wiſe;
Tho' he be merry, yet withal he's honeſt.
Cath. Would *Catharine* had never ſeen him tho'!
[*Exit weeping.*
Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For ſuch an injury would vex a Saint,
Much more a Shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Maſter, Maſter; old news, and ſuch news as you never heard of.
Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?
Bion. Why, is it not news to hear of *Petruchio*'s coming?
Bap. Is he come?
Bion. Why, no, Sir.
Bap. What then?
Bion. He is coming.
Bap. When will he be here?

Bion.

Bion. When he ſtands where I am, and ſees you there.

Tra. But, ſay, what to thine old news?

Bion. Why, *Petruchio* is coming in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches thrice turn'd; a pair of boots that have been candle-caſes, one buckled, another lac'd; an old ruſty ſword ta'en out of the town-armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeleſs, with two broken points; his horſe hip'd with an old mothy ſaddle, the ſtirrups of no kindred; beſides, poſſeſt with the glanders, and like* to moſe in the chine, troubled with the lampaſſe, infected with the faſhions, full of windgalls, ſped with ſpavins, raied with the yellows, paſt cure of the fives, ſtark ſpoiled with the ſtaggers, begnawn with the bots, waid in the back and ſhoulder-ſhotten, near-legg'd before, and with a half-checkt bit, and a headſtall of ſheep's leather, which being reſtrain'd, to keep him from ſtumbling, hath been often burſt, and now repair'd with knots; one girt ſix times piec'd, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairly ſet down in ſtuds, and here and there piec'd with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. Oh, Sir, his lackey, for all the world capariſon'd like the horſe, with a linnen ſtock on one leg, and a kerſey boot-hoſe on the other, garter'd with a red and blue liſt, an old hat, and the* humour of forty fancies prickt up in't for a feather: a monſter, a very monſter in apparel, and not like a chriſtian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis ſome odd humour pricks him to this faſhion;
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he's come, howſoever he comes.

Bion. Why, Sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didſt thou not ſay, he comes?

Bion. Who? that *Petruchio* came?

Bap. Ay, that *Petruchio* came.

Bion. No, Sir; I ſay, his horſe comes with him on his back.

Bap.

* *Some old ballad.*

Bap. Why, that's all one.
Bion. Nay, by St. *Jamy*, I hold you a penny,
A horſe and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

Enter Petruchio *and* Grumio *fantaſtically habited.*

Pet. Come, where be theſe gallants? who is at home?
Bap. You're welcome, Sir.
Pet. And yet I come not well.
Bap. And yet you halt not.
Tra. Not ſo well 'parell'd, as I wiſh you were.
Pet. Were it better, I ſhould ruſh in thus.
But where is *Kate?* where is my lovely bride?
How does my Father? Gentles, methinks, you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they ſaw ſome wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unuſual prodigy?
Bap. Why, Sir, you know, this is your wedding-day:
Firſt, were we ſad, fearing you would not come;
Now ſadder, that you come ſo unprovided.
Fie, doff this habit, ſhame to your eſtate,
An eye-ſore to our ſolemn feſtival.
Tra. And tell us what occaſion of import
Hath all ſo long detain'd you from your wife,
And ſent you hither ſo unlike your ſelf?
Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harſh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Tho' in ſome part enforced to digreſs,
Which at more leiſure I will ſo excuſe,
As you ſhall well be ſatisfied withal.
But, where is *Kate?* I ſtay too long from her;
The morning wears; 'tis time, we were at church.
Tra. See not your Bride in theſe unreverent robes;
Go to my chamber, put on cloaths of mine.
Pet. Not I; believe me, thus I'll viſit her.
Bap. But thus, I truſt, you will not marry her.
Pet. Good ſooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with words;
To me ſhe's married, not unto my cloaths:
Could I repair what ſhe will wear in me,

As

As I could change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for *Kate*, and better for my self.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good morrow to my Bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss? [*Exit.*

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire:
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this. [*Exit.*

Tra. But, Sir, our love concerneth us to add
Her Father's liking; which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your Worship,
I am to get a man, (whate'er he be,
It skills not much; we'll fit him to our turn;)
And he shall be *Vincentio* of *Pisa*,
And make assurance here in *Padua*
Of greater sums than I have promised:
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet *Bianca* with consent.

Luc. Were it not, that my fellow school-master
Doth watch *Bianca*'s steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say, no,
I'll keep my own, despight of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business:
We'll over-reach the gray-beard *Gremio*,
The narrow-prying Father *Minola*,
The quaint musician amorous *Licio*;
All for my master's sake, *Lucentio*.

Enter Gremio.

Now, Signior *Gremio*, came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the Bride and Bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A Bridegroom, say you? 'tis a groom, indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre.

Gre. Tut, ſhe's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him:
I'll tell you, Sir *Lucentio*; when the Prieſt
Should ask, if *Catharine* ſhould be his wife?
Ay, by gogs-woons, quoth he; and ſwore ſo loud,
That, all-amaz'd, the Prieſt let fall the book;
And as he ſtoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd Bridegroom took him ſuch a cuff,
That down fell prieſt and book, and book and prieſt.
Now take them up, quoth he, if any liſt.

Tra. What ſaid the wench, when he roſe up again?

Gre. Trembled and ſhook; for why, he ſtamp'd and ſwore,
As if the Vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine: a health, quoth he; as if
H'ad been aboard carowſing to his Mates
After a ſtorm; quafft off the muſcadel,
And threw the ſops all in the ſexton's face;
Having no other cauſe, but that his beard
Grew thin and hungerly, and ſeem'd to ask
His ſops as he was drinking. This done, he took
The Bride about the neck, and kiſt her lips
With ſuch a clamorous ſmack, that at the parting
All the church echo'd; and I ſeeing this,
Came thence for very ſhame; and after me,
I know, the rout is coming: Such a mad marriage
Ne'er was before. — Hark, hark, I hear the minſtrels.

[*Muſick plays.*

Enter Petruchio, Catharina, Bianca, Hortenſio, *and* Baptiſta.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:
I know, you think to dine with me to day,
And have prepar'd great ſtore of wedding cheer;
But ſo it is, my haſte doth call me hence;
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't poſſible, you will away to night?

Pet. I muſt away to day, before night come.
Make it no wonder; if you knew my buſineſs,

You

You would entreat me rather go than ſtay.
And, honeſt Company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away my ſelf
To this moſt patient, ſweet and virtuous wife.
Dine with my father, drink a health to me,
For I muſt hence, and farewel to you all.
Tra. Let us intreat you ſtay 'till after dinner.
Pet. It may not be.
Gre. Let me intreat you.
Pet. It cannot be.
Cath. Let me intreat you.
Pet. I am content——
Cath. Are you content to ſtay?
Pet. I am content, you ſhall intreat me, ſtay;
But yet not ſtay, intreat me how you can.
Cath. Now, if you love me, ſtay.
Pet. Grumio, my horſes.
[155] *Gru.* Ay, Sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten the horſes.
Cath. Nay, then,
Do what thou canſt, I will not go to day;
No, nor to morrow, nor 'till I pleaſe my ſelf:
The door is open, Sir, there lyes your way,
You may be jogging, while your boots are green;
For me, I'll not go, 'till I pleaſe my ſelf:
'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly ſurly groom,
That take it on you at the firſt ſo roundly.
Pet. O, *Kate*, content thee; pr'ythee, be not angry.
Cath. I will be angry; what haſt thou to do?
Father, be quiet; he ſhall ſtay my leiſure.
Gre. Ay, marry, Sir; now it begins to work.
Cath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal-dinner.
I ſee, a woman may be made a fool,
If ſhe had not a ſpirit to reſiſt.
Pet. They ſhall go forward, *Kate*, at thy command.
Obey the Bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the feaſt, revel and domineer;
Carowſe full meaſure to her maiden-head;
Be mad and merry, or go hang your ſelves;
But for my bonny *Kate*, ſhe muſt with me.

Nay,

Nay, look not big, nor ſtamp, nor ſtare, nor fret,
I will be maſter of what is mine own;
She is my goods, my chattels, ſhe is my houſe,
My houſhold ſtuff, my field, my barn,
My horſe, my ox, my aſs, my any thing;
And here ſhe ſtands, touch her who ever dare.
I'll bring my action on the proudeſt he,
That ſtops my way in *Padua: Grumio*,
Draw forth thy weapon; we're beſet with thieves;
Reſcue thy miſtreſs, if thou be a man:
Fear not, ſweet wench, they ſhall not touch thee, *Kate*;
I'll buckler thee againſt a million.

[*Exeunt* Pet. *and* Cath.

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I ſhould die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like.

Luc. Miſtreſs, what's your opinion of your Siſter?

Bian. That, being mad her ſelf, ſhe's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, *Petruchio* is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and Friends, tho' Bride and Bridegroom want
For to ſupply the places at the table;
You know, there wants no junkets at the feaſt:
Lucentio, you ſupply the Bridegroom's place;
And let *Bianca* take her Siſter's room.

Tra. Shall ſweet *Bianca* practiſe how to bride it?

Bap. She ſhall, *Lucentio*: Gentlemen, let's go.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, Petruchio's *Country Houſe.*

Enter Grumio.

GRUMIO.

FIE, fie on all tired jades, and all mad maſters, and all foul ways! was ever man ſo beaten? was ever man ſo raide? was ever man ſo weary? I am ſent before, to make a fire; and they are coming after, to warm them: now were I not a little pot, and ſoon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I ſhould come by a fire to thaw me; but I with blowing the fire ſhall warm my ſelf; for conſidering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold: holla, hoa, *Curtis!*

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is it that calls ſo coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice. If thou doubt it, thou may'ſt ſlide from my ſhoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good *Curtis.*

Curt. Is my maſter and his wife coming, *Grumio?*

Gru. Oh, ay, *Curtis*, ay; and therefore fire, fire; caſt on no water.

Curt. Is ſhe ſo hot a Shrew, as ſhe's reported?

Gru. She was, good *Curtis*, before this froſt; but thou know'ſt, winter tames man, woman and beaſt; for it hath tam'd my old maſter, and my new miſtreſs, [2] and my ſelf, fellow *Curtis.*

Curt. Away, you three-inch'd fool; I am no beaſt.

Gru. (18) Am I but three inches? why, my horn is a foot, and ſo long am I at the leaſt. But wilt thou make

(18) *Am I but three Inches? why,* thy *Horn is a foot, and ſo long am I at the leaſt.*] This is ſaid by *Grumio* to *Curtis.* But, tho' all the Co-

pies

make a fire, or ſhall I complain on thee to our miſtreſs, whoſe hand, ſhe being now at hand, thou ſhalt ſoon feel to thy cold comfort, for being ſlow in thy hot office.

Curt. I pr'ythee, good *Grumio*, tell me, how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, *Curtis*, in every office but thine; and therefore fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my maſter and miſtreſs are almoſt frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; and therefore, good *Grumio*, the news.

Gru. Why, *Jack* boy, ho boy, and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are ſo full of conycatching.

Gru. Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught extream cold. Where's the cook? is ſupper ready, the houſe trimm'd, ruſhes ſtrew'd, cobwebs ſwept, the ſervingmen in their new fuſtian, their white ſtockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? be the *Jacks* fair within, the *Jills* fair without, carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready: and therefore, I pray thee, what news?

Gru. Firſt, know, my horſe is tired, my maſter and miſtreſs fall'n out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their ſaddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good *Grumio*.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There. [*Strikes him.*

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis call'd a ſenſible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beſeech liſtning. Now I begin: *imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my maſter riding behind my miſtreſs.

pies agree in the Reading, what *Horn* had *Curtis?* But *Grumio* rides Poſt before his Maſter, and blows his *Horn* to give notice of his own coming home, and his Maſter's Approach.

Curt. Both on one horſe?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horſe.

Gru. Tell thou the tale. —— But hadſt thou not croſt me, thou ſhould'ſt have heard how her horſe fell, and ſhe under her horſe: thou ſhould'ſt have heard in how miry a place, how ſhe was bemoil'd, how he left her with the horſe upon her, how he beat me becauſe her horſe ſtumbled, how ſhe waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he ſwore, how ſhe pray'd that never pray'd before; how I cry'd, how the horſes ran away; how her bridle was burſt, how I loſt my crupper; with many things of worthy memory, which now ſhall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienc'd to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning he is more ſhrew than ſhe.

Gru. Ay, and that thou and the proudeſt of you all ſhall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this? call forth *Nathaniel*, *Joſeph*, *Nicholas*, *Philip*, *Walter*, *Sugerſop*, and the reſt: let their heads be ſleekly comb'd, their blue coats bruſh'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit; let them curt'ſie with their left legs, and not preſume to touch a hair of my maſter's horſe tail, 'till they kiſs their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you muſt meet my maſter to countenance my miſtreſs.

Gru. Why, ſhe hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it ſeems, that call'ſt for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter four or five Serving-men.

Gru. Why, ſhe comes to borrow nothing of them.

Nat. Welcome home, *Grumio*.

Phil. How now, *Grumio?*

Joſ. What, *Grumio!*

Nich.

Nich. Fellow *Grumio!*

Nath. How now, old lad.

Gru. Welcome, you; how now, you; what, you; fellow, you; and thus much for greeting. Now, my ſpruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nat. All things are ready; how near is our maſter?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not——— cock's paſſion, ſilence! —— I hear my maſter.

Enter Petruchio *and* Kate.

Pet. Where be theſe knaves? what, no man at door to hold my ſtirrup, nor to take my horſe? where is *Nathaniel*, *Gregory*, *Philip?*

All Serv. Here, here, Sir; here, Sir.

Pet. Here, Sir, here, Sir, here, Sir, here, Sir?
You loggerheaded and unpoliſh'd grooms:
What? no attendance? no regard? no duty?
Where is the fooliſh knave I ſent before?

Gru. Here, Sir, as fooliſh as I was before.

Pet. You peaſant ſwain, you whoreſon, malt-horſe drudge,
Did not I bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along theſe raſcal knaves with thee?

Gru. *Nathaniel*'s coat, Sir, was not fully made;
And *Gabriel*'s pumps were all unpink'd i' th' heel:
There was no link to colour *Peter*'s hat,
And *Walter*'s dagger was not come from ſheathing:
There were none fine, but *Adam*, *Ralph*, and *Gregory*,
The reſt were ragged, old and beggarly,
Yet as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, raſcals, go, and fetch my ſupper in.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

Where is the life that late I led? * [*Singing.*
Where are thoſe —— ſit down, *Kate*,
And welcome. Soud, ſoud, ſoud, ſoud.

Enter Servants with Supper.

Why, when, I ſay? nay, good ſweet *Kate*, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogue: you villains, when?

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It was the Friar of Orders grey, [*Sings.*
As he forth walked on his way.

Out, out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry.
Take that, and mind the plucking off the other.
[*Strikes him.*
Be merry, *Kate:* ſome water here; what hoa!

Enter one with water.

Where's my ſpaniel *Troilus?* ſirrah, get you hence,
And bid my couſin *Ferdinand* come hither:
One, *Kate*, that you muſt kiſs, and be acquainted with.
Where are my ſlippers? ſhall I have ſome water?
Come, *Kate*, and waſh, and welcome heartily:
You whoreſon villain, will you let it fall?
Cath. Patience, I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling.
Pet. A whoreſon, beatle-headed, flap-ear'd knave:
Come, *Kate*, ſit down; I know, you have a ſtomach.
Will you give thanks, ſweet *Kate*, or elſe ſhall I?
What's this, mutton?
1 *Ser.* Yes.
Pet. Who brought it?
Ser. I.
Pet. 'Tis burnt, and ſo is all the meat:
What dogs are theſe? where is the raſcal cook?
How durſt you, villains, bring it from the dreſſer,
And ſerve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups and all:
[*Throws the meat*, &c. *about the ſtage.*
You headleſs jolt-heads, and unmanner'd ſlaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you ſtraight.
Cath. I pray you, husband, be not ſo diſquiet;
The meat was well, if you were ſo contented.
Pet. I tell thee, *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dry'd away,
And I expreſly am forbid to touch it:
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere, that Both of us did faſt,
Since, of our ſelves, our ſelves are cholerick,
Than feed it with ſuch over-roaſted fleſh:
Be patient, for to morrow't ſhall be mended,

And

And for this night we'll faſt for company.
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber. [*Exe.*

Enter Servants ſeverally.

Nath. *Peter*, didſt ever ſee the like?
Peter. He kills her in her own humour.
Gru. Where is he?

Enter Curtis, *a Servant.*

Curt. In her chamber, making a ſermon of continency to her,
And rails and ſwears, and rates; that ſhe, poor ſoul,
Knows not which way to ſtand, to look, to ſpeak,
And ſits as one new-riſen from a dream.
Away, away, for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus have I politickly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end ſucceſsfully:
My faulcon now is ſharp, and paſſing empty,
And till ſhe ſtoop, ſhe muſt not be full-gorg'd,
For then ſhe never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come, and know her keeper's Call:
That is, to watch her, as we watch theſe kites,
That bait and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to day, nor none ſhall eat.
Laſt night ſhe ſlept not, nor to night ſhall not:
As with the meat, ſome undeſerved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed.
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolſter,
This way the coverlet, that way the ſheets;
Ay; and, amid this hurly, I'll pretend,
That all is done in reverend care of her,
And in concluſion, ſhe ſhall watch all night:
And if ſhe chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her ſtill awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindneſs;——
And thus I'll curb her mad and headſtrong humour.
He that knows better how to tame a Shrew,
Now let him ſpeak, 'tis charity to ſhew. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *before* Baptiſta's *Houſe.*

Enter Tranio *and* Hortenſio.

IS't poſſible, friend *Licio*, that *Bianca* (19)
Doth fancy any other but *Lucentio?*
I tell you, Sir, ſhe bears me fair in hand.
Hor. To ſatisfy you, Sir, in what I ſaid,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.
[*They ſtand by.*

Enter Bianca *and* Lucentio.

Luc. Now, miſtreſs, profit you in what you read?
Bian. What, maſter, read you? firſt, reſolve me that.
Luc. I read That I profeſs, the art of love.
Bian. And may you prove, Sir, maſter of your art!
Luc. While you, ſweet dear, prove miſtreſs of my heart. [*They retire backward.*
Hor. Quick proceeders! marry! now, tell me, I pray, you that durſt ſwear that your miſtreſs *Bianca* lov'd none in the world ſo well as *Lucentio.*

(19) *Is't poſſible, friend* Licio, &c.] This Scene Mr. *Pope*, upon what Authority I can't pretend to gueſs, has in his Editions made the *Firſt* of the *Fifth* Act: in doing which, he has ſhewn the very Power and Force of Criticiſm. The Conſequence of this judicious Regulation is, that two unpardonable Abſurdities are fix'd upon the Author, which he could not poſſibly have committed. For, in the firſt place, by this ſhuffling the Scenes out of their true Poſition, we find *Hortenſio*, in the fourth Act, already gone from *Baptiſta*'s to *Petruchio*'s Country-houſe; and afterwards in the Beginning of the fifth Act we find him firſt forming the Reſolution of quitting *Bianca*; and *Tranio* immediately informs Us, he is gone to the *Taming-School* to *Petruchio*. There is a Figure, indeed, in Rhetorick, call'd, ὕστερον πρότερον: But this is an Abuſe of it, which the Rhetoricians will never adopt upon Mr. *Pope*'s Authority. Again, by this Miſplacing, the Pedant makes his firſt Entrance, and quits the Stage with *Tranio* in order to go and dreſs himſelf like *Vincentio*, whom he was to perſonate: but his Second *Entrance* is upon the very Heels of his *Exit*; and without any Interval of an *Act*, or one Word intervening, he comes out again equipp'd like *Vincentio*. If ſuch a Critick be fit to publiſh a Stage-Writer, I ſhall not envy Mr. *Pope*'s Admirers, if they ſhould think fit to applaud his Sagacity. I have replac'd the Scenes in that Order, in which I found them in the Old Books.

Tra.

Tra. O despightful love, unconstant womankind!
I tell thee, *Licio*, this is wonderful.
Hor. Mistake no more, I am not *Licio*,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a One as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a God of such a cullion;
Know, Sir, that I am call'd *Hortensio.*
Tra. Signior *Hortensio*, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to *Bianca*;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you, if you be so contented,
Forswear *Bianca* and her love for ever.
Hor. See, how they kiss and court! — Signior *Lucentio*,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours,
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.
Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
Never to marry her, tho' she intreat.
Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him.
Hor. Would all the world, but he, had quite forsworn her!
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass, which has as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard.
And so farewel, Signior *Lucentio.*
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love: and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before. [*Exit* Hor.
Tra. Mistress *Bianca*, bless you with such grace,
As longeth to a lover's blessed case:
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle Love,
And have forsworn you with *Hortensio.*
[Lucentio *and* Bianca *come forward.*
Bian. Tranio, you jest: but have you both forsworn me?
Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc.

Luc. Then we are rid of *Licio.*
Tra. I'faith, he'll have a luſty widow now,
That ſhall be woo'd and wedded in a day.
Bian. God give him joy!
Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.
Bian. He ſays ſo, *Tranio.*
Tra. 'Faith, he's gone unto the taming ſchool.
Bian. The taming ſchool? what, is there ſuch a place?
Tra. Ay, miſtreſs, and *Petruchio* is the maſter;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a Shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter Biondello, *running.*

Bion. Oh maſter, maſter, I have watch'd ſo long,
That I'm dog-weary; but at laſt I ſpied (20)
An ancient Engle, going down the hill,
Will ſerve the turn.
Tra. What is he, *Biondello?*
Bion. Maſter, a mercantant, or elſe a pedant;

(20) ——— ——— *but at laſt I ſpied*
An ancient Angel *going down the Hill,*
Will ſerve the turn.]
Tho' all the printed Copies agree in this Reading, I am confident, that *Shakeſpeare* intended no Profanation here; nor indeed any Compliment to this old Man who was to be impos'd upon, and made a Property of. The Word I have reſtor'd, certainly retrieves the Author's Meaning: and means, either in its firſt Signification, a Burdaſh; (for the Word is of *Spaniſh* Extraction, *Ingle,* which is equivalent to *inguen* of the *Latines*;) or, in its metaphorical Senſe, a Gull, a Cully, one fit to be made a Tool of. And in both Senſes it is frequently us'd by *B. Jonſon.*
Cynthia's *Revels.*
——— *and ſweat for every venial Treſpaſs we commit, as ſome Author would, if he had ſuch fine* Engles *as we.*
The Caſe *is* alter'd; (a Comedy not printed among *B. Jonſon*'s Works)
What, Signior Antonio Balladino! *welcome, ſweet* Engle.
Poetaſter.
What, ſhall I have my Son a Stager now? an Engle *for Players?*
And he likewiſe uſes it, as a *Verb,* in the ſame Play, ſignifying to beguile, defraud.
I'll preſently go, and engle *ſome Broker for a Poet's Gown, and beſpeak a Garland.*

I know not what; but formal in apparel; (21)
In gate and countenance ſurly like a father.
Luc. And what of him, *Tranio?*
Tra. If he be credulous, and truſt my tale,
I'll make him glad to ſeem *Vincentio*,
And give him aſſurance to *Baptiſta Minola*,
As if he were the right *Vincentio:*
Take in your love, and then let me alone.
[*Ex.* Luc. *and* Bian.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God ſave you, Sir.
Tra. And you, Sir; you are welcome:
Travel you far on, or are you at the fartheſt?
Ped. Sir, at the fartheſt for a week or two;
But then up farther, and as far as *Rome*;
And ſo to *Tripoly*, if God lend me life.
Tra. What countryman, I pray?
Ped. Of *Mantua.*
Tra. Of *Mantua*, Sir? God forbid!
And come to *Padua*, careleſs of your Life?
Ped. My life, Sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.
Tra. 'Tis death for any one in *Mantua*
To come to *Padua*; know you not the cauſe?
Your ſhips are ſtaid at *Venice*, and the Duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him,)
Hath publiſh'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel, but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it elſe proclaim'd about.
Ped. Alas, Sir; it is worſe for me than ſo;
For I have bills for mony by exchange
From *Florence*, and muſt here deliver them.
Tra. Well, Sir, to do you courteſie,
This will I do, and this will I adviſe you;

(21) ——— *but formal in Apparel;*
In Gate and Countenance ſurely *like a Father.*]
I have made bold to read, *ſurly*; and *ſurely*, I believe, I am right in doing ſo. Our Poet always repreſents his Pedants, imperious and magiſterial. Beſides, *Tranio*'s Directions to the Pedant for his Behaviour vouch for my Emendation.
'Tis well; and hold your own in any Caſe,
With ſuch Auſterity *as* longeth *to a* Father.

Firſt,

Firſt, tell me, have you ever been at *Piſa?*

Ped. Ay, Sir, in *Piſa* have I often been;
Piſa renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them know you one *Vincentio?*

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, Sir; and, ſooth to ſay,
In count'nance ſomewhat doth reſemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyſter, and all one. [*Aſide.*

Tra. To ſave your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his ſake;
And think it not the worſt of all your fortunes,
That you are like to Sir *Vincentio:*
His name and credit ſhall you undertake,
And in my houſe you ſhall be friendly lodg'd:
Look, that you take upon You as you ſhould.
You underſtand me, Sir: ſo ſhall you ſtay
'Till you have done your buſineſs in the city.
If this be court'ſie, Sir, accept of it.

Ped. Oh, Sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The Patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me to make the matter good:
This by the way I let you underſtand,
My father is here look'd for every day,
To paſs aſſurance of a dowre in marriage
'Twixt me and one *Baptiſta*'s daughter here:
In all theſe Circumſtances I'll inſtruct you:
Go with Me, Sir, to cloath you as becomes you.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Catharina *and* Grumio.

Gru. No, no, forſooth, I dare not for my life.

Cath. The more my wrong, the more his ſpite appears:
What, did he marry me to famiſh me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon intreaty, have a preſent alms;
If not, elſewhere they meet with charity:
But I, who never knew how to intreat,

Nor

Nor never needed that I ſhould intreat,
Am ſtarv'd for meat, giddy for lack of ſleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed;
And that, which ſpights me more than all theſe wants,
He does it under name of perfect love:
As who would ſay, if I ſhould ſleep or eat
'Twere deadly ſickneſs, or elſe preſent death:
I pr'ythee go, and get me ſome repaſt;
I care not what, ſo it be wholeſome food.

Gru. What ſay you to a neat's foot?

Cath. 'Tis paſſing good; I pr'ythee, let me have it.

Gru. I fear, it is too flegmatick a meat:
How ſay you to a fat tripe finely broil'd?

Cath. I like it well; good *Grumio*, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell; — I fear, it's cholerick:
What ſay you to a piece of beef and muſtard?

Cath. A diſh, that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the muſtard is too hot a little.

Cath. Why, then the beef, and let the muſtard reſt.

Gru. Nay, then I will not; you ſhall have the muſtard,
Or elſe you get no beef of *Grumio*.

Cath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why, then the muſtard without the beef.

Cath. Go, get thee gone, thou falſe deluding ſlave,
[*beats him.*
That feed'ſt me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my miſery!
Go, get thee gone, I ſay.

Enter Petruchio *and* Hortenſio, *with meat.*

Pet. How fares my *Kate?* what Sweeting, all amort?

Hor. Miſtreſs, what cheer?

Cath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy ſpirits; look cheerfully upon me;
Here, love, thou ſeeſt how diligent I am,
To dreſs thy meat my ſelf, and bring it thee:
I'm ſure, ſweet *Kate*, this kindneſs merits thanks.
What, not a word? nay then, thou lov'ſt it not:

And

And all my pains is sorted to no proof.
Here take away the dish.
Cath. I pray you, let it stand.
Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks,
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.
Cath. I thank you, Sir.
Hor. Signior *Petruchio*, fie, you are to blame:
Come, mistress *Kate*, I'll bear you company.
Pet. Eat it up all, *Hortensio*, if thou lovest me;—— [*Aside.*
Much good do it unto thy gentle heart;
Kate, eat apace. And now, my honey-love,
Will we return unto thy father's house,
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and fardingals, and things:
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of brav'ry,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
What, hast thou din'd; the taylor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his rustling treasure.

Enter Taylor.

Come, taylor, let us see these ornaments.

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown. What news with you, Sir?
Hab. Here is the cap, your worship did bespeak.
Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer,
A velvet dish; fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.
Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.
Cath. I'll have no bigger, this doth fit the time;
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.
Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not 'till then.
Hor. That will not be in haste.
[129] *Cath.* Why, Sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak,
And speak I will. I am no child, no babe;
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;

And,

And, if you cannot, beſt you ſtop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or, elſe my heart, concealing it, will break:
And rather than it ſhall, I will be free
Even to the utmoſt as I pleaſe in words.

Pet. Why, thou ſay'ſt true, it is a paltry cap,
A cuſtard coffin, a bauble, a ſilken pie;
I love thee well, in that thou lik'ſt it not.

Cath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;
And I will have it, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay; come, taylor, let us ſee't.
O mercy, heav'n, what maſking ſtuff is here?
What? this a ſleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon;
What, up and down carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here's ſnip, and nip, and cut, and ſliſh, and ſlaſh,
Like to a cenſer in a barber's ſhop:
Why, what a devil's name, taylor, call'ſt thou this?

Hor. I ſee, ſhe's like to've neither cap nor gown.
[*Aſide.*

Tay. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the faſhion of the time.

Pet. Marry, and did: but if you be remembred,
I did not bid you marr it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you ſhall hop without my cuſtom, Sir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your beſt of it.

Cath. I never ſaw a better-faſhion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleaſing, nor more commendable:
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true, he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tay. She ſays, your Worſhip means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. Oh moſt monſtrous arrogance!
Thou lyeſt, thou thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three quarters, half yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket, thou!
Brav'd in mine own houſe with a skein of thread:
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,
Or I ſhall ſo be-mete thee with thy yard,

As

As thou ſhalt think on prating whilſt thou liv'ſt:
I tell thee, I, that thou haſt marr'd her gown.

Tay. Your Worſhip is deceiv'd, the gown is made
Juſt as my maſter had direction.
Grumio gave order how it ſhould be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the ſtuff.

Tay. But how did you deſire it ſhould be made?

Gru. Marry, Sir, with needle and thread.

Tay. But did you not requeſt to have it cut?

Gru. Thou haſt fac'd many things.

Tay. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou haſt brav'd many men, brave not me; I will neither be fac'd, nor brav'd. I ſay unto thee, I bid thy maſter cut out the gown, but I did not bid him cut it to pieces. *Ergo*, thou lieſt.

Tay. Why, here is the note of the faſhion to teſtify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in's throat, if he ſay I ſaid ſo.

Tay. *Imprimis*, a looſe-bodied gown.

Gru. Maſter, if ever I ſaid looſe-bodied gown, ſow me up in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I ſaid a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tay. With a ſmall compaſt cape.

Gru. I confeſs the cape.

Tay. With a trunk-ſleeve.

Gru. I confeſs two ſleeves.

Tay. The ſleeves curiouſly cut.

Pet. Ay, there's the villany.

Gru. Error i'th' bill, Sir, error i'th' bill: I commanded, the ſleeves ſhould be cut out, and ſow'd up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, tho' thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tay. This is true, that I ſay; an I had thee in place where, thou ſhou'dſt know it.

Gru. I am for thee ſtraight: take thou the bill, give me thy meet-yard, and ſpare not me.

Hor. God-amercy, *Grumio*, then he ſhall have no odds.

Pet.

Pet. Well, Sir, in brief the gown is not for me.
Gru. You are i'th' right, Sir, 'tis for my mistress.
Pet. Go take it up unto thy master's use.
Gru. Villain, not for thy life: take up my mistress's gown for thy master's use!
Pet. Why, Sir, what's your conceit in that?
Gru. Oh, Sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for;
Take up my mistress's gown unto his master's use!
Oh, fie, fie, fie.
Pet. Hortensio, say, thou wilt see the taylor paid. [*Aside.*
Go take it hence, be gone, and say no more.
Hor. Taylor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to morrow,
Take no unkindness of his hasty words:
Away, I say; commend me to thy master. [*Exit Tay.*
Pet. Well, come, my *Kate*, we will unto your father's,
Even in these honest mean habiliments:
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;
For 'tis the mind, that makes the body rich:
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
Oh, no, good *Kate*; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture, and mean array.
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;
And therefore frolick; we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.
Go call my men, and let us straight to him,
And bring our horses unto *Long-lane* end,
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.
Let's see, I think, 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner time.
Cath. I dare assure you, Sir, 'tis almost two;
And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.
Pet. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse.

Look, what I ſpeak, or do, or think to do,
You are ſtill croſſing it; Sirs, let't alone,
I will not go to day, and ere I do,
It ſhall be what o'clock I ſay it is.

Hor. Why, ſo: this Gallant will command the Sun.

[*Exeunt* Pet. Cath. *and* Hor.

[The Preſenters, above, ſpeak here.

Lord. *Who's within there?* [Sly *ſleeps.*

Enter Servants.

Aſleep again! go take him eaſily up, and put him in his own apparel again. But ſee, you wake him not in any caſe.

Serv. *It ſhall be done; my Lord, come help to bear him hence.* [*They bear off* Sly.

SCENE, *before* Baptiſta's *Houſe.*

Enter Tranio, *and the Pedant dreſt like* Vincentio.

TRANIO.

SIR, this is the houſe, pleaſe it you, that I call?

Ped. Ay, what elſe! and (but I be deceived,)
Signior *Baptiſta* may remember me
Near twenty years ago in *Genoa*,
Where we were lodgers, at the *Pegaſus*. (22)

Tra. 'Tis well, and hold your own in any caſe
With ſuch auſterity as longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: but, Sir, here comes your boy; 'Twere good he were ſchool'd.

Tra. Fear you not him; ſirrah, *Biondello*,
Now do your duty throughly, I adviſe you:
Imagine 'twere the right *Vincentio*.

(22) Tra. *Where we were Lodgers at the* Pegaſus.] This Line has in all the Editions hitherto been given to *Tranio*. But *Tranio* could with no Propriety ſpeak this, either in his aſſum'd or real Character. *Lucentio* was too young to know any thing of lodging with his Father, twenty years before at *Genoa*: and *Tranio* muſt be as much too young, or very unfit to repreſent and perſonate *Lucentio*. I have ventur'd to place the Line to the Pedant, to whom it muſt certainly belong, and is a Sequel of what he was before ſaying.

Bion.

Bion. Tut, fear not me.
Tra. But haſt thou done thy errand to *Baptiſta?*
Bion. I told him that your father was in *Venice,*
And that you look'd for him this day in *Padua.*
Tra. Th'art a tall fellow, hold thee that to drink;
Here comes *Baptiſta*; ſet your countenance, Sir.

Enter Baptiſta *aud* Lucentio.

Tra. Signior *Baptiſta,* you are happily met:
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of;
I pray you ſtand, good father, to me now,
Give me *Bianca* for my patrimony.
Ped. Soft, ſon. Sir, by your leave, having come to *Padua*
To gather in ſome debts, my ſon *Lucentio*
Made me acquainted with a weighty cauſe
Of love between your daughter and himſelf:
And for the good report I hear of you,
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And ſhe to him; to ſtay him not too long,
I am content in a good father's care
To have him match'd; and if you pleaſe to like
No worſe than I, Sir, upon ſome agreement,
Me ſhall you find moſt ready and moſt willing
With one conſent to have her ſo beſtowed:
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior *Baptiſta,* of whom I hear ſo well.
Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to ſay:
Your plainneſs and your ſhortneſs pleaſe me well.
Right true it is, your ſon *Lucentio* here
Doth love my daughter, and ſhe loveth him,
Or both diſſemble deeply their affections;
And therefore if you ſay no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And paſs my daughter a ſufficient dowry,
The match is made, and all is done,
Your ſon ſhall have my daughter with conſent.
Tra. I thank you, Sir. Where then do you know beſt,

Be we affied; and ſuch aſſurance ta'en,
As ſhall with either part's agreement ſtand;
Bap. Not in my houſe, *Lucentio*; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many ſervants;
Beſides, old *Gremio* is hearkning ſtill;
And, haply, then we might be interrupted.
Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you, Sir,
There doth my father lye; and there this night
We'll paſs the buſineſs privately and well:
Send for your daughter by your ſervant here,
My boy ſhall fetch the ſcrivener preſently.
The worſt is this, that at ſo ſlender warning
You're like to have a thin and ſlender pittance.
Bap. It likes me well. Go, *Cambio*, hie you home,
And bid *Bianca* make her ready ſtraight:
And if you will, tell what hath happen'd here:
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in *Padua*,
And how ſhe's like to be *Lucentio*'s wife.
Luc. I pray the Gods ſhe may, with all my heart! [*Ex.*
Tra. Dally not, with the Gods, but get thee gone.
Signior *Baptiſta*, ſhall I lead the way?
Welcome! one meſs is like to be your cheer.
Come, Sir, we will better it in *Piſa*.
Bap. I'll follow you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lucentio *and* Biondello.

Bion. Cambio,
Luc. What ſay'ſt thou, *Biondello*?
Bion. You ſaw my maſter wink and laugh upon you.
Luc. Biondello, what of that?
Bion. 'Faith, nothing; but ha's left me here behind to expound the meaning or moral of his ſigns and tokens.
Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.
Bion. Then thus. *Baptiſta* is ſafe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful ſon.
Luc. And what of him?
Bion. His Daughter is to be brought by you to the ſupper.

Luc.

Luc. And then?

Bion. The old Prieſt at St. *Luke*'s Church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell, except they are buſied about a counterfeit aſſurance; take you aſſurance of her, *Cum privilegio ad imprimendum ſolùm*; to th' Church take the Prieſt, Clark, and ſome ſufficient honeſt witneſſes: If this be not that you look for, I have no more to ſay,
But bid *Bianca* farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. Hear'ſt thou, *Biondello?*

Bion. I cannot tarry; I knew a wench married in an afternoon as ſhe went to the garden for parſly to ſtuff a rabbet; and ſo may you, Sir, and ſo adieu, Sir; my Maſter hath appointed me to go to St. *Luke*'s, to bid the Prieſt be ready to come againſt you come with your Appendix. [*Exit.*

Luc. I may, and will, if ſhe be ſo contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore ſhould I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her:
It ſhall go hard, if *Cambio* go without her. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *a green Lane.*

Enter Petruchio, Catharina, *and* Hortenſio.

Pet. COme on, o'God's name, once more tow'rds our Father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly ſhines the Moon!

Cath. The Moon! the Sun; it is not Moon-light now.

Pet. I ſay, it is the Moon that ſhines ſo bright.

Cath. I know, it is the Sun that ſhines ſo bright.

Pet. Now by my mother's ſon, and that's my ſelf,
It ſhall be Moon, or Star, or what I liſt,
Or ere I journey to your Father's houſe:
Go on, and fetch our horſes back again.
Evermore croſt and croſt, nothing but croſt!

Hor. Say, as he ſays, or we ſhall never go.

Cath. Forward, I pray, ſince we have come ſo far,
And be it Moon, or Sun, or what you pleaſe:
And if you pleaſe to call it a ruſh candle,
Henceforth I vow it ſhall be ſo for me.
Pet. I ſay, it is the Moon.
Cath. I know, it is the Moon.
Pet. Nay, then you lye; it is the bleſſed Sun.
Cath. Then, God be bleſt, it is the bleſſed Sun.
But Sun it is not, when you ſay it is not;
And the Moon changes, even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is,
And ſo it ſhall be ſo for *Catharine*.
Hor. *Petruchio*, go thy way, the field is won.
Pet. Well, forward, forward, thus the bowl ſhould run;
And not unluckily againſt the bias:
But ſoft, ſome company is coming here.

Enter Vincentio.

Good morrow, gentle Miſtreſs, where away? [*To* Vincentio.
Tell me, ſweet *Kate*, and tell me truly too,
Haſt thou beheld a freſher Gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What ſtars do ſpangle Heaven with ſuch beauty,
As thoſe two eyes become that heav'nly face?
Fair lovely Maid, once more good day to thee:
Sweet *Kate*, embrace her for her beauty's ſake.
Hor. He will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.
Cath. Young budding Virgin, fair, and freſh, and ſweet,
Whither away, or where is thy aboad?
(23) Happy the parents of ſo fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable ſtars
Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow!

Pet.

(23) *Happy the Parents of ſo fair a Child!*
Happier the Man, whom favourable Stars
Allot thee for his lovely Bedfellow!] This Paſſage has a great Reſemblance to what *Ovid* has made *Salmacis* ſay of *Hermaphroditus*:

— *qui*

Pet. Why, how now, *Kate*, I hope, thou art not mad!
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, withered,
And not a maiden, as, thou ſay'ſt, he is.
Cath. Pardon, old Father, my miſtaken eyes;
That have been ſo bedazled with the ſun,
That every thing I look on ſeemeth green.
Now I perceive, thou art a reverend Father:
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad miſtaking.
Pet. Do, good old Grandſire, and withal make known
Which way thou travelleſt; if along with us,
We ſhall be joyful of thy company.
Vin. Fair Sir, and you my merry Miſtreſs,
That with your ſtrange encounter much amaz'd me;
My name is call'd *Vincentio*, my dwelling *Piſa*;
And bound I am to *Padua*, there to viſit
A Son of mine, which long I have not ſeen.
Pet. What is his name?
Vin. Lucentio, gentle Sir.
Pet. Happily met, the happier for thy Son;
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee my loving Father:
The Siſter of my Wife, this Gentlewoman,
Thy Son by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd, ſhe is of good eſteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beſide, ſo qualified, as may beſeem
The Spouſe of any noble Gentleman.
Let me embrace with old *Vincentio*,
And wander we to ſee thy honeſt Son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.
Vin. But is this true, or is it elſe your pleaſure,
Like pleaſant travellers, to break a jeſt
Upon the company you overtake?
Hor. I do aſſure thee, Father, ſo it is.

——— *qui te genuêre beati:*
Et mater fælix, & fortunata profectò
Si qua tibi ſoror eſt, & quæ dedit ubera nutrix:
Sed longè cunctis, longéque beatior illa eſt
Si qua tibi Sponſa eſt, ſi quam dignabere tædâ. *Mr.* Warburton.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof:
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous. [*Exe.*
Hor. Well, *Petruchio*, this hath put me in heart.
Have to my widow; and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught *Hortensio* to be untoward. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *before* Lucentio's *House.*

Enter Biondello, Lucentio *and* Bianca, Gremio *walking on one side.*

Bion. SOftly and swiftly, Sir, for the Priest is ready.
Luc. I fly, *Biondello*; but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.
Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back, (24) and then come back to my Master as soon as I can. [*Exit.*
Gre. I marvel, *Cambio* comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Catharina, Vincentio *and* Grumio, *with attendants.*

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is *Lucentio*'s house,
My Father's bears more towards the Market-place;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, Sir.
Vin. You shall not chuse but drink before you go;
I think, I shall command your welcome here;
And by all likelihood some cheer is toward. [*Knock.*
Gre. They're busie within, you were best knock louder. [Pedant *looks out of the window.*

(24) *And then come back to my* Mistress *as soon as I can.*] The Editions all agree in this Reading; but what Mistress was *Biondello* to come back to? He must certainly mean; "Nay, faith, Sir, I must see you in "the Church; and then, for fear I should be wanted, I'll run back to "wait on *Tranio*, who at present personates you, and whom therefore I "at present acknowledge for my *Master*."

Ped.

Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is Signior *Lucentio* within, Sir?

Ped. He's within, Sir, but not to be ſpoken withal.

Vin. What, if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to your ſelf, he ſhall need none as long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your Son was belov'd in *Padua.* Do you hear, Sir? to leave frivolous circumſtances, I pray you, tell Signior *Lucentio* that his Father is come from *Piſa*, and is here at the door to ſpeak with him.

Ped. Thou lieſt; his Father is come to *Padua*, and here looking out of the window.

Vin. Art thou his Father?

Ped. Ay, Sir, ſo his Mother ſays, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, Gentleman! why, this is flat knavery to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain. I believe, he means to cozen ſomebody in this City under my countenance.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. I have ſeen them in the Church together. God ſend 'em good ſhipping! but who is here? mine old Maſter *Vincentio?* now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crackhemp. [*Seeing* Biondello.

Bion. I hope, I may chuſe, Sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue; what, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, Sir: I could not forget you, for I never ſaw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didſt thou never ſee thy Maſter's Father *Vincentio?*

Bion. What, my old worſhipful old maſter? yes, marry, Sir, ſee where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't ſo indeed? [*He beats* Biondello.

Bion.

Bion. Help, help, help, here's a mad-man will murther me.

Ped. Help, Son; help, Signior *Baptiſta.*

Pet. Pr'ythee, *Kate*, let's ſtand aſide, and ſee the end of this controverſie. [*They retire.*

Enter Pedant *with Servants*, Baptiſta *and* Tranio.

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my ſervant?

Vin. What am I, Sir; nay, what are you, Sir? oh, immortal Gods! oh, fine villain! a ſilken doublet, a velvet hoſe, a ſcarlet cloak and a copatain hat: oh, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my ſon and my ſervants ſpend all at the Univerſity.

Tra. How now, what's the matter?

Bap. What, is this man lunatick?

Tra. Sir, you ſeem a ſober ancient Gentleman by your habit, but your words ſhew a mad-man; why, Sir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good Father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy Father! oh villain, he is a ſail-maker in *Bergamo.*

Bap. You miſtake, Sir, you miſtake, Sir; pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever ſince he was three years old, and his name is *Tranio.*

Ped. Away, away, mad aſs! his name is *Lucentio*, and he is mine only Son, and heir to the lands of me Signior *Vincentio.*

Vin. Lucentio! oh, he hath murthered his Maſter; lay hold of him, I charge you, in the Duke's name; oh, my ſon, my ſon, tell me, thou villain, where is my ſon *Lucentio?*

Tra. Call forth an Officer; carry this mad knave to the jail; Father *Baptiſta*, I charge you, ſee, that he be forth-coming.

Vin. Carry me to jail?

Gre.

Gre. Stay, Officer, he ſhall not go to priſon.

Bap. Talk not, Signior *Gremio:* I ſay, he ſhall go to priſon.

Gre. Take heed, Signior *Baptiſta*, leſt you be cony-catch'd in this buſineſs; I dare ſwear, this is the right *Vincentio*.

Ped. Swear, if thou dar'ſt.

Gre. Nay, I dare not ſwear it.

Tra. Then thou wert beſt ſay, that I am not *Lucentio*.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior *Lucentio*.

Bap. Away with the dotard, to the jail with him!

Enter Lucentio *and* Bianca.

Vin. Thus ſtrangers may be hal'd and abus'd; oh, monſtrous villain!

Bion. Oh, we are ſpoil'd, and yonder he is, deny him, forſwear him, or elſe we are all undone.

[*Exeunt* Biondello, Tranio *and* Pedant.

Luc. Pardon, ſweet Father. [*Kneeling.*

Vin. Lives my ſweet Son?

Bian. Pardon, dear Father.

Bap. How haſt thou offended? where is *Lucentio?*

Luc. Here's *Lucentio*, right Son to the right *Vincentio*,
That have by marriage made thy Daughter mine:
While counterfeit ſuppoſers bleer'd thine eyne.

Gre. Here's packing with a witneſs to deceive us all.

Vin. Where is that damn'd villain *Tranio*,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter ſo?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my *Cambio?*

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

Luc. Love wrought theſe miracles. *Bianca*'s love
Made me exchange my ſtate with *Tranio*,
While he did bear my countenance in the town:
And happily I have arriv'd at laſt
Unto the wiſhed haven of my bliſs;
What *Tranio* did, my ſelf enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him, ſweet Father, for my ſake.

Vin.

Vin. I'll ſlit the villain's noſe, that would have ſent me to the jail.

Bap. But do you hear, Sir, have you married my Daughter without asking my good will?

Vin. Fear not, *Baptiſta*, we will content you, go to: but I will in, to be reveng'd on this villain. [*Exit.*

Bap. And I to ſound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, *Bianca*, thy Father will not frown. [*Exeunt.*

Gre. My cake is dough, but I'll in among the reſt, Out of hope of all, but my ſhare of the feaſt. [*Exit.*

[Petruchio *and* Catharina, *advancing.*

Cath. Husband, let's follow, to ſee the end of this ado.

Pet. Firſt kiſs me, *Kate*, and we will.

Cath. What, in the midſt of the ſtreet?

Pet. What, art thou aſham'd of me?

Cath. No, Sir, God forbid! but aſham'd to kiſs.

Pet. Why, then let's home again: come, ſirrah, let's away.

Cath. Nay, I will give thee a kiſs; now pray thee, love, ſtay.

Pet. Is not this well? come, my ſweet *Kate*; Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Lucentio's *Apartments.*

Enter Baptiſta, Vincentio, Gremio, Pedant, Lucentio, Bianca, Tranio, Biondello, Petruchio, Catharina, Grumio, Hortenſio, *and Widow.* Tranio's *ſervants bringing in a banquet.*

Luc. AT laſt, tho' long, our jarring notes agree; And time it is, when raging war is done, To ſmile at 'ſcapes and perils over-blown. My fair *Bianca*, bid my Father welcome, While I with ſelf-ſame kindneſs welcome thine; Brother *Petruchio*, Siſter *Catharine*,

And

And thou, *Hortenſio*, with thy loving Widow;
Feaſt with the beſt, and welcome to my houſe,
My banquet is to cloſe our ſtomachs up
After our great good cheer: pray you, ſit down;
For now we ſit to chat, as well as eat.

Pet. Nothing but ſit and ſit, and eat and eat!

Bap. *Padua* affords this kindneſs, Son *Petruchio.*

Pet. *Padua* affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our ſakes, I would that word were true.

Pet. (25) Now, for my life, *Hortenſio* fears his Widow.

Wid. Then never truſt me, if I be afeard.

Pet. You are very ſenſible, and yet you miſs my ſenſe:
I mean, *Hortenſio* is afeard of you.

Wid. He, that is giddy, thinks, the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Cath. Miſtreſs, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me, how likes *Hortenſio* that?

Hor. My widow ſays, thus ſhe conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended; kiſs him for that, good Widow.

Cath. He, that is giddy, thinks, the world turns round ——
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your Husband, being troubled with a Shrew,
Meaſures my Husband's ſorrow by his woe;
And now you know my meaning.

(25) Pet. *Now, for my Life,* Hortenſio *fears his Widow.*
Hor. *Then never truſt me if I be afeard.*] This Line was firſt placed to *Hortenſio* by the ſecond *Folio* Edition: Mr. *Rowe* follow'd that Regulation; and Mr. *Pope* very judiciouſly has follow'd him. But the old *Quarto*'s and firſt *Folio* Impreſſion rightly place it to the Widow: and it is evident by *Petruchio*'s immediate Reply, that it muſt belong to her. *Petruchio* ſays, *Hortenſio* fears his Widow. The Widow underſtanding This, as if *Petruchio* had meant, that *Hortenſio* affrighted her, put her into fears, denies, that She was afraid of him. Nay, ſays *Petruchio*, don't be too ſenſible, don't miſtake my Meaning; *Hortenſio*, I ſay, is in Fear of You.

Cath.

Cath. A very mean meaning.
Wid. Right, I mean you.
Cath. And I am mean, indeed, reſpecting you.
Pet. To her, *Kate.*
Hor. To her, Widow.
Pet. A hundred marks, my *Kate* does put her down.
Hor. That's my office.
Pet. Spoke like an Officer; ha', to thee, lad.
[*Drinks to* Hortenſio.
Bap. How likes *Gremio* theſe quick-witted folks?
Gre. Believe me, Sir, they butt heads together well.
Bian. Head and butt? an haſty-witted body
Would ſay, your head and butt were head and horn.
Vin. Ay, miſtreſs Bride, hath that awaken'd you?
Bian. Ay, but not frighted me, therefore I'll ſleep again.
Pet. Nay, that thou ſhalt not, ſince you have begun:
Have at you for a better jeſt or two.
Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to ſhift my buſh:
And then purſue me, as you draw your bow.
You are welcome all.
[*Exeunt* Bianca, Catharine, *and Widow.*
Pet. She hath prevented me. Here, Signior *Tranio*,
This bird you aim'd at, tho' you hit it not;
Therefore, a health to all that ſhot and miſs'd.
Tra. Oh, Sir, *Lucentio* ſlip'd me like his gray-hound,
Which runs himſelf, and catches for his maſter.
Pet. A good ſwift Simile, but ſomething curriſh.
Tra. 'Tis well, Sir, that you hunted for your ſelf:
'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.
Bap. Oh, oh, *Petruchio*, *Tranio* hits you now.
Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good *Tranio.*
Hor. Confeſs, confeſs, hath he not hit you there?
Pet. He has a little gall'd me, I confeſs;
And as the jeſt did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.
Bap. Now, in good ſadneſs, Son *Petruchio*,
I think, thou haſt the verieſt Shrew of all.

Pet.

Pet. Well, I say, no; and therefore for assurance,
Let's each one send unto his Wife, and he
Whose Wife is most obedient to come first,
When he doth send for her, shall win the wager.
Hor. Content;——what wager?
Luc. Twenty crowns.
Pet. Twenty crowns!
I'll venture so much on my hawk or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my Wife.
Luc. A hundred then.
Hor. Content.
Pet. A match, 'tis done.
Hor. Who shall begin?
Luc. That will I.
Go, *Biondello*, bid your Mistress come to me.
Bion. I go. [*Exit.*
Bap. Son, I'll be your half, *Bianca* comes.
Luc. I'll have no halves: I'll bear it all my self.

Re-enter Biondello.

How now, what news?
Bion. Sir, my Mistress sends you word
That she is busie, and cannot come.
Pet. How? she's busie and cannot come: is that an answer?
Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, Sir, your wife send you not a worse.
Pet. I hope better.
Hor. Sirrah, *Biondello*, go and intreat my wife to come to me forthwith. [*Exit* Biondello.
Pet. Oh, ho! intreat her! nay, then she needs must come.
Hor. I am afraid, Sir, do you what you can,

Enter Biondello.

Yours will not be intreated: now, where's my wife?
Bion. She says, you have some goodly jest in hand;
She will not come: she bids you come to her.

Pet.

Pet. Worſe and worſe, ſhe will not come!
Oh vile, intolerable, not to be indur'd:
Sirrah, *Grumio*, go to your Miſtreſs,
Say, I command her to come to me. [*Exit* Gru.
Hor. I know her anſwer.
Pet. What?
Hor. She will not.
Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there's an end.

Enter Catharina.

Bap. Now, by my hollidam, here comes *Catharine!*
Cath. What is your will, Sir, that you ſend for me?
Pet. Where is your Siſter, and *Hortenſio*'s Wife?
Cath. They ſit conferring by the parlour fire.
Pet. Go fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them ſoundly forth unto their husbands:
Away, I ſay, and bring them hither ſtraight.
[*Exit* Catharina.
Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.
Hor. And ſo it is: I wonder, what it boads.
Pet. Marry, peace it boads, and love, and quiet life,
And awful rule, and right ſupremacy:
And, to be ſhort, what not, that's ſweet and happy.
Bap. Now fair befal thee, good *Petruchio!*
The wager thou haſt won; and I will add
Unto their loſſes twenty thouſand crowns,
Another dowry to another Daughter;
For ſhe is chang'd, as ſhe had never been.
Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And ſhow more ſign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Enter Catharina, Bianca *and Widow.*

See, where ſhe comes, and brings your froward wives
As priſoners to her womanly perſuaſion:
Catharine, that Cap of yours becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.
[*She pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*
Wid.

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cauſe to ſigh,
'Till I be brought to ſuch a ſilly paſs.
Bian. Fie, what a fooliſh duty call you this?
Luc. I would, your duty were as fooliſh too!
The wiſdom of your duty, fair *Bianca*,
Coſt me an hundred crowns ſince ſupper-time.
Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.
Pet. Catharine, I charge thee, tell theſe headſtrong Women,
What duty they owe to their Lords and Husbands.
Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no telling.
Pet. Come on, I ſay, and firſt begin with her.
Wid. She ſhall not.
Pet. I ſay, ſhe ſhall; and firſt begin with her.
Cath. Fie! fie! unknit that threatning unkind brow,
And dart not ſcornful glances from thoſe eyes,
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Governor.
It blots thy beauty, as froſts bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds ſhake fair buds;
And in no ſenſe is meet or amiable.
A Woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-ſeeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is ſo, none ſo dry or thirſty
Will dain to ſip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy Husband is thy Lord, thy Life, thy Keeper,
Thy Head, thy Soveraign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance: commits his body
To painful labour, both by ſea and land;
To watch the night in ſtorms, the day in cold,
While thou ly'ſt warm at home, ſecure and ſafe,
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;
Too little payment for ſo great a debt.
Such duty as the Subject owes the Prince,
Even ſuch a woman oweth to her husband:
And when ſhe's froward, peeviſh, ſullen, ſower,
And not obedient to his honeſt will;
What is ſhe but a foul contending Rebel,
And graceleſs Traitor to her loving Lord?

The Taming of the Shrew.

a. 273. Brach Merriman — Brach is a Hound from Bracca Ital.

b. 282 Vincentio's come of the Bentivolii
Vincentio his Son brought up in Florence.
Though his was (I think corruptly) used instead of the termination of the genitive case in Shakespears time, yet it sounds so awkardly here and is so needless a repetition of Vincentio's name that I cannot help thinking it a mistake of the Copist, and that it should be read
Lucentio, his Son &c

c 300 I know him well:
I think it should be knew for Antonio who was so well known to Baptista must have been dead some considrable time, else Petruchio could not have much bettered his fortunes as he says he had done since his Father's death.
see pp 291. 302.

d. 316
— Shoulder-shotten, near-legg'd before.
How the last comes to be a distemper of a horse, or indeed what it means I cannot imagine. I think 'tis plain it should be read
shoulder-shotten [that is shoulder-slipt] o' the near-leg before.
restrain'd in the next line I imagine should be strained.

e. 308 A Meacock wretch ——

Meacock — Pusilanimus — vel a Fr: G. part: deprav: Mes et Coq Gallus q. d. Gallus ignavus, imbecillis, vel q: d: Mew-Cock Gallus cavea inclusus.

Skinner Etym:

f 273. —— tender well my hounds;
(Brach Merriman! the poor cur is imbost;)
And couple Clouder &c.

H. leaves out the parenthesis and reads

Seech [i.e. cure Merriman,]
a hound is said to be imbost when by hard running his knees are swell'd.

g. 278. And raild upon the mistress of the house
And say you would —— it should be either rail, or said

h. 284 A pretty Prat —— it should be Pet; which is used to signify a* darling like Poppet from whence it perhaps may come; In Buck: it is a name given to the youngest or favorite girl but is here used in derision.

*see p 299. She is your treasure ——

i. 292 —— he'll rail in his rope-tricks

Hanmer alters it to rhetoric, but I think Shakespear uses ropery for roguery in other places.

k 316. — like to <u>mose</u> in the chine — in=
fected with the <u>fashions</u> — past
cure of the <u>fives</u> — <u>waid</u> in the back —
like to mourn in the chine — infect:
ed with the <u>farcin</u> — past cure of
the Vives — swayd in the back —
Hanmer.

l. 332. for T.tt. I know not upon what autho:
rity, introduces here the Lord's
speech which is in p: 338. and ends
the IV. Act. See p 354. n. 26.

m. 344 — come back to my <u>Master</u> as
soon as I can.
— to my business — Hanmer.

n 346 — copatain hat.
copped, or pointed, with a high crown.

P

o. 274 And when he says he is — say that
he dreams;
Hanm: after Mr Pr reads
— when he says he's poor —

b where small experience grows, but in
a few.
I think it should be pointed
where small experience grows. But,
in a few,
Signor Lo is a few words.
See Canons of Crit: p 19.

9 296.

Contrive, Skinner says, is derived from Controuver; as retrieve, which he spells retrive, is from retrouver. See Lan: Crit: p 75.

ALL'S WELL,

THAT

ENDS WELL.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING of France.

Duke of Florence.

Bertram, *Count of* Rouſillon.

Lafeu, *an old Lord.*

Parolles, *a paraſitical follower of* Bertram; *a coward, but vain, and a great pretender to valour.*

Several young French *Lords, that ſerve with* Bertram *in the* Florentine *war.*

Steward, } *Servants to the Counteſs of* Rouſillon.
Clown, }

Counteſs of Rouſillon, *mother to* Bertram.

Helena, *daughter to* Gerard de Narbon, *a famous phyſician, ſome time ſince dead.*

An old widow of Florence.

Diana, *daughter to the widow.*

Violenta, } *Neighbours, and friends to the widow.*
Mariana, }

Lords attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE *lies partly in* France; *and, partly in* Tuſcany.

ALL's *well, that* ENDS *well.*

ACT I.

SCENE, *the Countess of* Rousillon's *House in* France.

Enter Bertram, *the Countess of* Rousillon, Helena, *and* Lafeu, *all in Mourning.*

COUNTESS.

IN delivering my Son from me, I bury a second Husband.

Ber. And I in going, Madam, weep o'er my Father's Death anew; but I must attend his Majesty's command, to whom I am now in Ward, evermore in Subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the King a Husband, Madam; you, Sir, a Father. He, that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you; (1) whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than slack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his Majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his Physicians, Madam, under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope;

(1) *whose Worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than* lack *it where there is such abundance.*] An Opposition of Terms is visibly design'd in this Sentence; tho' the Opposition is not so visible, as the Terms now stand. *Wanted* and *Abundance* are the Opposites to one another; but how is *lack* a Contrast to *stir up?* The Addition of a single Letter gives it, and the very Sense requires it. Mr. *Warburton.*

I am undone; there is no living, none,
If *Bertram* be away. It were all one
That I should love a bright partic'lar Star,
And think to wed it; he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
Th' ambition in my love thus plagues it self;
The hind, that would be mated by the lion,
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, tho' a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table: heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour!——
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctifie his Relicks. Who comes here?

Enter Parolles.

One, that goes with him: I love him for his sake,
And yet I know him a notorious liar;
(h.) Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind; full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Par. Save you, fair Queen.

Hel. And you, Monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And, no.——

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay: you have some stain of soldier in you; let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity, how may we barricado it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant, in the defence yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none: man, setting down before you, will undermine you and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers up!——Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par.

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach your ſelves made, you loſe your city. (3) It is not politick in the Commonwealth of nature, to preſerve virginity. Loſs of virginity is rational increaſe; and there was never virgin got, 'till virginity was firſt loſt. That, you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once loſt, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, it is ever loſt; 'tis too cold a companion; away with't. (i)

Hel. I will ſtand for't a little, though therefore I die a Virgin.

Par. There's little can be ſaid in't; 'tis againſt the rule of nature. To ſpeak on the part of virginity, is to accuſe your Mother; which is moſt infallible diſobedience. *He, that hangs himſelf, is a Virgin: virginity murthers it ſelf, and ſhould be buried in highways out of all ſanctified limit, as a deſperate Offendreſs againſt nature. Virginity breeds mites; much like a cheeſe; conſumes it ſelf to the very paring, and ſo dies with feeding its own ſtomach. Beſides, virginity is peeviſh, proud, idle, made of ſelf-love, which is the moſt prohibited ſin in the Canon. Keep it not, you cannot chuſe but loſe by't. Out with't; within ten years it will make it ſelf two, which is a goodly increaſe, and the principal it ſelf not much the worſe. Away with't. (k)

Hel. How might one do, Sir, to loſe it to her own liking?

Par. Let me ſee. Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a Commodity will loſe the gloſs with lying. The longer kept, the leſs worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible. Anſwer the time of requeſt. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of faſhion; richly ſuted, but unſutable; juſt like the

(3) *It is not politick in the Commonwealth of Nature to preſerve Virginity. Loſs of Virginity is* rational *Increaſe; and there was never Virgin got, till Virginity was firſt loſt.* The Context ſeems to me rather to require —— *national* Increaſe; tho' I have not ventur'd to diſturb the Text, as the other Reading will admit of a Meaning.

* *Reads,* brooch

As he that hangs himself, so is a Virgin

brooch and the tooth-pick, which we wear not now: your date is better in your pye and your porridge, than in your cheek; and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our *French* wither'd pears; it looks ill, it eats drily; marry, 'tis a wither'd pear: it was formerly better; marry, yet 'tis a wither'd pear. Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.
There ſhall your Maſter have a thouſand loves,
A Mother, and a Miſtreſs, and a Friend,
A Phœnix, Captain, and an Enemy,
A Guide, a Goddeſs, and a Soveraign,
A Counſellor, a Traitreſs, and a Dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility;
His jarring concord; and his diſcord dulcet;
His faith, his ſweet diſaſter; with a world
Of pretty fond adoptious chriſtendoms,
That blinking *Cupid* goſſips. Now ſhall he ——
I know not, what he ſhall —— God ſend him well! ——
The Court's a learning place —— and he is one ——

Par. What one, i'faith?

Hel. That I wiſh well —— 'tis pity ——

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wiſhing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt; that We the poorer born,
Whoſe baſer ſtars do ſhut us up in wiſhes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends;
And ſhew what we alone muſt think, which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter Page.

Page. Monſieur *Parolles*,
My Lord calls for you. [*Exit Page.*

Par. Little *Helen*, farewel; if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at Court.

Hel. Monſieur *Parolles*, you were born under a charitable Star.

Par. Under *Mars*, I.

Hel. I eſpecially think, under *Mars*.

Par. Why under *Mars*?

Hel.

Hel. The wars have kept you ſo under, that you muſt needs be born under *Mars*.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you ſo?

Hel. You go ſo much backward, when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear propoſes ſafety: but the compoſition, that your valour and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well. [55] [154]

Par. I am ſo full of buſineſſes, as I cannot anſwer thee acutely: I will return perfect Courtier; in the which, my inſtruction ſhall ſerve to naturalize thee, ſo thou wilt be capable of Courtiers counſel, and underſtand what advice ſhall thruſt upon thee; elſe thou dieſt in thine unthankfulneſs, and thine ignorance makes thee away; farewel. When thou haſt leiſure, ſay thy prayers; when thou haſt none, remember thy friends; get thee a good husband, and uſe him as he uſes thee: ſo farewel. [*Exit.*

Hel. Our remedies oft in our ſelves do lie,
Which we aſcribe to Heav'n. The fated sky
Gives us free ſcope; only, doth backward pull
Our ſlow deſigns, when we our ſelves are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my love ſo high,
That makes me ſee, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightieſt ſpace in Fortune Nature brings
To join like likes; and kiſs, like native things.
Impoſſible be ſtrange attempts, to thoſe
That weigh their pain in ſenſe; and do ſuppoſe,
What hath been, cannot be. Who ever ſtrove
To ſhew her merit, that did miſs her love?
The King's diſeaſe——my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.
[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the Court of* France.

Flouriſh Cornets. Enter the King of France *with letters, and divers attendants.*

King. THE *Florentines* and *Senoys* are by th' ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1 *Lord.* So 'tis reported, Sir.

King. Nay, 'tis moſt credible; we here receive it,
A certainty vouch'd from our Couſin *Auſtria*;
With caution, that the *Florentine* will move us
For ſpeedy aid; wherein our deareſt Friend
Prejudicates the buſineſs, and would ſeem
To have us make denial.

1 *Lord.* His love and wiſdom,
Approv'd ſo to your Majeſty, may plead
For ample credence.

King. He hath arm'd our anſwer;
And *Florence* is deny'd, before he comes:
Yet, for our Gentlemen that mean to ſee
The *Tuſcan* ſervice, freely have they leave
To ſtand on either part.

2 *Lord.* It may well ſerve
A nurſery to our Gentry, who are ſick
For Breathing and Exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter Bertram, Lafeu *and* Parolles.

1 *Lord.* It is the Count *Rouſillon*, my good Lord,
Young *Bertram.*

King. Youth, thou bear'ſt thy Father's face.
Frank Nature, rather curious than in haſte,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy Father's moral parts
May'ſt thou inherit too! Welcome to *Paris.*

Ber. My thanks and duty are your Majeſty's.

King. I would, I had that corporal ſoundneſs now,
As when thy Father and my ſelf in friendſhip

First

First try'd our ſoldierſhip: he did look far
Into the ſervice of the time, and was
Diſcipled of the brav'ſt. He laſted long;
But on us both did haggiſh age ſteal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father; in his youth
He had the wit, which I can well obſerve
To day in our young lords; but they may jeſt,
Till their own ſcorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour:
So like a Courtier, no contempt or bitterneſs (4)
Were in him; Pride or Sharpneſs, if there were,
His Equal had awak'd them; and his honour,
Clock to itſelf, knew the true minute when
Exceptions bid him ſpeak; and at that time
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks;
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praiſe he humbled: Such a man
Might be a copy to theſe younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would now demonſtrate them
But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, Sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb;
So in approof lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal ſpeech.

King. Would, I were with him! he would always ſay,
(Methinks, I hear him now; his plauſive words

(4) *So like a Courtier, no Contempt or Bitterneſs*
Were in his *Pride or Sharpneſs*; *if* they *were*,
His Equal had awak'd them. —]

This Paſſage ſeems ſo very incorrectly pointed, that the Author's Meaning is loſt in the Careleſsneſs. As the Text and Stops are reform'd, theſe are moſt beautiful Lines, and the Senſe this. — "He had no *Contempt* or "*Bitterneſs*; if he had any thing that look'd like *Pride* or *Sharpneſs*, "(of which Qualities Contempt and Bitterneſs are the Exceſſes,) his "Equal had awaked them, not his Inferior; to whom he ſcorn'd to "diſcover any thing that bore the Shadow of Pride or Sharpneſs.

Mr. *Warburton.*

He

He ſcatter'd not in ears, but grafted them
To grow there and to bear;) Let me not live, ——
(Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the cataſtrophe and heel of paſtime,
When it was out,) let me not live, (quoth he,)
After my flame lacks oil; to be the ſnuff
Of younger ſpirits, whoſe apprehenſive ſenſes
All but new things diſdain; whoſe judgments are
Meer fathers of their garments; whoſe conſtancies
Expire before their faſhions: —— this he wiſh'd.
I, after him, do after him wiſh too,
(Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,)
I quickly were diſſolved from my hive,
To give ſome labourers room.

2 *Lord.* You're loved, Sir;
They, that leaſt lend it you, ſhall lack you firſt.

King. I fill a place, I know't. How long is't, Count,
Since the Phyſician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some ſix months, ſince, my Lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet; ——
Lend me an arm; — the reſt have worn me out
With ſeveral applications; Nature and Sickneſs
Debate it at their leiſure. Welcome, Count,
My ſon's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your Majeſty. [*Flouriſh, Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Counteſs's at* Rouſſillon.

Enter Counteſs, Steward and Clown.

Count. I Will now hear; what ſay you of this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wiſh might be found in the calendar of my paſt endeavours; (5) for then we wound our modeſty, and make

(5) *For then we wound our* Modeſty, *and make foul the* Clearneſs *of our* Deſervings, *when of Our ſelves we* publiſh *them.*] This Sentiment our Author has again inculcated in his *Troilus* and *Creſſida*. The

make foul the clearneſs of our deſervings, when of our ſelves we publiſh them.

Count. What does this knave here? get you gone, ſirrah: the complaints, I have heard of you, I do not all believe; 'tis my ſlowneſs that I do not, for, I know, you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make ſuch knaveries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, Madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, Sir.

Clo. No, Madam; 'tis not ſo well that I am poor, tho' many of the rich are damn'd; but if I have your ladyſhip's good will to go to the world, *Isbel* the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good will in this caſe.

Count. In what caſe?

Clo. In *Isbel*'s caſe, and mine own; ſervice is no heritage, and, I think, I ſhall never have the bleſſing of God, 'till I have iſſue o' my body; for they ſay, bearns are bleſſings.

Count. Tell me thy reaſon why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, Madam, requires it. I am driven on by the fleſh; and he muſt needs go, that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worſhip's reaſon?

Clo. Faith, Madam, I have other holy reaſons, ſuch as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, Madam, a wicked creature, as

The Worthineſs of Praiſe diſtains his Worth,
If He, that's prais'd, himſelf bring the Praiſe forth.

I won't pretend, that *Shakeſpeare* is here treading in the Steps of *Æſchylus*; but that Poet has ſomething in his *Agamemnon*, which might very well be a Foundation to what our Author has advanced in both theſe Paſſages.

——————— ἀλλ' ἐναισίμως
Αἰνεῖν, παρ' ἄλλων χρὴ τόδ' ἕρχεσθ' γέρας.
But to be prais'd with Honour, is a Tribute
That muſt be paid Us from another's Tongue.

you and all fleſh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry, that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, ſooner than thy wickedneſs.

Clo. I am out of friends, Madam, and I hope to have friends for my wife's ſake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. Y'are ſhallow, Madam, in great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am weary of; he, that eares my land, ſpares my team, and gives me leave to inne the crop; if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge; he, that comforts my wife, is the cheriſher of my fleſh and blood; he, that cheriſheth my fleſh and blood, loves my fleſh and blood; he, that loves my fleſh and blood, is my friend: *ergo*, he, that kiſſes my wife, is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young *Charbon* the puritan, and old *Poyſam* the papiſt, howſoe'er their hearts are ſever'd in religion, their heads are both one; they may joul horns together, like any deer i'th' herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet, I, Madam; and I ſpeak the truth the next way; ——

" For I the ballad will repeat, which men full true
" ſhall find;
" Your marriage comes by deſtiny, your cuckow ſings
" by kind.

Count. Get you gone, Sir, I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it pleaſe you, Madam, that he bid *Helen* come to you; of her I am to ſpeak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would ſpeak with her, *Helen* I mean.

Clo. " Was this fair face the cauſe, quoth ſhe, (6) [*Singing.*
" Why

(6) *Was this fair Face the Cauſe, quoth She,*
Why the Grecians *ſacked* Troy?
Was this King Priam's *Joy?*] As the Stanza, that follows, is in

" Why the *Grecians* ſacked *Troy*?
" Fond done, fond done; — for *Paris* he
" Was this King *Priam*'s joy.
" With that ſhe ſighed as ſhe ſtood, (7)
" And gave this ſentence then;
" Among nine bad if one be good,
" There's yet one good in ten.

Count.

in alternate Rhyme, and as a Rhyme is here wanting to *She* in the 1ſt Verſe; 'tis evident, the 3d Line is wanting. The Old *Folio*'s give Us a Part of it; but how to ſupply the loſt Part, was the Queſtion. Mr. *Rowe* has given us the Fragment honeſtly, as he found it: but Mr. *Pope*, rather than to ſeem founder'd, has ſunk it upon Us. — I communicated to my ingenious Friend Mr. *Warburton* how I found the Paſſage in the old Books,

[*Fond done, done, fond,*
Was this King Priam's *Joy?*]

And from Him I received that Supplement, which I have given to the Text, and the following Juſtification of it. " I will firſt proceed to " juſtify my Senſe and Emendation, and then account for the Corruption. " In the firſt place, 'tis plain, the laſt Line ſhould not have been read " with an Interrogation: For was *Helen* King *Priam*'s Joy? No, ſurely, " ſhe was not. Who then? Why, the Hiſtorians tell us it was *Paris*, " who was his Favourite Son. And how natural was it, when this *She* " (whoever She was,) had ſaid, Was this the Face that ruin'd *Troy?* to " fall into a moral Reflection, and ſay, What a fond Deed was this! " *Priam*'s Miſery proceeded from him, that was his only Joy. This is " exactly agreeable to the Simplicity of thoſe antient Songs: as the " Phraſe, *For* Paris *he* — is to their Mode of Locution. So far we have " the Genius of the *Ballad*, Hiſtory, and the Context, to make it pro- " bable. An Obſervation upon the enſuing *Stanza* may make it clear " to Demonſtration."

I will only ſubjoin, in Confirmation of my Friend's ingenious Conjecture, that, in *The Maid in the Mill* by *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, I find a ſcrap of another old Ballad upon the ſame Subject, moſt nearly correſponding with ours.

And here fair Paris *comes,*
The hopeful Youth of Troy;
Queen Hecuba's darling Son,
King Priam's only Joy.
(7) *With That ſhe ſighed, as ſhe ſtood,*
And gave this Sentence then;
Among Nine *bad if* One *be good,*
There's yet One *good in* Ten.]

This 2d Stanza is a Joke turn'd upon the Women: a Confeſſion that there was *One* good in *Ten*. Upon which the Counteſs ſays, " What! " One good in ten! You corrupt the Song, Sirrah". — This ſhews, that the Senſe of the Song was, *one* bad only in ten; or, *nine* good in ten:

Count. What, one good in ten? You corrupt the ſong, ſirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, Madam, which is a purifying o'th' ſong: would, God would ſerve the world ſo all the year! we'd find no fault with the tithe-woman, if I were the Parſon; one in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but every blazing ſtar, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, Sir knave, and do as I command you.

Clo. That man that ſhould be at a woman's command, and yet no hurt done! tho' honeſty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the ſurplis of humility over the black gown of a big heart: I am going, forſooth, the buſineſs is for *Helen* to come hither. [*Exit.*

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, Madam, you love your gentlewoman intirely.

Count. Faith, I do; her father bequeath'd her to me; and ſhe herſelf, without other advantages, may lawfully make title to as much love as ſhe finds; there is more owing her, than is paid; and more ſhall be paid her, than ſhe'll demand.

and this clears up the Myſtery. The 2d Stanza was certainly thus in the Old Ballad.

With that She ſighed as She ſtood,
And gave this Sentence then;
If one *be bad amongſt* nine *good,*
There's but one *bad in* ten.

A viſible Continuation of the Thought, as amended, in the latter Part of the firſt Stanza: and it relates to the *ten* Sons of *Priam*, who all behaved themſelves well except this *Paris*. But why *Priam's ten* Sons, may it not be ask'd, when univerſal Tradition has given him *fifty?* To This I reply, that, at the time of this unfortunate Part of his Reign, he had but ten. To theſe this Songſter alludes. They were, *Agathon*, *Antiphon*, *Deiphobus*, *Dius*, *Hector*, *Helenus*, *Hippothous*, *Pammon*, *Paris* and *Polites*. It ſeems particularly humourous in the Clown, (and ſuiting with the Licence of his Character, as a *Jeſter*;) all at once to deprave the Text of the Ballad, and turn it to a Sarcaſm upon the Women. Mr. *Warburton.*

Stew.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her, than, I think, she wish'd me; alone she was, and did communicate to her self her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she lov'd your son; Fortune, she said, was no Goddess, (8) that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love, no God, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; *Diana* no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor Knight to be surpriz'd without rescue in the first assault, or ransom afterward. This she deliver'd in the most bitter touch of sorrow, that e'er I heard a virgin exclaim in; which I held it my duty speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharg'd this honestly, keep it to your self; many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe nor misdoubt; pray you, leave me; stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care; I will speak with you further anon.

[*Exit Steward.*

(8) *Fortune, she said, was no Goddess,* &c. *Love, no God,* &c. complain'd against the *Queen of Virgins,* &c.] This Passage stands thus in the old Copies.

Love, no God, that would not extend his Might only where Qualities were level, Queen of Virgins, that would suffer her poor Knight, &c.

'Tis evident to every sensible Reader that something must have slip'd out here, by which the Meaning of the Context is render'd defective. There are no Traces for the Words, [*complain'd against the*] which I take to have been first conjecturally supply'd by Mr. *Rowe.* But the Form of the Sentence is intirely alter'd by their Insertion; and they, at best, make but a Botch. The Steward is speaking in the very Words he overheard of the Young Lady; Fortune was no Goddess, she said, for one reason; Love no God, for another; — what could She then more naturally subjoin, than as I have amended in the Text?

Diana *no Queen of Virgins, that would suffer her poor Knight to be surpriz'd without Rescue,* &c.

For in poetical History *Diana* was as well known to preside over *Chastity,* as *Cupid* over *Love,* or *Fortune* over the *Change* or *Regulation* of our *Circumstances.*

Enter Helena.

Count. Ev'n ſo it was with me, when I was young;
If we are nature's, theſe are ours: this thorn
Doth to our roſe of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood, is born;
It is the ſhow and ſeal of nature's truth,
Where love's ſtrong paſſion is impreſt in youth;
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults, * or then we thought them none.
Her eye is ſick on't; I obſerve her now. ——
Hel. What is your pleaſure, Madam?
Count. Helen, you know, I am a mother to you.
Hel. Mine honourable miſtreſs.
Count. Nay, a mother;
Why not a mother? when I ſaid a mother,
Methought, you ſaw a ſerpent; what's in mother,
That you ſtart at it? I ſay, I'm your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of thoſe,
That were enwombed mine; 'tis often ſeen,
Adoption ſtrives with nature; and choice breeds
A native ſlip to us from foreign ſeeds.
You ne'er oppreſt me with a mother's groan,
Yet I expreſs to you a mother's care:
God's mercy! maiden, do's it curd thy blood,
To ſay, I am thy mother? what's the matter,
That this diſtemper'd meſſenger of wet,
The many-colour'd *Iris*, rounds thine eyes?
Why, —— that you are my daughter?
Hel. That I am not.
Count. I ſay, I am your mother.
Hel. Pardon, Madam.
The Count *Rouſillon* cannot be my brother;
I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble.
My maſter, my dear lord he is; and I
His ſervant live, and will his vaſſal die:
He muſt not be my brother. ——
Count. Nor I your mother?

* O. W. though. H.

Hel.

Hel. You are my mother, Madam; would you were,
(So that my lord, your ſon, were not my brother)
Indeed, my mother! — or were you both our mothers
I care no more for, than I do for heav'n,
So I were not his ſiſter: can't no other,
But I your daughter, he muſt be my brother? ——
Count. Yes, *Helen*, you might be my daughter-in-law;
God ſhield, you mean it not, daughter and mother
So ſtrive upon your pulſe! what, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondneſs. — Now I ſee (9)
The myſt'ry of your lonelineſs, and find
Your ſalt tears head; now to all ſenſe 'tis groſs,
You love my ſon; invention is aſham'd,
Againſt the proclamation of thy paſſion,
To ſay, thou doſt not; therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 'tis ſo. For, look, thy cheeks
Confeſs it one to th' other; and thine eyes
See it ſo groſly ſhown in thy behaviour,
That in their kind they ſpeak it: only ſin
And helliſh obſtinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth ſhould be ſuſpected; ſpeak, is't ſo?
If it be ſo, you've wound a goodly clew:
If it be not, forſwear't; howe'er, I charge thee,

(9) —— *Now I ſee*
The myſ'try of your lovelineſs, *and find*
Your ſalt tears head: ——]

The Myſtery of her *Lovelineſs* is beyond my Comprehenſion: The old Counteſs is ſaying nothing ironical, nothing taunting, or in Reproach, that this Word ſhould find a place here; which it could not, unleſs ſarcaſtically employ'd, and with ſome Spleen. I dare warrant, the Poet meant, his old Lady ſhould ſay no more than This: "I now find the "Myſtery of your creeping into Corners, and weeping, and pining in "ſecret". For this Reaſon I have amended the Text, *Loneline ſs*. The Steward, in the foregoing Scene, where he gives the Counteſs Intelligence of *Helen*'s Behaviour ſays;

Alone *She was, and did communicate to herſelf her own Words to her own Ears.*

The Author has uſed the Word *Loneline ſs*, to ſignify a Perſon's *being alone*, again in his *Hamlet*.

We will beſtow our ſelves: read on this book;
That ſhew of ſuch an Exerciſe may colour
Your Loneline ſs.

As heav'n ſhall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.
Hel. Good Madam, pardon me.
Count. Do you love my ſon?
Hel. Your pardon, noble miſtreſs.
Count. Love you my ſon?
Hel. Do not you love him, Madam?
Count. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, diſcloſe
The ſtate of your affection; for your paſſions
Have to the full appeach'd.
Hel. Then, I confeſs,
Here on my knee, before high heav'ns and you,
That before you, and next unto high heav'n,
I love your ſon:
My friends were poor, but honeſt; ſo's my love;
Be not offended; for it hurts not him,
That he is lov'd of me; I follow him not
By any token of preſumptuous ſuit;
Nor would I have him, 'till I do deſerve him;
Yet never know, how that Deſert ſhall be:
I know, I love in vain; ſtrive againſt hope;
Yet, in this captious and intenible ſieve,
I ſtill pour in the water of my love,
And lack not to loſe ſtill; thus, *Indian*-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The Sun that looks upon his Worſhipper,
But knows of him no more. My deareſt Madam,
Let not your hate incounter with my love,
For loving where you do; but if your ſelf,
Whoſe aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever in ſo true a flame of liking
Wiſh chaſtly, and love dearly, that your *Dian*
Was both her ſelf and Love; O then, give pity
To her, whoſe ſtate is ſuch, that cannot chuſe
But lend, and give, where ſhe is ſure to loſe;
That ſeeks not to find That, which Search implies;
But, riddle-like, lives ſweetly, where ſhe dies.
Count. Had you not lately an intent, ſpeak truly,
To go to *Paris?*

Hel.

Hel. Madam, I had.
Count. Wherefore? tell true.
Hel. I will tell truth; by Grace it self, I swear;
You know, my father left me some Prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects; such as his Reading
And manifest Experience had collected
For general sov'reignty; and that he will'd me
In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
More than they were in note: amongst the rest,
There is a Remedy, approv'd, set down,
To cure the desperate languishings, whereof
The King is render'd lost.
Count. This was your motive for *Paris*, was it, speak?
Hel. My lord your son made me to think of this;
Else *Paris*, and the medicine, and the King,
Had from the conversation of my thoughts
Haply been absent then.
Count. But think you, *Helen*,
If you should tender your supposed aid, [161]
He would receive it? he and his physicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him:
They, that they cannot help. How shall they credit
A poor unlearned Virgin, when the Schools,
Embowell'd of their Doctrine, have left off [80]
The danger to it self?
Hel. There's something in't hints W.
More than my father's skill, (which was the great'st
Of his Profession,) that his good receipt
Shall for my legacy be sanctified
By th' luckiest stars in heav'n; and, would your Honour
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his Grace's Cure,
By such a day and hour.
Count. Dost thou believe't?
Hel. Ay, Madam, knowingly.
Count. Why, *Helen*, thou shalt have my leave and love;
Means and attendants; and my loving greetings
To those of mine in Court. I'll stay at home,

And

And pray God's Bleſſing into thy attempt:
Begone, to morrow; and be ſure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou ſhalt not miſs.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *the Court of* France.

Enter the King, with divers young Lords taking leave for the Florentine *war.* Bertram *and* Parolles.
Flouriſh Cornets.

KING.

FArewel, young Lords: theſe warlike principles
Do not throw from you: you, my Lords, farewel;
Share the advice betwixt you. If Both gain,
The gift doth ſtretch it ſelf as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

1 *Lord.* 'Tis our hope, Sir,
After well-enter'd ſoldiers, to return
And find your Grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confeſs, it owns the malady
That doth my life beſiege; farewel, young Lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the Sons
Of worthy *French* men; (10) let higher *Italy*
(Thoſe bated, that inherit but the Fall
Of the laſt Monarchy;) ſee, that you come

Not

(10) ——— *let higher* Italy
(Thoſe bated, that inherit but the Fall
Of the laſt Monarchy;) ſee, &c.] This ſeems to me One of the very obſcure Paſſages of *Shakeſpeare*, and which therefore may very well demand Explanation. *Italy*, at the time of this Scene, was under three very different Tenures. The Emperour, as Succeſſor of the *Roman* Emperours,

Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The braveſt Queſtant ſhrinks, find what you ſeek,
That Fame may cry you loud: I ſay, farewel.

2 *Lord.* Health at your bidding ſerve your Majeſty!

King. Thoſe girls of *Italy*, take heed of them;
They ſay, our *French* lack language to deny,
If they demand: beware of being captives,
Before you ſerve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewel. Come hither to me. [*To Attendants.*

[*Exit.*

1 *Lord.* Oh, my ſweet Lord, that you will ſtay behind us!——

Par. 'Tis not his fault; the Spark——

2 *Lord.* Oh, 'tis brave wars.

Par. Moſt admirable; I have ſeen thoſe wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with, *Too young*, and *the next year*, and *'tis too early.*——

Par. An thy mind ſtand to it, boy, ſteal away bravely.

Ber. Shall I ſtay here the forehorſe to a ſmock,
Creeking my ſhoes on the plain maſonry,
'Till Honour be bought up, and no ſword worn
But one to dance with? by heav'n, I'll ſteal away.

perours, had one Part; the Pope, by a pretended Donation from *Conſtantine*, another; and the Third was compos'd of free States. Now by the *laſt Monarchy* is meant the *Roman*, the Laſt of the four general Monarchies. Upon the Fall of this Monarchy, in the Scramble, ſeveral Cities ſet up for Themſelves, and became free States: Now theſe might be ſaid properly to *inherit* the *Fall* of the Monarchy. But the Emperour could not be ſaid to inherit the Fall of the Monarchy, any more than a Son, who inherits an impair'd Eſtate, could be ſaid to inherit the Fall of his Father's Eſtate: Tho' thoſe, who had defrauded the Father, might be ſaid to inherit the Fall of his Eſtate. Much leſs could the Pope, by a Donation in the Times of its Duration, be ſaid to do ſo. This being premiſed, now to the Senſe. The King ſays, *Higher* Italy;—giving it the Rank of Preference to *France*; but he corrects himſelf and ſays, I except Thoſe from that Precedency, who only inherit the Fall of the laſt Monarchy; as all the little petty States; for inſtance, *Florence* to whom theſe Voluntiers were going. As if he had ſaid, I give the Place of Honour to the Emperour and the Pope, but not to the free States. All here is clear; and 'tis exactly *Shakeſpeare*'s Manner, who lov'd to ſhew his Reading on ſuch Occaſions. Mr. *Warburton.*

1 *Lord.*

1 *Lord.* There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, Count.

2 *Lord.* I am your acceſſary, and ſo farewel.

Ber. I grow to you, and our Parting is a tortur'd body.

1 *Lord.* Farewel, Captain.

2 *Lord.* Sweet Monſieur *Parolles!* ——

Par. Noble heroes, my ſword and yours are kin; good Sparks and luſtrous. A word, good metals. (11) You ſhall find in the regiment of the *Spinii*, one Captain *Spurio* with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his ſiniſter cheek; it was this very ſword entrench'd it; ſay to him, I live, and obſerve his reports of me.

1 *Lord.* We ſhall, noble Captain.

Par. Mars doat on you for his novices! what will ye do?

Ber. Stay; the King—— [*Exeunt Lords.*

Par. Uſe a more ſpacious ceremony to the noble Lords, you have reſtrain'd your ſelf within the liſt of too cold an adieu; be more expreſſive to them, for they wear themſelves in the cap of the time; there, do muſter true gate, eat, ſpeak, and move under the influence of the moſt receiv'd ſtar; and tho' the devil lead the meaſure, ſuch are to be follow'd: after them, and take a more dilated farewel.

(m) [155]

(11) *You ſhall find in the Regiment of the* Spinii *one Captain* Spurio, *his Cicatrice,* with *an Emblem of War here on his ſiniſter Cheek*;] It is ſurprizing, None of the Editors could ſee that a ſlight Tranſpoſition was abſolutely neceſſary here, when there is not common Senſe in the Paſſage, as it ſtands without ſuch Tranſpoſition. *Parolles* only means, "You ſhall find one Captain *Spurio* in the Camp with a Scar on his left "Cheek, a Mark of War that my Sword gave him." Our Poet has employ'd this Word, to ſignify Scar, in other of his Plays: So, before, in *As You like it*;

——— *lean but upon a Ruſh,*
The Cicatrice *and capable Impreſſure*
Thy Palm ſome moment keeps: ———

And in *Hamlet*;

Since yet thy Cicatrice *looks raw and red*
After the Daniſh *Sword*; ——

Ber.

Ber. And I will do ſo.

Par. Worthy fellows, and like to prove moſt ſinewy ſword-men. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the King, and Lafeu.

Laf. Pardon, my Lord, for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll fee thee to ſtand up.

Laf. Then here's a man ſtands, that hath bought his pardon.

I would, you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy;
And that at my bidding you could ſo ſtand up.

King. I would, I had; ſo I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Goodfaith, acroſs: —— but, my good Lord, 'tis thus;
Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?
Yes, but you will, my noble grapes; an if
My royal fox could reach them: (12) I have ſeen a
* *Med'cin,* (12.) n.
That's able to breathe life into a ſtone;
Quicken a rock, and make you dance Canary
With ſprightly fire and motion; whoſe ſimple touch
Is powerful to araiſe King *Pepin,* nay,
To give great *Charlemain* a pen in's hand,
And write to Her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why, Doctor-ſhe: my Lord, there's one ariv'd,
If you will ſee her: now, by my faith and honour,
If ſeriouſly I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have ſpoke
With one, that in her ſex, her years, profeſſion,
Wiſdom and conſtancy, hath amaz'd me more

(12) *I have ſeen a* Medecine,] *Lafeu* does not mean that he has ſeen a Remedy, but a Perſon bringing ſuch Remedy. I therefore imagine, our Author uſed the *French* Word, *Medecin,* i. e. a Phyſician; this agrees with what he ſubjoins immediately in Reply to the King,

Why, Doctor-She; — and — *write to* her *a Love-line.*

Than

Than I dare blame my weakneſs: will you ſee her,
For that is her Demand, and know her buſineſs?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good *Lafeu*,
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee
May ſpend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wond'ring how thou took'ſt it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit* Lafeu.

King. Thus he his ſpecial Nothing ever prologues.

Laf. [*Returns.*] Nay, come your ways.
[*Bringing in* Helena.

King. This haſte hath wings, indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways,
This is his Majeſty, ſay your mind to him;
A traitor you do look like; but ſuch traitors
His Majeſty ſeldom fears; I'm *Creſſid*'s Uncle,
That dare leave two together; fare you well. [*Exit.*

King. Now, fair One, do's your buſineſs follow us?

Hel. Ay, my good Lord.
Gerard de Narbon was my Father,
In what he did profeſs, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I ſpare my praiſe towards him;
Knowing him, is enough: on's bed of death
Many Receipts he gave me, chiefly one,
Which as the deareſt iſſue of his practice,
And of his old experience th'only Darling,
He bade me ſtore up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two: more dear I have ſo;
And hearing your high Majeſty is touch'd
With that malignant cauſe, wherein the honour
Of my dear Father's gift ſtands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleneſs.

King. We thank you, Maiden;
But may not be ſo credulous of Cure,
When our moſt learned Doctors leave us; and
The congregated College have concluded,
That labouring Art can never ranſome Nature

From

From her unaidable eſtate: we muſt not
So ſtain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To proſtitute our paſt-cure malady
To empericks; or to diſſever ſo
Our great ſelf and our credit, to eſteem
A ſenſeleſs help, when help paſt ſenſe we deem.
Hel. My duty then ſhall pay me for my pains;
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly intreating from your royal thoughts
A modeſt one to bear me back again.
King. I cannot give thee leſs, to be call'd grateful;
Thou thought'ſt to help me, and ſuch thanks I give,
As one near death to thoſe that wiſh him live;
But what at full I know, thou know'ſt no part;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.
Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you ſet up your Reſt 'gainſt remedy:
He that of greateſt works is finiſher,
Oft does them by the weakeſt miniſter:
So holy Writ in Babes hath judgment ſhown,
When Judges have been Babes; great floods have flown,
From ſimple ſources; and great ſeas have dry'd,
When Mir'cles have by th' greateſt been deny'd.
Oft expectation fails, and moſt oft there
Where moſt it promiſes: and oft it hits
Where hope is coldeſt, and deſpair moſt ſits.
King. I muſt not hear thee; fare thee well, kind Maid;
Thy pains, not us'd, muſt by thy ſelf be paid:
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.
Hel. Inſpired merit ſo by breath is barr'd:
It is not ſo with him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us, that ſquare our gueſs by ſhows:
But moſt it is preſumption in us, when
The help of heav'n we count the act of men.
Dear Sir, to my endeavours give conſent,
Of heav'n, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impoſtor, that proclaim
My ſelf againſt the level of mine aim,

But

But know I think, and think I know moſt ſure,
My Art is not paſt power, nor you paſt Cure.
King. Art thou ſo confident? within what ſpace
Hop'ſt thou my Cure?
Hel. The Greateſt Grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horſes of the Sun ſhall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moiſt *Heſperus* hath quench'd his ſleepy lamp;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glaſs
Hath told the thieviſh minutes how they paſs;
What is infirm from your ſound parts ſhall fly,
Health ſhall live free, and ſickneſs freely die.
King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'ſt thou venture?
Hel. Tax of impudence,
A ſtrumpet's boldneſs, a divulged ſhame
Traduc'd by odious ballads: my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwiſe, no worſe of worſt extended;
With vileſt torture let my life be ended.
King. Methinks, in thee ſome bleſſed Spirit doth ſpeak
His powerful ſound, within an organ weak;
And what impoſſibility would ſlay
In common ſenſe, ſenſe ſaves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath eſtimate:
(13) Youth, beauty, wiſdom, courage, virtue, all
That happineſs and prime can happy call;
Thou this to hazard, needs muſt intimate
Skill infinite, or monſtrous deſperate.

(13) *Youth, beauty, wiſdom, courage, all* &c.] This Verſe is too ſhort by a Foot; and apparently ſome Diſſyllable is drop'd out by Miſchance. Mr. *Warburton* concurr'd with me in Conjecture to ſupply the Verſe thus:

Youth, beauty, wiſdom, courage, virtue, *all* &c.

Helena had laid a particular Streſs on her maiden Reputation; and the King, afterwards, when he comes to ſpeak of her to *Bertram*, ſays;

——————— *If ſhe be*
All that is virtuous, (*ſave, What thou diſlik'ſt,*
A poor Phyſician's Daughter; thou diſlik'ſt
Of Virtue *for her name:* ——

* *His powr full sounds* — *W.*

Sweet

Sweet Practiſer, thy phyſick I will try;
That miniſters thine own death, if I die.
Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I ſpoke, unpitied let me die,
And well deſerv'd! Not helping, death's my fee;
But if I help, what do you promiſe me?
King. (14) Make thy Demand.
Hel. But will you make it even?
King. Ay, by my Scepter, and my hopes of Heav'n.
Hel. Then ſhalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
What Husband in thy power I will command.
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To chuſe from forth the royal blood of *France*;
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy ſtate:
But ſuch a one thy vaſſal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to beſtow.
King. Here is my hand, the premiſes obſerv'd,
Thy will by my performance ſhall be ſerv'd:
So, make the choice of thine own time; for I,
Thy reſolv'd Patient, on thee ſtill rely.
More ſhould I queſtion thee, and more I muſt;
(Tho' more to know, could not be more to truſt:)
From whence thou cam'ſt, how tended on,— but reſt
Unqueſtion'd welcome, and undoubted bleſt.
Give me ſome help here, hoa! if thou proceed
As high as word, my deed ſhall match thy deed.
[*Exeunt.*

(14) King. *Make thy Demand.*
Hel. *But will you make it even?*
King. *Ay, by my Scepter and my hopes of* help.]
The King could have but a very ſlight Hope of *Help* from her, ſcarce enough to ſwear by: and therefore *Helen* might ſuſpect, he meant to equivocate with her. Beſides, obſerve, the greateſt Part of the Scene is ſtrictly in Rhyme: and there is no Shadow of Reaſon why it ſhould be interrupted here. I rather imagine, the Poet wrote;
Ay, by my Scepter, and my Hopes of Heav'n.
Dr. *Thirlby.*

SCENE *changes to* Rouſillon.

Enter Counteſs, and Clown.

Count. COME on, Sir; I ſhall now put you to the height of your Breeding.

Clown. I will ſhew my ſelf highly fed, and lowly taught; I know, my buſineſs is but to the Court.

Count. But to the Court? why, what place make you ſpecial, when you put off that with ſuch contempt? but to the Court!

Clo. Truly, Madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may eaſily put it off at Court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiſs his hand, and ſay nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, ſuch a fellow, to ſay preciſely, were not for the Court: but for me, I have an anſwer will ſerve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful anſwer that fits all queſtions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your anſwer ſerve fit to all queſtions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your *French* crown for your taffaty punk, as *Tib*'s ruſh for *Tom*'s fore-finger, as a pancake for *Shrove-Tueſday*, a morris for *May-day*, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a ſcolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I ſay, an anſwer of ſuch fitneſs for all queſtions?

Clo. From below your Duke, to beneath your Conſtable, it will fit any queſtion.

Count. It muſt be an anſwer of moſt monſtrous ſize, that muſt fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the Learned ſhould ſpeak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs

longs to't. Ask me, if I am a Courtier;—— it ſhall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could: I will be a fool in a queſtion, hoping to be the wiſer by your anſwer. I pray you, Sir, are you a Courtier?

Clo. O lord, Sir——— there's a ſimple putting off: more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O lord, Sir—thick, thick, ſpare not me.

Count. I think, Sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O lord, Sir——— nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whip'd, Sir, as I think.

Clo. O lord, Sir——ſpare not me.

Count. Do you cry, O lord, Sir, at your whipping, and ſpare not me? indeed, your O lord, Sir, is very ſequent to your whipping: you would anſwer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I ne'er had worſe luck in my life, in my—— O lord, Sir; I ſee, things may ſerve long, but not ſerve ever.

Count. I play the noble huſwife with the time, to entertain it ſo merrily with a fool.

Clo. O lord, Sir——why, there't ſerves well again.

Count. An end, Sir; to your buſineſs: give *Helen* this,
And urge her to a preſent Anſwer back.
Commend me to my kinſmen, and my ſon:
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them?

Count. Not much imployment for you, you underſtand me.

Clo. Moſt fruitfully, I am there before my legs.

Count. Haſte you again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Court of* France.

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, *and* Parolles.

Laf. (15) THEY ſay, miracles are paſt; and we have our philoſophical perſons to make modern, and familiar, Things ſupernatural and cauſeleſs. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors; enſconſing our ſelves into ſeeming knowledge, when we ſhould ſubmit our ſelves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the rareſt argument of wonder that hath ſhot out in our later times.

Ber. And ſo 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquiſh'd of the Artiſts ——

Par. So I ſay, both of *Galen* and *Paracelſus*.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentick Fellows ——

Par. Right, ſo I ſay.

Laf. That gave him out incurable, ——

Par. Why, there 'tis, ſo ſay I too.

Laf. Not to be help'd, ——

Par. Right, as 'twere a man aſſur'd of an ——

Laf. Uncertain life, and ſure death, —

Par. Juſt, you ſay well: ſo would I have ſaid.

Laf. I may truly ſay, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed, if you will have it in ſhewing, you ſhall read it in, what do you call there ——

Laf. A ſhewing of a heav'nly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it, I would have ſaid the very ſame.

Laf. (16) Why, your dolphin is not luſtier: for me, I ſpeak in reſpect ——

Par.

(15) *They ſay Miracles are paſt, and we have our Philoſophical Perſons to make modern and familiar things ſupernatural and cauſeleſs.*] This, as it has hitherto been pointed, is directly oppoſite to our Poet's, and his Speaker's, Meaning. As I have ſtop'd it, the Senſe quadrates with the Context: and, ſurely, it is one unalterable Property of Philoſophy, to make ſeeming ſtrange and preternatural *Phænomena* familiar, and reducible to Cauſe and Reaſon.

(16) *Why, your* Dolphin *is not luſtier:*] I have thought it very probable, that, as 'tis a *French* Man ſpeaks, and as 'tis the *French* King he is ſpeaking

Par. Nay, 'tis ſtrange, 'tis very ſtrange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he's of a moſt facinerious ſpirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the——

Laf. Very hand of Heav'n.

Par. Ay, ſo I ſay.

Laf. In a moſt weak——

Par. And debile miniſter, great power, great tranſcendence; which ſhould, indeed, give us a further uſe to be made than alone the recov'ry of the King; as to be——

Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter King, Helena, *and attendants.*

Par. I would have ſaid it, you ſaid well: here comes the King.

Laf. Luſtick, as the *Dutchman* ſays: I'll like a Maid the better, while I have a tooth in my head: why, he's able to lead her a Corranto.

Par. Mort du Vinaigre, is not this *Helen?*

Laf. 'Fore God, I think ſo.

King. Go, call before me all the Lords in Court.
Sit, my Preſerver, by thy Patient's ſide;
And with this healthful hand, whoſe baniſh'd ſenſe
Thou haſt repeal'd, a ſecond time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift;
Which but attends thy naming.

ſpeaking of, the Poet might have wrote,

Why, your Dauphin *is not luſtier:*

i. e. the King is as hale and hearty as the Prince his Son. And that the King in this *Play* is ſuppoſed to have a Son, is plain from what he ſays to *Bertram* in the firſt Act.

——————— *Wellcome, Count,*
My Son's *no dearer.*

Beſides, *Dauphin* in the old Impreſſions is conſtantly ſpelt as the Fiſh, *Dolphin.* But then conſidering on the other hand, *As ſound as a Roach, As whole as a Fiſh,* are proverbial Expreſſions: and conſidering too that our Author elſewhere makes the *Dolphin* an Inſtance or Emblem of Luſtihood and Activity,

——————————— *his Delights*
Were Dolphin-like, *they ſhew'd his Back above*
The Element they liv'd in, Anto. *and* Cleop.

I have not thought proper to diſturb the Text. Nor would, indeed, the Senſe of the Paſſage be affected by any Alteration.

Enter three or four Lords.

Fair Maid, ſend forth thine eye; this youthful parcel
Of noble batchelors ſtand at my beſtowing,
O'er whom both ſov'reign power and Father's voice
I have to uſe; thy frank election make;
Thou haſt power to chuſe, and they none to forſake.

Hel. To each of you, one fair and virtuous Miſtreſs
Fall, when love pleaſe! marry, to each but one.——

Laf. I'd give bay curtal and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than theſe boys,
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruſe them well:
Not one of thoſe, but had a noble Father.

[*She addreſſes her ſelf to a Lord.*

Hel. Gentlemen, Heaven hath, through me, reſtor'd
The King to health.

All. We underſtand it, and thank Heav'n for you.

Hel. I am a ſimple Maid, and therein wealthieſt,
That, I proteſt, I ſimply am a Maid.——
Pleaſe it your Majeſty, I have done already:
The Bluſhes in my cheeks thus whiſper me,
" We bluſh that thou ſhould'ſt chuſe, but be refus'd;
" Let the white death ſit on thy cheek for ever,
" We'll ne'er come there again.

King. Make Choice, and ſee,
Who ſhuns thy love, ſhuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, *Dian*, from thy Altar do I fly,
And to imperial *Love*, that God moſt high,
Do my ſighs ſtream: Sir, will you hear my ſuit?

1 *Lord.* And grant it.

Hel. (17) Thanks, Sir;——all the reſt is mute.

Laf.

(17) *Thanks, Sir; all the reſt* are *mute.*] All the reſt are mute? She had ſpoke to but One yet. This is a nonſenſical Alteration of Mr. *Pope*'s from the old Copies, in which, I doubt not, but he thought him ſelf very wiſe and ſagacious. The genuine Reading is, as I have reſtor'd in the Text;

——— *All the reſt* is *mute.*

(i. e. as in *Hamlet*, —— *The reſt is Silence*) and the Meaning, this. *Helena* finding a favourable Anſwer from the firſt Gallant ſhe addreſs'd to, but

* *dearth*. *W.*

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw Ames-ace for my life.

Hel. The honour, Sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threatningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

2 *Lord.* No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
Which great *Love* grant! and so I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her? if they were Sons of mine, I'd have them whip'd, or I would send them to the *Turk* to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand should take,
I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:
Blessing upon your vows, and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none of her: sure, they are bastards to the *English*, the *French* ne'er got 'em.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make your self a Son out of my blood.

4 *Lord.* (18) Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There's one grape yet,——

Par. I am sure, thy Father drunk Wine.——

Laf. But if Thou be'est not an Ass, I am a Youth of fourteen. I have known thee already.

Hel. I dare not say, I take you; but I give
Me and my service, ever whilst I live,

but not designing to fix her Choice there, civilly says, I thank you, Sir; That is All I have to advance. I am oblig'd to You for your Complyance; but my Eye and Heart have another Aim.

(18) 4 Lord. *Fair One, I think not so.*

Laf. *There's one Grape yet, I am sure my Father drunk Wine; but if Thou be'est not an Ass, I am a Youth of fourteen: I have known thee already.*] Surely, This is most incongruent Stuff. *Lafeu* is angry with the other Noblemen, for giving *Helena* the Repulse: and is He angry too, and thinks the fourth Nobleman an Ass, because he's for embracing the Match? The Whole, certainly, can't be the Speech of one Mouth. As I have divided the Speech, I think, Clearness and Humour are restor'd. And if *Parolles* were not a little pert and impertinent here to *Lafeu*, why should he say, he had found him out already? Or, why should he quarrel with him in the very next Scene?

Into your guiding power: this is the Man.
[*To* Bertram.

King. Why then, young *Bertram*, take her; ſhe's thy Wife.

Ber. My Wife, my Liege? I ſhall beſeech your Highneſs,
In ſuch a buſineſs give me leave to uſe
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'ſt thou not, *Bertram*,
What ſhe hath done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good Lord,
But never hope to know why I ſhould marry her.

King. Thou know'ſt, ſhe has rais'd me from my ſickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my Lord, to bring me down
Muſt anſwer for your raiſing? I know her well:
She had her Breeding at my Father's Charge:
A poor Phyſician's Daughter my Wife! —— Diſdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title thou diſdain'ſt in her, the which
I can build up: ſtrange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound diſtinction, yet ſtand off
In differences, ſo mighty. If ſhe be
All that is virtuous, (ſave what thou diſlik'ſt,
A poor Phyſician's Daughter,) thou diſlik'ſt
Of Virtue for the name: but do not ſo.
(19) From loweſt Place when virtuous things proceed,
The Place is dignify'd by th' doer's deed.
Where great Addition ſwells, and Virtue none,
It is a dropſied honour; good alone,
(p.) Is good without a name. * Vileneſs is ſo:
The property by what it is ſhould go,
Not by the Title. She is † young, wiſe, fair,
In theſe, to Nature ſhe's immediate Heir;

(19) *From loweſt Place*, whence *virtuous Things proceed*,
The Place is dignified by th' Doers Deed.] 'Tis ſtrange, that None of the Editors could perceive, that both the Sentiment and Grammar are defective here. The eaſy Correction, which I have given, was preſcribed to me by the ingenious Dr. *Thirlby*.

† good. W.

And

And these breed honour: That is honour's scorn,
Which challenges it self as honour's born,
And is not like the sire. (20) Honours best thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers: the meer Word's a slave
Debaucht on every tomb, on every grave;
A lying trophy; (21) and as oft is dumb,
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones, indeed. What should be said?
If thou can'st like this Creature as a Maid,
I can create the rest: virtue and she,
Is her own dow'r; honour and wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thy self, if thou should'st strive to chuse.

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my Lord, I'm glad: Let the rest go.——

King. (22) My honour's at the stake; which to defend, I must produce my Power. Here, take her hand,

(20) ——— Honours *best thrive,*
When rather from our Acts *we them derive*
Than our Foregoers.] How nearly does this Sentiment of our Author's resemble the following Passage of *Juvenal!*
Ergò ut miremur Te, non tua, *primùm aliquid da*
Quod possim titulis incidere, præter Honores
Quos illis *damus, & dedimus, quibus* omnia debes.
Sat. VIII. ver. 68.

(21) ——— *and as oft is dumb,*
Where Dust and damn'd Oblivion is the Tomb.
Of honour'd Bones, indeed, what should be said?] This is such pretty Stuff, indeed, as is only worthy of its accurate Editors! The Transposition of an innocent Stop, or two, is a Task above their Diligence: especially, if common Sense is to be the Result of it. The Regulation, I have given, must strike every Reader so at first Glance, that it needs not a Word in Confirmation.

(22) *My Honour's at the Stake; which to* defeat
I must produce my Pow'r.] The poor King of *France* is again made a Man of *Gotham*, by our unmerciful Editors: What they make him say, is mere mock-reasoning. The Passage must either be restor'd, as I have conjecturally corrected; or else the King must be suppos'd to break off abruptly from What he was going to say, and determine that he will interpose his Authority. As thus;
My Honour's at the Stake; which to defeat,——
—— *I must produce my Pow'r.*

Proud

Proud ſcornful boy, unworthy this good gift!
That doſt in vile miſpriſion ſhackle up
My love, and her deſert; that canſt not dream,
We poizing us in her defective ſcale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour, where
We pleaſe to have it grow. Check thy contempt:
Obey our Will, which travels in thy good;
Believe not thy diſdain, but preſently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient Right,
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims:
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
Into the ſtaggers, and the careleſs lapſe
Of youth and ignorance; my revenge and hate
Looſing upon thee in the name of juſtice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak thine anſwer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious Lord; for I ſubmit
My fancy to your eyes. When I conſider,
What great Creation, and what dole of Honour
Flies where you bid; I find, that ſhe, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts moſt baſe, is now
The praiſed of the King; who, ſo ennobled,
Is, as 'twere, born ſo.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her, ſhe is thine: to whom I promiſe
A counterpoize; if not in thy eſtate,
A ballance more repleat.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the King
Smile upon this Contract; whoſe ceremony
Shall ſeem expedient on the now-born brief,
And be perform'd to night; the ſolemn Feaſt
Shall more attend upon the coming ſpace,
Expecting abſent Friends. As thou lov'ſt her,
Thy love's to me religious; elſe does err. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Parolles *and* Lafeu.

Laf. Do you hear, Monſieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleaſure, Sir?

Laf. Your Lord and Maſter did well to make his recantation.

Par.

Par. Recantation? — my Lord? my Maſter?

Laf. Ay, is it not a language I ſpeak?

Par. A moſt harſh one, and not to be underſtood without bloody ſucceeding. My maſter?

Laf. Are you companion to the Count *Rouſillon?*

Par. To any Count; to all Counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is Count's man; Count's maſter is of another ſtile.

Par. You are too old, Sir; let it ſatisfie you, you are too old.—

Laf. I muſt tell thee, ſirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two Ordinaries, to be a pretty wiſe fellow; thou didſt make tolerable vent of thy travel, it might paſs; yet the ſcarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly diſſuade me from believing thee a veſſel of too great a burthen. I have now found thee; when I loſe thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up, and that thou'rt ſcarce worth.

Par. Hadſt thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee ——

Laf. (23) Do not plunge thy ſelf too far in anger, leſt thou haſten thy tryal; which if,—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! ſo, my good window of lattice,

(23) *Do not plunge thy ſelf too far in anger, leſt thou haſten thy Tryal; which* is, *Lord have Mercy on thee for a hen;*] Mr. *Rowe* and Mr. *Pope*, either by Inadvertence, or ſome other Fatality, have blunder'd this Paſſage into ſtark Nonſenſe. I have reſtor'd the Reading of the old *Folio*, and by ſubjoining the Mark to ſhew a *Break* is neceſſary, have retriev'd the Poet's genuine Senſe:

—— *which* if —— *Lord have Mercy on thee for a hen!*

The Sequel of the Sentence is imply'd, not expreſs'd: This Figure the Rhetoricians have call'd Αποσιώπησις. A remarkable Inſtance we have of it in the firſt Book of *Virgil*'s *Æneis*.

Quos Ego —— *ſed motos præſtat componere Fluctus.*

So likewiſe in *Terence*;

Mala mens, malus animus; quem quidèm Ego ſi ſenſero, ——
Sed quid opus eſt verbis? Andr. *Act.* I. *Sc.* I.

But I ſhall have Occaſion to remark again upon It, when I come to King *Lear*.

fare

fare thee well; thy caſement I need not open, I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My Lord, you give me moſt egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart, and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my Lord, deſerv'd it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, ev'ry dram of it; and I will not bate thee a ſcruple.

Par. Well, I ſhall be wiſer——

Laf. Ev'n as ſoon as thou can'ſt, for thou haſt to pull at a Smack o'th' contrary. If ever thou beeſt bound in thy ſcarf and beaten, thou ſhalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a deſire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may ſay in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My Lord, you do me moſt inſupportable vexation.

Laf. I would, it were hell-pains for thy ſake, and [117] my poor doing eternal: for doing, I am paſt; as I 8. will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [*Exit.*

Par. Well, thou haſt a Son ſhall take this diſgrace off me; ſcurvy, old, filthy, ſcurvy Lord!—— well, I muſt be patient, there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a Lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of——I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter Lafeu.

Laf. Sirrah, your Lord and Maſter's married, there's news for you: you have a new Miſtreſs.

Par. I moſt unfeignedly beſeech your Lordſhip to make ſome reſervation of your wrongs. He, my good Lord, whom I ſerve above, is my Maſter.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, Sir.

Laf.

Laf. The Devil it is, that's thy Maſter. Why doſt thou garter up thy arms o' this faſhion? doſt make hoſe of thy ſleeves? do other ſervants ſo? thou wert beſt ſet thy lower part where thy noſe ſtands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man ſhould beat thee. I think, thou waſt created for men to breathe themſelves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeſerved meaſure, my Lord.

Laf. Go to, Sir; you were beaten in *Italy* for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more ſawcy with Lords and honourable Perſonages, than the commiſſion of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not worth another word, elſe I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

Enter Bertram.

Par. Good, very good, it is ſo then.——Good, very good, let it be conceal'd a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, ſweet heart?

Ber. Although before the ſolemn Prieſt I've ſworn, I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, ſweet heart?

Ber. O my *Parolles*, they have married me:
I'll to the *Tuſcan* wars, and never bed her.

Par. *France* is a dog-hole, and it no more merits the tread of a man's foot: to th' wars.

Ber. There's letters from my Mother; what the import is, I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known: to th' wars, my boy, to th' wars.
He wears his honour in a box unſeen,
That hugs his kickſy-wickſy here at home;
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which ſhould ſuſtain the Bound and high Curvet
Of *Mars*'s fiery Steed: to other Regions
France is a ſtable, we that dwell in't jades,
Therefore to th' war.

Ber.

Ber. It ſhall be ſo, I'll ſend her to my houſe,
Acquaint my Mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the King
That which I durſt not ſpeak. His preſent gift
Shall furniſh me to thoſe *Italian* fields,
Where noble Fellows ſtrike. War is no ſtrife
To the dark Houſe, and the deteſted Wife.

Par. Will this Capricio hold in thee, art ſure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and adviſe me.
I'll ſend her ſtraight away: to morrow
I'll to the wars, ſhe to her ſingle ſorrow.

Par. Why, theſe balls bound, there's noiſe in it.—
'Tis hard;
A young Man, married, is a Man that's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go,
The King has done you wrong: but, huſh! 'tis ſo.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Helena *and Clown.*

Hel. My Mother greets me kindly, is ſhe well?

Clo. She is not well, but yet ſhe has her health; ſhe's very merry, but yet ſhe is not well: but, thanks be given, ſhe's very well, and wants nothing i'th' world; but yet ſhe is not well.

Hel. If ſhe be very well, what does ſhe ail, that ſhe's not very well?

Clo. Truly, ſhe's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that ſhe's not in Heav'n, whither God ſend her quickly; the other, that ſhe's in Earth, from whence God ſend her quickly!

Enter Parolles.

Par. Bleſs you, my fortunate Lady.

Hel. I hope, Sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortune.

Par.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them ſtill. O, my knave, how does my old Lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles and I her mony, I would, ſhe did, as you ſay.

Par. Why, I ſay nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiſer man; for many a man's tongue ſhakes out his maſter's undoing: to ſay nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You ſhould have ſaid, Sir, before a knave, th'art a knave; that's, before me th'art a knave: this had been truth, Sir. (r)

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in your ſelf, Sir? or were you taught to find me? the ſearch, Sir, was profitable, and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleaſure, and the encreaſe of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i'faith, and well fed.
Madam, my Lord will go away to night,
A very ſerious buſineſs calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;
But puts it off by a compell'd reſtraint:
Whoſe want, and whoſe delay, is ſtrew'd with ſweets
Which they diſtil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy, [36]
And pleaſure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will elſe?

Par. That you will take your inſtant leave o'th' King,
And make this haſte as your own good proceeding;
Strengthen'd with what apology, you think,
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That having this obtain'd, you preſently
Attend his further pleaſure.

Hel.

Hel. (24) In every thing I wait upon his will.
Par. I ſhall report it ſo. [*Exit* Par.
Hel. I pray you. — Come, Sirrah. [*To* Clown.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Lafeu *and* Bertram.

Laf. But, I hope, your Lordſhip thinks not him a ſoldier.
Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.
Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.
Ber. And by other warranted teſtimony.
Laf. Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for a bunting.
Ber. I do aſſure you, my Lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.
Laf. I have then ſinned againſt his experience, and tranſgreſs'd againſt his valour; and my ſtate that way is dangerous, ſince I cannot yet find in my heart to repent: here he comes; I pray you, make us friends, I will purſue the amity.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Theſe things ſhall be done, Sir.
Laf. I pray you, Sir, who's his taylor?
Par. Sir?
Laf. O, I know him well; I, Sir, he, Sir's, a good workman, a very good taylor.
Ber. Is ſhe gone to the King? [*Aſide to* Parolles.
Par. She is.
Ber. Will ſhe away to night?
Par. As you'll have her.
Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treaſure, given order for our horſes; and to night, when I

(24) Hel. *In every Thing I wait upon his Will.*
Par. *I ſhall report it ſo.*
Hel. I pray you come, Sirrah.] The Pointing of *Helen*'s laſt ſhort Speech ſtands thus abſurdly, through all the Editions. My Regulation reſtores the true Meaning. Upon *Parolles* ſaying, He ſhall report it ſo; *Helena* is intended to reply, *I pray you, do ſo*; and then, turning to the *Clown*, She more familiarly addreſſes *him*, and bids him come along with her.

ſhould

ſhould take poſſeſſion of the Bride—— and ere I do begin——

Laf. A good Traveller is Something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lyes three thirds, and uſes a known truth to paſs a thouſand nothings with, ſhould be once heard and thrice beaten—— God ſave you, Captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindneſs between my Lord and you, Monſieur?

Par. I know not, how I have deſerved to run into my Lord's diſpleaſure.

Laf. (25) You have made ſhift to run into't, boots and ſpurs and all, like him that leapt into the cuſtard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than ſuffer queſtion for your reſidence.

Ber. It may be, you have miſtaken him, my Lord.

Laf. And ſhall do ſo ever, tho' I took him at's prayers. Fare you well, my Lord, and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut: the ſoul of this man is his clothes. Truſt him not in matter of heavy conſequence: I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. Farewel, Monſieur, I have ſpoken better of you, than you have or will deſerve at my hand, but we muſt do good againſt evil. [*Exit.*

Par. An idle Lord, I ſwear.——

Ber. I think ſo.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

(25) *You have made ſhift to run into't,* boots *and* ſpurs *and all, like him that* leapt *into the* Cuſtard.] This odd Alluſion is not introduc'd, without a View to Satire. It was a Foolery practis'd at City-Entertainments, whilſt the *Jeſter* or *Zany* was in Vogue, for him to jump into a large deep Cuſtard; ſet for the Purpoſe, to ſet on a Quantity of barren Spectators to laugh; as our Poet ſays in his *Hamlet*. I do not advance this without ſome Authority: and a Quotation from *Ben Jonſon* will very well explain it.

He ne'er will be admitted there, where Vennor *comes.*
He may, perchance, in Tail of a Sherriff's Dinner,
Skip with a Rhyme o'th' Table, from New-Nothing;
And take his Almaine Leap *into a* Cuſtard,
Shall make my Lady Mayoreſs and her Siſters
Laugh all their Hoods over their Shoulders.——

Devil's *an* Aſs, Act I. Sc. I.

Ber. Yes, I do know him well, and common Speech
Gives him a worthy Paſs. Here comes my Clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I have, Sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the King, and have procur'd his Leave
For preſent parting; only, he deſires
Some private ſpeech with you.
Ber. I ſhall obey his will.
You muſt not marvel, *Helen*, at my courſe,
Which holds not colour with the time; nor does
The miniſtration and required office
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not
For ſuch a buſineſs; therefore am I found
So much unſettled: this drives me to intreat you,
That preſently you take your way for home,
And rather muſe, than ask, why I intreat you;
For my reſpects are better than they ſeem,
And my appointments have in them a need
Greater than ſhews it ſelf at the firſt view,
To you that know them not. This to my Mother.
[*Giving a letter.*
'Twill be two days ere I ſhall ſee you, ſo
I leave you to your wiſdom.
Hel. Sir, I can nothing ſay,
But that I am your moſt obedient ſervant.
Ber. Come, come, no more of that.
Hel. And ever ſhall
With true obſervance ſeek to eke out That,
Wherein tow'rd me my homely ſtars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.
Ber. Let That go:
My haſte is very great. Farewel; hie home.
Hel. Pray, Sir, your pardon.
Ber. Well, what would you ſay?
Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;
Nor dare I ſay, 'tis mine, and yet it is;
But, like a tim'rous thief, moſt fain would ſteal
What law does vouch mine own.
Ber. What would you have?

Hel.

Hel. Something, and ſcarce ſo much —— nothing, indeed ——
I would not tell you what I would, my Lord —'faith, yes ;——
Strangers and foes do ſunder, and not kiſs.

Ber. I pray you, ſtay not; but in haſte to horſe.

Hel. (26) I ſhall not break your bidding, good my Lord:
Where are my other men? Monſieur, farewel. [*Exit.*

Ber. Go thou tow'rd home, where I will never come,
Whilſt I can ſhake my ſword, or hear the drum:
Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, Couragio! [*Exeunt.*

(26) Hel. *I ſhall not break your Bidding, good my Lord:*
Where are my other Men? *Monſieur, farewell.*
Ber. *Go thou toward home, where I will never come,*]
What other Men is *Helen* here enquiring after? Or who is She ſuppos'd to ask for them? The old Counteſs, 'tis certain, did not ſend her to the Court without ſome Attendants: but neither the *Clown*, nor any of her Retinue, are now upon the Stage: I have not diſturb'd the Text, tho', I ſuſpect, the Lines ſhould be thus plac'd, and pointed.

Ber. *Where are my other Men, Monſieur?* —— [To *Par.*] *Farewell:*
[To *Hel.* who goes out.
Go Thou towards home, —— *where I* &c.

Bertram, obſerving *Helen* to linger fondly, and wanting to ſhift her off, puts on a Shew of Haſte, asks *Parolles* for his Servants, and then gives his Wife an abrupt Diſmiſſion.

ACT III.

SCENE, *the Duke's Court in* Florence.

Flouriſh. Enter the Duke of Florence, *two* French *Lords, with Soldiers.*

DUKE.

SO that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reaſons of this war,
Whoſe great deciſion hath much blood let forth,
And more thirſts after.

1 *Lord.* Holy ſeems the quarrel
Upon your Grace's part; but black and fearful
On the oppoſer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our couſin *France*
Would, in ſo juſt a buſineſs, ſhut his boſom
Againſt our borrowing prayers.

2 *Lord.* Good my Lord,
The reaſons of our ſtate I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a Council frames
By ſelf-unable* motion; therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, ſince I have found
My ſelf in my incertain grounds to fail
As often as I gueſt.

Duke. Be it his pleaſure.

2 *Lord.* But I am ſure, the younger of our Nation,
That ſurfeit on their eaſe, will day by day
Come here for Phyſick.

Duke. Welcome ſhall they be:
And all the honours, that can fly from us,
Shall on them ſettle. You know your places well.
(c) When better fall, for your Avails they fell;
To morrow, to the field. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

* notion. W.

SCENE *changes to* Rouſillon, *in* France.

Enter Counteſs, *and* Clown.

Count. IT hath happen'd, all as I would have had it; ſave, that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young Lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what obſervance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and ſing; mend his ruff, and ſing; ask queſtions, and ſing; pick his teeth, and ſing. I knew a man that had this trick of melancholy, ſold a goodly Manor for a ſong.

Count. Let me ſee what he writes, and when he means to come. [*Reads the Letter.*

Clo. I have no mind to *Iſbel*, ſince I was at Court. Our old ling, and our *Iſbels* o'th' Country, are nothing like your old ling, and your *Iſbels* o'th' Court: the brain of my *Cupid*'s knock'd out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no ſtomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en That you have there. [*Exit.*

Counteſs reads a Letter.

I have ſent you a Daughter-in-law: ſhe hath recovered the King, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and ſworn to make the not *eternal. You ſhall hear, I am run away; know it, before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the World, I will hold a long diſtance. My duty to you.*

Your unfortunate Son,

Bertram.

This is not well, raſh and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of ſo good a King,
To pluck his indignation on thy head;
By the miſprizing of a Maid, too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O Madam, yonder is heavy news within between two Soldiers and my young Lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is ſome comfort in the news, ſome comfort; your Son will not be kill'd ſo ſoon as I thought he would.

Count. Why ſhould he be kill'd?

Clo. So ſay I, Madam, if he run away, as I hear he does; the danger is in ſtanding to't; that's the loſs of Men, though it be the getting of Children. Here they come, will tell you more. For my part, I only hear, your Son was run away.

Enter Helena *and two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gen.* Save you, good Madam.

Hel. Madam, my Lord is gone, for ever gone.——

2 *Gen.* Do not ſay ſo.

Count. Think upon patience: 'pray you, Gentlemen,
I've felt ſo many quirks of joy and grief,
That the firſt face of neither, on the ſtart,
Can woman me unto't. Where is my Son?

2 *Gen.* Madam, he's gone to ſerve the Duke of *Florence.*
We met him thitherward, for thence we came;
And after ſome diſpatch in hand at Court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his Letter, Madam; here's my Paſſport.

When thou canſt get the ring upon my finger, which never ſhall come off; and ſhew me a Child begotten of thy body that I am Father to, then call me Husband: but in ſuch a Then *I write a* Never.

This is a dreadful ſentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, Gentlemen?

1 *Gen.* Ay, Madam, and, for the contents ſake, are ſorry for our pains.

Count. I pr'ythee, Lady, have a better cheer.
If thou engroſſeſt all the griefs as thine,

Thou

Thou robb'ſt me of a moiety: he was my Son,
But I do waſh his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child. Towards *Florence* is he?

2 *Gen.* Ay, Madam.

Count. And to be a Soldier?

2 *Gen.* Such is his noble purpoſe; and, believe't,
The Duke will lay upon him all the Honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

1 *Gen.* Ay, Madam, with the ſwifteſt wing of ſpeed.

Hel. *'Till I have no Wife, I have nothing in* France.
'Tis bitter. [*Reading.*

Count. Find you That there?

Hel. Yes, Madam.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis but the boldneſs of his hand, happ'ly, which his heart was not conſenting to.

Count. Nothing in *France*, until he have no Wife?
There's nothing here, that is too good for him,
But only ſhe; and ſhe deſerves a Lord,
That twenty ſuch rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly Miſtreſs. Who was with him?

1 *Gen.* A Servant only, and a Gentleman
Which I have ſome time known.

Count. *Parolles*, was't not?

1 *Gen.* Ay, my good Lady, he.

Count. A very tainted Fellow, and full of wickedneſs:
My Son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.

1 *Gen.* (27) Indeed, good Lady, the Fellow has a deal of That too much, which holds him much to have.

Count. Y'are welcome, Gentlemen; I will intreat you, when you ſee my Son, to tell him, that his ſword

(27) *Indeed, good Lady, the Fellow has a deal of That too much, which holds him much to have.*] This is ſomewhat obſcure in the Expreſſion; but the Meaning muſt be this. The Fellow, indeed, has a deal too much Vanity, Lying, boaſting; but it holds him much to have ſuch Qualities; i. e. it ſtands him in great Stead, is of great Service to him, and what he cannot do without. For theſe were the Arts that *Parolles* uſed to get into *Bertram*'s Favour; and when Once they were diſcover'd, He was ſet a-drift, and undone.

can never win the honour that he loſes: more I'll intreat you written to bear along.

2 *Gen.* We ſerve you, Madam, in That and all your worthieſt affairs.

Count. Not ſo, but as we change our courteſies. Will you draw near? [*Exeunt Count. and Gentlemen.*

Hel. *'Till I have no Wife, I have nothing in* France.
Nothing in *France*, until he has no Wife!
Thou ſhalt have none, *Rouſillon*, none in *France*;
Then haſt thou all again. Poor Lord! is't I
That chaſe thee from thy Country, and expoſe
Thoſe tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-ſparing war? and is it I,
That drive thee from the ſportive Court, where thou
Waſt ſhot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of ſmoaky muskets? O you leaden meſſengers,
That ride upon the violent ſpeed of fire,
Fly with falſe aim; move the ſtill-piercing air,
That ſings with piercing, do not touch my Lord:
Whoever ſhoots at him, I ſet him there.
Whoever charges on his forward breaſt,
I am the Caitiff, that do hold him to it;
And tho' I kill him not, I am the Cauſe
His death was ſo effected. Better 'twere,
I met the rav'ning Lion when he roar'd
With ſharp conſtraint of hunger: better 'twere,
That all the miſeries, which Nature owes,
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, *Rouſillon*,
Whence honour but of danger wins a ſcar;
As oft it loſes all. I will be gone:
My being here it is, that holds thee hence.
Shall I ſtay here to do't? no, no, although
The air of Paradiſe did fan the Houſe,
And Angels offic'd all; I will be gone;
That pitiful Rumour may report my flight,
To conſolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For with the dark, poor Thief, I'll ſteal away. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the Duke's* Court *in* Florence.

Flouriſh. Enter the Duke of Florence, Bertram, *Drum and Trumpets, Soldiers,* Parolles.

Duke. THE General of our Horſe thou art, and we,
Great in our hope, lay our beſt love and credence
Upon thy promiſing fortune.
Ber. Sir, it is
A Charge too heavy for my ſtrength; but yet
We'll ſtrive to bear it for your worthy ſake,
To th' extream edge of hazard.
Duke. Then go forth,
And Fortune play upon thy proſp'rous Helm,
As thy auſpicious Miſtreſs!
Ber. This very day,
Great *Mars*, I put my ſelf into thy file;
Make me but like my thoughts, and I ſhall prove
A lover of thy drum; hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Rouſillon *in* France.

Enter Counteſs *and* Steward.

Count. ALas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know, ſhe would do, as ſhe has done,
By ſending me a letter? Read it again.

LETTER.

I am St. Jaques' *Pilgrim, thither gone;*
Ambitious love hath ſo in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With ſainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that from the bloody courſe of war
My deareſt Maſter, your dear Son, may hie;
Bleſs him at home in peace, whilſt I from far
His name with zealous fervour ſanctifie.

His

His taken labours bid him me forgive;
I, his deſpightful Juno, *ſent him forth*
From courtly Friends, with camping Foes to live;
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth.
He is too good and fair for death and me,
Whom I my ſelf embrace, to ſet him free.

Ah, what ſharp ſtings are in her mildeſt words?
Rynaldo, you did never lack advice ſo much,
As letting her paſs ſo; had I ſpoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus ſhe hath prevented.
Stew. Pardon, Madam,
If I had given you this at over-night
She might have been o'er-ta'en; and yet ſhe writes,
Purſuit would be but vain.
Count. What Angel ſhall
Bleſs this unworthy Husband? he cannot thrive,
Unleſs her prayers, whom Heav'n delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greateſt juſtice. Write, write, *Rynaldo*,
To this unworthy husband of his Wife;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: my greateſt grief,
Tho' little he do feel it, ſet down ſharply.
Diſpatch the moſt convenient meſſenger;
When, haply, he ſhall hear that ſhe is gone,
He will return; and hope I may, that ſhe,
Hearing ſo much, will ſpeed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love. Which of them Both
Is deareſt to me, I've no skill in ſenſe
To make diſtinction; provide this meſſenger;
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and ſorrow bids me ſpeak.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to a publick Place in* FLORENCE.

A Tucket afar off.

Enter an old widow of Florence, Diana, Violenta, *and* Mariana, *with other citizens.*

Wid. NAY, come. For if they do approach the City, we ſhall loſe all the ſight.

Dia. They ſay, the *French* Count has done moſt honourable ſervice.

Wid. It is reported, that he has ta'en their greateſt Commander; and that with his own hand he ſlew the Duke's brother. We have loſt our labour, they are gone a contrary way: hark, you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and ſuffice our ſelves with the report of it. Well, *Diana*, take heed of this *French* Earl; the honour of a maid is her name, and no legacy is ſo rich as honeſty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour, how you have been ſollicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave, (hang him!) one *Parolles*; a filthy officer he is in thoſe ſuggeſtions for the young Earl; beware of them, *Diana*; (28) their promiſes, en-

(28) *Their Promiſes, Enticements, Oaths, Tokens, and all theſe Engines of Luſt*, are not the Things they go under;] *i. e.* They are not in Reality ſo true and ſincere, as in Appearance they ſeem to be. This will be beſt explain'd by an other Paſſage in *Hamlet*, where *Polonius* is counſelling his Daughter.

——————— *I do know,*
When the Blood burns, how prodigal the Soul
Lends the Tongue vows. Theſe Blazes, *oh, my Daughter,*
Giving more Light than Heat, extinct in Both
Ev'n in their Promiſe as it is a making,
You muſt not take for Fire.
——————— *In few,* Ophelia,
Do not believe his Vows, for they are Brokers
Not *of that* Dye *which their* Inveſtments ſhew.
But meer Implorers of unholy Suits,
Breathing, like ſanctified and holy Bawds,
The better to beguile.

ticements,

ticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust,
(t.) are* not the things they go under; many a maid hath
been seduced by them, and the misery is, example,
that so terrible shews in the wreck of maidenhood,
cannot for all That dissuade succession, but that they
are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope,
I need not to advise you further; but, I hope, your
own grace will keep you where you are, tho' there
were no further danger known, but the modesty which
is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter Helena, *disguis'd like a Pilgrim.*

Wid. I hope so. —Look, here comes a Pilgrim; I know, she will lye at my house; thither they send one another; I'll question her: God save you, Pilgrim! whither are you bound?

Hel. To S. *Jaques le Grand.* Where do the Palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the St. *Francis*, beside the Port.

Hel. Is this the way? [*A march afar off.*

Wid. Ay, marry, is't. Hark you, they come this way.
If you will tarry, holy Pilgrim, but 'till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;
The rather, for, I think, I know your Hostess
As ample as my self.

Hel. Is it your self?

Wid. If you shall please so, Pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from *France?*

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a Country-man of yours,
That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you?

Dia. The Count *Rousillon:* know you such a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him;
His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsoe'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He stole from *France*,

As

* found. W.

As 'tis reported; for the King had married him
Againſt his liking. Think you, it is ſo?
Hel. Ay, ſurely, meer the truth; I know his lady. [6]
Dia. There is a Gentleman, that ſerves the Count,
Reports but courſely of her.
Hel. What's his name?
Dia. Monſieur *Parolles.*
Hel. Oh, I believe with him,
In argument of praiſe, or to the worth
Of the great Count himſelf, ſhe is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deſerving
Is a reſerved honeſty, and That
I have not heard examin'd.
Dia. Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a deteſting lord.
Wid. Ah! right; good creature! whereſoe'er ſhe is,
Her heart weighs ſadly; this young maid might do her
A ſhrewd Turn, if ſhe pleas'd.
Hel. How do you mean?
May be, the am'rous Count ſollicites her
In the unlawful purpoſe,
Wid. He does, indeed;
And brokes with all, that can in ſuch a ſuit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But ſhe is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honeſteſt defence.

Drum and Colours. Enter Bertram, Parolles, *Officers and Soldiers attending.*

Mar. The Gods forbid elſe!
Wid. So, now they come:
That is *Antonio*, the Duke's eldeſt ſon;
That, *Eſcalus.*
Hel. Which is the *Frenchman?*
Dia. He;
That with the Plume; 'tis a moſt gallant fellow;
I would, he lov'd his wife! if he were honeſter,
He were much goodlier. Is't not a handſome gentleman?

Hel.

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity, he is not honeſt; yond's that ſame knave, (29)
That leads him to theſe Paces; were I his lady,
I'd poiſon that vile raſcal.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with ſcarfs. Why is he melancholy?

Hel. Perchance, he's hurt i' th' battel.

Per. Loſe our drum! well. ——

Mar. He's ſhrewdly vex'd at ſomething. Look, he has ſpied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you! [*Exeunt* Ber. Per. &c.

Mar. And your curteſie, for a ring-carrier! —

Wid. The troop is paſt: come, Pilgrim, I will bring you,
Where you ſhall hoſt: Of injoyn'd Penitents
There's four or five, to great St. *Jaques* bound,
Already at my houſe.

Hel. I humbly thank you:
Pleaſe it this matron, and this gentle maid
To eat with us to night, the Charge and Thanking
Shall be for me: and to requite you further,
I will beſtow ſome precepts on this virgin
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bertram, *and the two* French *Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put him to't: let him have his way.

2 *Lord.* If your lordſhip find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your reſpect.

1 *Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

(29) —— —— *Yond's That ſame Fellow,*
That leads him to theſe Places.] What *Places?* He did not lead him to be *General* of Horſe under the Duke of *Florence*, ſure. Nor have they been talking of Brothels; or, indeed, any particular Locality. I make no Queſtion, but our Author wrote;
That leads him to theſe Paces.
i. e. to ſuch irregular Steps, to Courſes of Debauchery, to not loving his Wife.

Ber.

Ber. Do you think, I am ſo far deceiv'd in him?

1 *Lord.* Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to ſpeak of him as my kinſman; he's a moſt notable coward, an infinite and endleſs liar, an hourly promiſe-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordſhip's entertainment.

2 *Lord.* It were fit you knew him, leſt, repoſing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might at ſome great and truſty buſineſs in a main danger fail you.

Ber. I would, I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum; which you hear him ſo confidently undertake to do.

1 *Lord.* I, with a troop of *Florentines*, will ſuddenly ſurprize him; ſuch I will have, whom, I am ſure, he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hoodwink him ſo, that he ſhall ſuppoſe no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adverſaries, when we bring him to our own tents; be but your lordſhip preſent at his examination, if he do not for the promiſe of his life, and in the higheſt compulſion of baſe fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power againſt you, and that with the divine forfeit of his ſoul upon oath, never truſt my judgment in any thing.

2 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he ſays, he has a ſtratagem for't; (30) when your

(30) *When your Lordſhip ſees the bottom of his Succeſs in't, and to what Metal this Counterfeit Lump of* Ours *will be melted, if you give him not* John Drum's *Entertainment, your Inclining cannot be remov'd.*] I conjectur'd, — this counterfeit Lump of *Oare*, when I publiſh'd my SHAKESPEARE *reſtor'd:* Thus it bears a Conſonancy with the other Terms accompanying, (viz. *Metal, Lump,* and *melted*) and helps the Propriety of the Poet's Thought: For ſo one Metaphor is kept up, and all the Words are proper and ſuitable to it. But, what is the Meaning of *John Drum*'s Entertainment? *Lafeu* ſeveral Times afterwards calls *Parolles, Tom Drum.* But the Difference of the Chriſtian Name will make None in the Explanation. There is an old Motley Interlude

your lordſhip ſees the bottom of his ſucceſs in't, and
102] to what metal this counterfeit lump of Oar will be melted, if you give him not †*John Drum*'s entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter Parolles.

1 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his deſign, let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, Monſieur? this drum ſticks ſorely in your diſpoſition.

2 *Lord.* A pox on't, let it go, 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! is't but a drum? a drum ſo loſt! there was excellent command! to charge in with our horſe upon our own wings, and to rend our own ſoldiers.

2 *Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command of the ſervice; it was a diſaſter of war that

Interlude, (printed in 1601) call'd, *Jack Drum*'s Entertainment; Or, the *Comedy* of *Paſquil* and *Katharine*. In This, *Jack Drum* is a Servant of Intrigue, who is ever aiming at Projects, and always foil'd, and given the Drop. And there is another old piece (publiſh'd in 1627) call'd, APOLLO *ſhroving*, in which I find theſe Expreſſions.

Thuriger. *Thou Lozel, hath* Slug *infected you? Why do you give ſuch kind Entertainment to that Cobweb?*

Scopas. *It ſhall have* Tom Drum's *Entertainment; a Flap with a Fox-tail.*

But Both theſe Pieces are, perhaps, too late in Time, to come to the Aſſiſtance of our Author: ſo we muſt look a little higher. What is ſaid here to *Bertram* is to this Effect. "My Lord, as you have taken this Fellow [*Parolles*] into ſo near a Confidence, if, upon his being found a Counterfeit, "you don't caſheer him from your Favour, then your Attachment is "not to be remov'd". — I'll now ſubjoin a Quotation from *Holingſhed*, (of whoſe Books *Shakeſpeare* was a moſt diligent Reader) which will pretty well aſcertain *Drum*'s Hiſtory. This Chronologer, in his Deſcription of *Ireland*, ſpeaking of *Patrick Scarſefield*, (Mayor of *Dublin* in the Year 1551) and of his extravagant Hoſpitality, ſubjoins, that no Gueſt had ever a cold or forbidding Look from any Part of his Family: ſo that *his Porter, or any other officer, durſt not, for both his Ears, give the ſimpleſt Man, that reſorted to his houſe,* Tom Drum's Entertainment, *which is,* to hale a Man in by the Head, and thruſt him out by both the Shoulders.

† *Tom: as appears by the note, and in Cæſar the laſt page of this Play.*

Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum, but it is not to be recover'd.

Par. It might have been recover'd.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recover'd; but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet* ——

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to't, Monsieur; if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprize and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the Duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his Greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening; and I will presently pen down my dilemma's, encourage my self in my certainty, put my self into my mortal preparation; and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his Grace, you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my Lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know, th'art valiant; and to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee; farewel.

Par. I love not many words. [*Exit.*

1 *Lord.* No more than a fish loves water. — Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do it, and dares better be damn'd than to do't?

2 *Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as we do; certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and for a week escape a great deal of disco-

veries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that ſo ſeriouſly he does addreſs himſelf unto?

2 *Lord.* None in the world, but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies; but we have almoſt imboſs'd him, you ſhall ſee his fall to night; for, indeed, he is not for your lordſhip's reſpect.

1 *Lord.* We'll make you ſome ſport with the fox, ere we caſe him. He was firſt ſmoak'd by the old lord *Lafeu*; when his diſguiſe and he is parted, tell me what a ſprat you ſhall find him; which you ſhall ſee, this very night.

2 *Lord.* I muſt go and look my twigs; he ſhall be caught.

Ber. Your brother he ſhall go along with me.

2 *Lord.* As't pleaſe your lordſhip. I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Ber. Now will I lead you to the houſe, and ſhew you
The laſs I ſpoke of.

1 *Lord.* But you ſay, ſhe's honeſt.

Ber. That's all the fault: I ſpoke with her but once,
And found her wondrous cold; but I ſent to her,
By this ſame coxcomb that we have i'th' wind,
Tokens and letters, which ſhe did reſend;
And this is all I've done: ſhe's a fair creature,
Will you go ſee her?

1 *Lord.* With all my heart, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Widow's Houſe.*

Enter Helena, *and Widow.*

Hel. IF you miſdoubt me that I am not ſhe,
I know not, how I ſhall aſſure you further,
But I ſhall loſe the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Tho' my eſtate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with theſe buſineſſes,

And

And would not put my reputation now
In any ſtaining act.
Hel. Nor would I wiſh you.
Firſt, give me Truſt, the Count he is my husband;
And what to your ſworn counſel I have ſpoken,
Is ſo, from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you ſhall borrow,
Err in beſtowing it.
Wid. I ſhould believe you,
For you have ſhew'd me That, which well approves
Y'are great in fortune.
Hel. Take this purſe of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again
When I have found it. The Count wooes your daughter,
Lays down his wanton ſiege before her beauty,
Reſolves to carry her; let her conſent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis beſt to bear it.
Now his important blood will nought deny,
That ſhe'll demand: a ring the Count does wear,
That downward hath ſucceeded in his Houſe
From ſon to ſon, ſome four or five Deſcents,
Since the firſt Father wore it. This ring he holds
In moſt rich choice; yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not ſeem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.
Wid. Now I ſee the bottom of your purpoſe.
Hel. You ſee it lawful then. It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere ſhe ſeems as won,
Deſires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Her ſelf moſt chaſtly abſent: after this,
To marry her, I'll add three thouſand crowns
To what is paſt already.
Wid. I have yielded:
Inſtruct my daughter how ſhe ſhall perſever,
That time and place, with this deceit ſo lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With muſick of all ſorts, and ſongs compos'd

To her unworthineſs: it nothing ſteads us
To chide him from our eeves, for he perſiſts,
As if his life lay on't.
Hel. Why then, to night
Let us aſſay our plot; which if it ſpeed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed;
(u) And lawful meaning in a lawful act,
Where Both not ſin, and yet a ſinful fact.
But let's about it. — [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *Part of the* French *Camp in* Florence.

Enter one of the French Lords, *with five or ſix Soldiers in ambuſh.*

LORD.

HE can come no other way but by this hedge-corner; when you ſally upon him, ſpeak what terrible language you will; though you underſtand it not your ſelves, no matter; for we muſt not ſeem to underſtand him, unleſs ſome one amongſt us, whom we muſt produce for an Interpreter.

Sol. Good Captain, let me be th' Interpreter.

Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

Sol. No, Sir, I warrant you.

Lord. But what linſie-woolſie haſt thou to ſpeak to us again?

Sol. Ev'n ſuch as you ſpeak to me

Lord. He muſt think us ſome band of ſtrangers i'th' Adverſaries entertainment. Now he hath a ſmack of

of all neighbouring languages, therefore we muſt every one be a man of his own fancy; not to know what we ſpeak one to another, ſo we ſeem to know, is to know ſtraight our purpoſe: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, Interpreter, you muſt ſeem very politick. But couch, hoa! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a ſleep, and then to return and ſwear the lies he forges.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Ten a clock; within theſe three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What ſhall I ſay, I have done? it muſt be a very plauſive invention that carries it. They begin to ſmoak me, and diſgraces have of late knock'd too often at my door; I find, my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of *Mars* before it and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Lord. This is the firſt truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [*Aſide.*

Par. What the devil ſhould move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impoſſibility, and knowing I had no ſuch purpoſe? I muſt give my ſelf ſome hurts, and ſay, I got them in exploit; yet ſlight ones will not carry it. They will ſay, came you off with ſo little? and great ones I dare not give; wherefore what's the inſtance? (31) Tongue, I muſt put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy my ſelf another of *Bajazet*'s mule, if you prattle me into theſe perils. *Lord.*

(31) *Tongue, I muſt put You into a Butter-woman's Mouth, and buy myſelf another of* Bajazet's Mule, *if you prattle me into theſe Perils.*] Why of *Bajazet*'s Mule, any more than any other Mule? Is there any particular Conceit, any Story on Record, by which that Emperour's Mule is ſignaliz'd? If there be, I freely own my Ignorance. Tho' I have not alter'd the Text, Mr. *Warburton* concurr'd with me in thinking that the Poet probably wrote;

—— *and buy myſelf another of* Bajazet's Mute,

i. e. of a *Turkiſh* Mute. So in *Henry* V.

Either our Hiſtory ſhall with full Mouth
Speak *freely of our Acts; or elſe our Grave,*
Like Turkiſh Mute, *ſhall have a* tongueleſs Mouth, *&c.*

Lord. Is it poſſible, he ſhould know what he is, and be that he is? [*Aſide.*

Par. I would, the cutting of my garments would ſerve the turn, or the breaking of my *Spaniſh* ſword.

Lord. We cannot afford you ſo. [*Aſide.*

Par. Or the baring of my beard, and to ſay, it was in ſtratagem.

Lord. 'Twould not do. [*Aſide.*

Par. Or to drown my cloaths, and ſay, I was ſtript.

Lord. Hardly ſerve. [*Aſide.*

Par. Though I ſwore, I leap'd from the window of the cittadel —

Lord. How deep? [*Aſide.*

Par. Thirty fathom.

Lord. Three great oaths would ſcarce make that be believed. [*Aſide.*

Par. I would, I had any drum of the enemies; I would ſwear, I recover'd it.

Lord. You ſhall hear one anon. [*Aſide.*

Par. A drum now of the enemies! [*Alarum within.*

Lord. Throco movouſus, cargo, cargo, cargo.

All. Cargo, cargo, villiando par corbo, cargo.

Par. O ranſom, ranſom: — do not hide mine eyes. [*They ſeize him and blindfold him.*

Inter. Boskos thromuldo boskos.

Par. I know, you are the *Muskos* regiment,
And I ſhall loſe my life for want of language.
If there be here *German*, or *Dane*, low *Dutch*,
Italian, or *French*, let him ſpeak to me,
I'll diſcover That which ſhall undo the *Florentine*.

Inter. Boskos vauvado; I underſtand thee, and can ſpeak thy tongue; *Kerelybonto*, —— Sir, betake thee to thy faith, for ſeventeen poniards are at thy boſom.

Beſides, as my Friend obſerv'd to me, the Antitheſis between a *Butter-woman* and a *Mute* is tolerably well. If there be any difficulty remains, it is to know, why the Poet has choſen to ſay, *Bajazet*'s Mute. To this it may be anſwer'd, that *Bajazet* the Great, (who was at laſt overthrown by *Tamerlane*;) by his prodigious Exploits becoming very famous, for a long time after, amongſt us *Europeans*, his Succeſſors were call'd by his Name, when they were ſpoke of.

Par.

Par. Oh!
Int. Oh, pray, pray, pray.
Mancha ravancha dulche.
Lord. Oſceoribi dulchos volivorco.
Int. The General is content to ſpare thee yet,
And, hood-winkt as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee. Haply, thou may'ſt inform
Something to ſave thy life.
Par. Oh let me live,
And all the ſecrets of our Camp I'll ſhew;
Their force, their purpoſes: nay, I'll ſpeak That
Which you will wonder at.
Int. But wilt thou faithfully?
Par. If I do not, damn me.
Int. Acordo linta.
Come on, thou art granted ſpace. [*Exit.*
[*A ſhort alarum within.*
Lord. Go, tell the Count *Rouſſillon* and my brother,
We've caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled
'Till we do hear from them.
Sol. Captain, I will.
Lord. He will betray us all unto our ſelves,
Inform 'em That.
Sol. So I will, Sir.
Lord. 'Till then I'll keep him dark and ſafely lockt.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Widow's Houſe.*

Enter Bertram, *and* Diana.

Ber. THEY told me, that your name was *Fontibell.*
Dia. No, my good Lord, *Diana.*
Ber. Titled Goddeſs,
And worth it with addition! but, fair ſoul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no Maiden, but a Monument:
When you are dead, you ſhould be ſuch a one

As you are now, for you are cold and ſtern;
And now you ſhould be as your Mother was,
When your ſweet ſelf was got.
Dia. She then was honeſt.
Ber. So ſhould you be.
Dia. No.
My Mother did but duty; ſuch, my Lord,
As you owe to your Wife.
Ber. No more o' that!
I pr'ythee, do not ſtrive againſt my vows:
I was compell'd to her, but I love thee
By love's own ſweet conſtraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of ſervice.
Dia. Ay, ſo you ſerve us,
'Till we ſerve you: but when you have our roſes,
You barely leave our thorns to prick our ſelves,
And mock us with our bareneſs.
Ber. How have I ſworn!
Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth;
But the plain ſingle vow, that is vow'd true;
What is not holy, that we ſwear not by,
But take the High'ſt to witneſs: then, pray tell me,
If I ſhould ſwear by *Jove*'s great Attributes
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? this has no holding,
To ſwear by him whom I proteſt to love,
That I will work againſt him. Therefore your oaths
Are words, and poor conditions but unſeal'd;
At leaſt, in my opinion.
Ber. Change it, change it:
Be not ſo holy-cruel. Love is holy,
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts,
That you do charge men with: ſtand no more off,
But give thy ſelf unto my ſick deſires,
Which then recover. Say, thou art mine; and ever
My love, as it begins, ſhall ſo perſever.
Dia. I ſee, that men make hopes in ſuch affairs
That we'll forſake our ſelves. Give me that ring.
Ber. I'll lend it thee, my Dear, but have no power
To give it from me.

Dia.

Dia. Will you not, my Lord?
Ber. It is an Honour 'longing to our Houſe,
Bequeathed down from many Anceſtors;
Which were the greateſt obloquy i' th' world
In me to loſe.
Dia. Mine Honour's ſuch a ring;
My chaſtity's the jewel of our Houſe,
Bequeathed down from many Anceſtors;
Which were the greateſt obloquy i'th' world
In me to loſe. Thus your own proper wiſdom
Brings in the champion Honour on my part,
Againſt your vain aſſault.
Ber. Here, take my ring.
My Houſe, my Honour, yea, my life be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.
Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber window;
I'll order take, my Mother ſhall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor ſpeak to me:
My reaſons are moſt ſtrong, and you ſhall know them,
When back again this ring ſhall be deliver'd;
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring, that, what in time proceeds,
May token to the future our paſt deeds.
Adieu, 'till then; then, fail not: you have won
A Wife of me, tho' there my hope be done.
Ber. A heav'n on earth I've won by wooing thee.
[*Exit.*
Dia. For which live long to thank both heav'n and me.
You may ſo in the end.——
My Mother told me juſt how he would woo,
As if ſhe ſate in's heart; ſhe ſays, all men
Have the like oaths: he had ſworn to marry me,
When his Wife's dead: therefore I'll lye with him,
When I am buried. (32) Since *Frenchmen* are ſo braid,
Marry 'em that will, I'd live and die a maid;
Only,

(32) —— *Since* Frenchmen *are ſo braid,*
Marry that will, I'll live and dye a Maid.] This is certainly the moſt

Only, in this disguise, I think't no sin
To cozen him, that would unjustly win. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the* French *Camp in* Florence.

Enter the two French *Lords, and two or three Soldiers.*

1 *Lord.* YOU have not given him his Mother's letter?

2 *Lord.* I have deliver'd it an hour since; there is something in't, that stings his nature; for, on the reading it, he chang'd almost into another man.

1 *Lord.* He has much worthy blame laid upon him for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

2 *Lord.* Especially, he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the King, who had even tun'd his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 *Lord.* When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 *Lord.* He hath perverted a young Gentlewoman here in *Florence*, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour; he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

(*w.*) 1 *Lord.* Now God*delay our rebellion; as we are our selves, what things are we!

most cruel Resolution, that ever poor Wench made. What! because *Frenchmen* were false, She, that was an *Italian*, would marry Nobody. But it is plain, as refin'd as this Reasoning is, her Mother did not understand the Delicacy of the Conclusion; for afterwards She comes into *Helen*'s Project, on the Promise of a good round Dow'ry of 3000 Crowns, to help her Daughter to a Husband. In short, the Text is, without all Question, corrupted; and we should read it thus.

——— *Since* Frenchmen *are so braid,*
Marry 'em *that will,* I'de *live and dye a Maid.*

i. e. since *Frenchmen* prove so crooked and perverse in their Manners, let who will marry them, I had rather live and die a Maid than venture upon them. This she says with a View to *Helen*, who appear'd so fond of her Husband, and went thro' so many Difficulties to obtain him. I dare say, the fair Sex will think this Emendation most agreeable to the Rules of Logic, as well as to the less erring Dictates of Nature.

Mr. *Warburton.*

2 *Lord.*

2 *Lord.* Meerly our own traitors; and as in the common courſe of all treaſons, we ſtill ſee them reveal themſelves, 'till they attain to their abhorr'd ends; ſo he, that in this action contrives againſt his own Nobility, in his proper ſtream o'erflows himſelf.

1 *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us to be the (x) trumpeters of our unlawful intents? we ſhall not then have his company to night?

2 *Lord.* Not 'till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord.* That approaches apace: I would gladly have him ſee his company anatomiz'd, that he might take a meaſure of his own judgment, wherein ſo curiouſly he had ſet this counterfeit.

2 *Lord.* We will not meddle with him 'till he come; for his preſence muſt be the whip of the other.

1 *Lord.* In the mean time, what hear you of theſe Wars?

2 *Lord.* I hear, there is an overture of Peace.

1 *Lord.* Nay, I aſſure you, a Peace concluded.

2 *Lord.* What will Count *Rouſſillon* do then? will he travel higher, or return again into *France*?

1 *Lord.* I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his Council.

2 *Lord.* Let it be forbid, Sir! ſo ſhould I be a great deal of his act.

1 *Lord.* Sir, his Wife ſome two months ſince fled from his Houſe, her pretence is a Pilgrimage to St. *Jaques le Grand*; which holy Undertaking, with moſt auſtere ſanctimony, ſhe accompliſh'd; and there reſiding, the tenderneſs of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her laſt breath, and now ſhe ſings in heaven.

2 *Lord.* How is this juſtified?

1 *Lord.* The ſtronger part of it by her own letters, which makes her ſtory true, even to the point of her death; her death it ſelf (which could not be her office to ſay, is come) was faithfully confirm'd by the Rector of the place.

2 *Lord.* Hath the Count all this intelligence?

1 *Lord.*

1 *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 *Lord.* I am heartily ſorry, that he'll be glad of this.

1 *Lord.* How mightily ſometimes we make us comforts of our loſſes!

2 *Lord.* And how mightily ſome other times we drown our gain in tears! the great dignity, that his valour hath here acquired for him, ſhall at home be encounter'd with a ſhame as ample.

1 *Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipt them not; and our crimes would deſpair, if they were not cheriſh'd by our virtues.

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your Maſter?

Ser. He met the Duke in the ſtreet, Sir, of whom he hath taken a ſolemn leave: his Lordſhip will next morning for *France*. The Duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the King.

2 *Lord.* They ſhall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter Bertram.

1 *Lord.* They cannot be too ſweet for the King's tartneſs: here's his Lordſhip now. How now, my Lord, is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to night diſpatch'd ſixteen buſineſſes, a month's length a-piece, by an abſtract of ſucceſs; I have congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his neareſt; buried a wife, mourn'd for her; writ to my lady mother, I am returning; entertain'd my convoy; and, between theſe main parcels of diſpatch, effected many nicer needs: the laſt was the greateſt, but That I have not ended yet.

2 *Lord.* If the buſineſs be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haſte of your Lordſhip.

Ber.

Ber. I mean, the buſineſs is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But ſhall we have this dialogue between the fool and the ſoldier? come, bring forth this counterfeit module; h'as deceiv'd me, like a double-meaning propheſier.

2 *Lord.* Bring him forth; h'as ſate in the Stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deſerv'd it, in uſurping his ſpurs ſo long. How does he carry himſelf?

1 *Lord.* I have told your Lordſhip already: the Stocks carry him. But to anſwer you as you would be underſtood, he weeps like a wench that had ſhed her milk; he hath confeſt himſelf to *Morgan*, whom he ſuppoſes to be a Friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very inſtant diſaſter of his ſetting i'th' Stocks; and what, think you, he hath confeſt?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 *Lord.* His confeſſion is taken, and it ſhall be read to his face; if your Lordſhip be in't, as I believe you are, you muſt have the patience to hear it.

Enter Parolles, *with his Interpreter.*

Ber. A plague upon him, muffled! he can ſay nothing of me; huſh! huſh!

1 *Lord.* Hoodman comes: *Portotartaroſſa.*

Int. He calls for the tortures; what, will you ſay without 'em?

Par. I will confeſs what I know without conſtraint; if ye pinch me like a paſty, I can ſay no more.

Int. Bosko Chimurcho.

2 *Lord. Biblibindo chicurmurco.*

Int. You are a merciful General: our General bids you anſwer to what I ſhall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

Int. Firſt demand of him, how many Horſe the Duke is ſtrong. What ſay you to that?

Par. Five or ſix thouſand, but very weak and unſerviceable; the troops are all ſcatter'd, and the Commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

Int.

Int. Shall I ſet down your anſwer ſo?

Par. Do, I'll take the Sacrament on't, how and which way you will: all's one to me.

Ber. What a paſt-ſaving ſlave is this?

1 *Lord.* Y'are deceiv'd, my Lord, this is Monſieur *Parolles*, the gallant militariſt, that was his own phraſe, that had the whole theory of war in the knot of his ſcarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 *Lord.* I will never truſt a man again for keeping his ſword clean; nor believe, he can have every thing in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

Int. Well, that's ſet down.

Par. Five or ſix thouſand horſe I ſaid, (I will ſay true,) or thereabouts, ſet down; for I'll ſpeak truth.

1 *Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, ſay.

Int. Well, that's ſet down.

Par. I humbly thank you, Sir; a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

Int. Demand of him of what ſtrength they are afoot. What ſay you to that?

Par. By my troth, Sir, if I were to live this preſent hour I will tell true. Let me ſee, *Spurio* a hundred and fifty, *Sebaſtian* ſo many, *Corambus* ſo many, *Jaques* ſo many; *Guiltian*, *Coſmo*, *Lodowick*, and *Gratii*, two hundred and fifty each; mine own company, *Chitopher*, *Vaumond*, *Bentii*, two hundred and fifty each; ſo that the muſter file, rotten and ſound, upon my life amounts not to fifteen thouſand Poll; half of the which dare not ſhake the ſnow from off their caſſocks, leſt they ſhake themſelves to pieces.

Ber. What ſhall be done to him?

1 *Lord.* Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions, and what credit I have with the Duke.

Int. Well, that's ſet down. You ſhall demand of him, whether one Captain *Dumain* be i'th' camp, a *Frenchman*; what his reputation is with the Duke, what

what his valour, honesty, and expertness in war; or whether he thinks, it were not possible with well-weighing sums of gold to corrupt him to a revolt. What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the Interrogatories. Demand them singly.

Int. Do you know this Captain *Dumain?*

Par. I know him; he was a botcher's prentice in *Paris*, from whence he was whipt for getting the sheriff's fool with child, a dumb innocent, that could not say him *nay*.

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; tho' I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

Int. Well, is this Captain in the Duke of *Florence*'s Camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lowsie.

1 *Lord.* Nay, look not so upon me, we shall hear of your Lordship anon.

Int. What is his reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knows him for no other but a poor Officer of mine, and writ to me the other day to turn him out o'th' band. I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

Int. Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon the file with the Duke's other letters in my tent.

Int. Here 'tis, here's a paper, shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know, if it be it or no.

Ber. Our Interpreter does it well.

1 *Lord.* Excellently.

Int. Dian, *the Count's a fool, and full of gold.*

Par. That is not the Duke's letter, Sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in *Florence*, one *Diana*, to take heed of the allurement of one Count *Rousillon*, a foolish idle boy; but, for all that, very ruttish. I pray you, Sir, put it up again.

Int. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young Count

to

to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable! both sides rogue.

Interpreter *reads the letter.*

When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it.
After he scores, he never pays the score:
Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it:
He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before.
And say, a soldier (Dian) *told thee this:*
(33) *Men are to mell with, boys are but to kiss.*
For count of this, the Count's a fool, I know it.
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES.

Ber. He shall be whipt through the army with this rhime in his forehead.

2 *Lord.* This is your devoted friend, Sir, the manifold linguist and the armi-potent soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

Int. I perceive, Sir, by the General's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, Sir, in any case; not that I am afraid to die; but that my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, Sir, in a Dungeon, i'th' Stocks, any where, so I may live.

Int. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more, to this Captain *Dumain:*

(33) *Men are to mell with, boys are* not *to kiss.*] All the Editors have obtruded a new Maxim upon us here, that *Boys are* not *to kiss.* —— *Livia,* in *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*'s *Tamer tam'd,* is of a quite opposite Opinion.

For Boys were made for Nothing but *dry Kisses.*

And our Poet's Thought, I am perswaded, went to the same Tune; that Boys are fit only to kiss; Men to mingle with, and give more substantial Pleasures. To *mell,* is deriv'd from the *French* Word, *mêler;* to mingle. I made this Correction when I publish'd my SHAKESPEARE *restor'd;* and Mr. *Pope* has thought fit to adopt it in his last Impression.

you

you have anſwer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour. What is his honeſty?

Par. He will ſteal, Sir, an egg out of a cloiſter: for rapes and raviſhments he parallels *Neſſus*. He profeſſes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is ſtronger than *Hercules*. He will lie, Sir, with ſuch volubility, that you would think, truth were a fool: drunkenneſs is his beſt virtue, for he will be ſwine-drunk, and in his ſleep he does little harm, ſave to his bed-cloaths about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in ſtraw. I have but little more to ſay, Sir, of his honeſty, he has every thing that an honeſt man ſhould not have; what an honeſt man ſhould have, he has nothing.

1 *Lord.* I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this deſcription of thine honeſty? a pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

Int. What ſay you to his expertneſs in war?

Par. Faith, Sir, h'as led the drum before the *Engliſh* Tragedians: to belie him, I will not; and more of his ſoldierſhip I know not; except in that Country, he had the honour to be the Officer at a place there call'd *Mile-end*, to inſtruct for the doubling of files. I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 *Lord.* He hath out-villain'd villany ſo far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him, he's a cat ſtill.

Int. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a *Quart-d'ecu* he will ſell the fee-ſimple of his ſalvation, the inheritance of it, and cut th'intail from all remainders, and a perpetual ſucceſſion for it perpetually.

Int. What's his Brother, the other Captain *Dumain?*

2 *Lord.* Why does he ask him of me?

Int. What's he?

Par. E'en a crow o'th' ſame neſt; not altogether ſo great as the firſt in goodneſs, but greater a great deal

in evil. He excels his Brother for a Coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the beſt that is. In a Retreat he out-runs any lacquey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

Int. If your life be ſaved, will you undertake to betray the *Florentine?*

Par. Ay, and the Captain of his horſe, Count *Rouſillon.*

Int. I'll whiſper with the General and know his pleaſure.

Par. I'll no more drumming, a plague of all drums! Only to ſeem to deſerve well, and to beguile the ſuppoſition of that laſcivious young boy the Count, have I run into danger; yet who would have ſuſpected an ambuſh where I was taken? [*Aſide.*

Int. There is no remedy, Sir, but you muſt die; the General ſays, you, that have ſo traiterouſly diſcovered the ſecrets of your army, and made ſuch peſtiferous reports of men very nobly held, can ſerve the world for no honeſt uſe; therefore you muſt die. Come, headſman, off with his head.

Par. O lord, Sir, let me live, or let me ſee my death.

Int. That ſhall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unbinding him.*
So, look about you; know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble Captain.

2 *Lord.* God bleſs you, Captain *Parolles.*

1 *Lord.* God ſave you, noble Captain.

2 *Lord.* Captain, what Greeting will you to my Lord *Lafeu?* I am for *France.*

1 *Lord.* Good Captain, will you give me a copy of that ſame Sonnet you writ to *Diana* in behalf of the Count *Rouſillon?* if I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well. [*Exeunt.*

Int. You are undone, Captain, all but your ſcarf; that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be cruſh'd with a plot?

Int. If you could find out a Country where but women were that had receiv'd ſo much ſhame, you might

might begin an impudent Nation. Fare you well, Sir, I am for *France* too, we shall speak of you there.

[*Exit.*

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,
'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more,
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft,
As Captain shall. Simply the thing I am
Shall make me live: who knows himself a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, *Parolles*, live
Safest in shame! being fool'd, by fool'ry thrive;
There's place and means for every man alive.
I'll after them. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the Widow's House, at* Florence.

Enter Helena, *Widow and* Diana.

Hel. THAT you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the Greatest in the christian world
Shall be my Surety; 'fore whose Throne 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.
Time was, I did him a desired office
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty *Tartars* bosom would peep forth,
And answer thanks. I duly am inform'd,
His Grace is at *Marseilles*, to which place
We have convenient Convoy; you must know,
I am supposed dead; the Army breaking,
My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the King,
We'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle Madam,
You never had a servant, to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, Mistress,
Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour

To recompence your love: doubt not, but heav'n
Hath brought me up to be your Daughter's dowre,
As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a husband. But, O ſtrange men!
That can ſuch ſweet uſe make of what they hate,
y When ſaucy truſting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night; ſo luſt doth play
With what it loaths, for that which is away.
But more of this hereafter. You, *Diana*,
Under my poor inſtructions yet muſt ſuffer
Something in my behalf.
Dia. Let death and honeſty
Go with your impoſitions, I am yours
Upon your will to ſuffer.
Hel. Yet I pray you:
But with the word the time will bring on ſummer,
When briars ſhall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as ſweet as ſharp: we muſt away,
158] (34) Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us;
(35) *All's well, that ends well*; ſtill the fine's the crown;
Whate'er the courſe, the end is the renown. [*Exeunt.*

(34) *Our Waggon is prepar'd, and Time* revives *us*;] The Word *revives* conveys ſo little Idea of Senſe here, that it ſeems very liable to Suſpicion. How could Time revive theſe travelling Adventurers? *Helen* could not have ſo poor a Thought as to mean, "tho' we were tir'd laſt "Night, yet Repoſe has given us freſh Vigour, and now Time revives "us for a new Fatigue." Can It then have this Meaning? The Conſequences of our Enterprize, and the happy Iſſue that may crown it in Time, revive our Spirits, and animate us to a chearful Proſecution. —— Mr. *Warburton* very reaſonably conjectures, that We ſhould read,

—— —— *and Time* revyes *us*;

i. e. looks us in the Face, calls upon us to haſten;

(35) *All's well, that ends well*; *ſtill* that finds *the Crown*;] *What* finds? There is no Subſtantive in the preceding Branch of the Sentence to anſwer to this Relative. But this is the Reading only of Mr. *Rowe* and Mr. *Pope*; I have reſtor'd the genuine Text from the firſt *Folio*. Our Author is alluding to the *Latin* proverbial Gnome; *Finis coronat opus*. And he elſewhere uſes the *fine*, to ſignify, the End, the Iſſue. So *Benedick*, in *Much Ado* about *Nothing*.

—— *and the* fine *is*, (*for the Which I may go the finer*,) *I will live a Batchellor*.

SCENE

SCENE *changes to* Rouſillon *in* France.

Enter Counteſs, Lafeu, *and* Clown.

Laf. NO, no, no, your Son was miſ-led with a ſnipt-taffata fellow there, whoſe villainous ſaffron would have made all the unbak'd and dowy youth of a nation in his colour. Your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your Son here at home more †advanc'd by the King than by that red-tail'd humble-bee I ſpeak of. (1.)

Count. I would, I had not known him! it was the death of the moſt virtuous Gentlewoman that ever Nature had Praiſe for creating; if ſhe had partaken of my fleſh, and coſt me the deareſt groans of a Mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady. We may pick a thouſand ſallets ere we light on ſuch another herb.

Clo. Indeed, Sir, ſhe was the ſweet marjoram of the ſallet, or rather the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not ſallet-herbs, you knave, they are noſe-herbs.

Clo. I am no great *Nebuchadnezzar*, Sir, I have not much skill in graſs.

Laf. Whether doſt thou profeſs thy ſelf, a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, Sir, at a woman's ſervice; and a knave, at a man's.

Laf. Your diſtinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his ſervice.

Laf. So you were a knave at his ſervice, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, Sir, to do her ſervice.

Laf. I will ſubſcribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your ſervice.

Laf. No, no, no.

† *advantag'd W.*

Clo. Why, Sir, if I cannot ſerve you, I can ſerve as great a Prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that, a *Frenchman?*

Clo. Faith, Sir, he has an *Engliſh* name; but his (2) phiſnomy is more hotter in *France* than there.

Laf. What Prince is that?

Clo. The black Prince, Sir, *alias* the Prince of Darkneſs, *alias* the Devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purſe; I give thee not this to ſeduce thee from thy Maſter thou talk'ſt of, ſerve him ſtill.

Clo. I'm a woodland fellow, Sir, that always lov'd a great fire; and the Maſter I ſpeak of ever keeps a (d) good fire; but, ſure, he is the Prince of the world, let his Nobility remain in's Court. I am for the Houſe with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for Pomp to enter: ſome, that humble themſelves, may; but the Many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowry way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a weary of thee, and I tell thee ſo before, becauſe I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways, let my horſes be well look'd to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, they ſhall be jades tricks, which are their own right by the law of Nature. [*Exit.*

Laf. A ſhrewd knave, and an unhappy.

Count. So he is. My Lord, that's gone, made himſelf much ſport out of him; by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his ſawci- (3.) neſs; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well, 'tis not amiſs; and I was about to tell you, ſince I heard of the good Lady's death, and that my Lord your Son was upon his return home, I mov'd the King my Maſter to ſpeak in the behalf of my Daughter; which in the minority of them both, his Majeſty, out of a ſelf-gracious remembrance, did firſt propoſe; his Highneſs hath promis'd me to do it; and

and to ſtop up the diſpleaſure he hath conceiv'd againſt your Son, there is no fitter matter. How do's your Ladyſhip like it?

Count. With very much content, my Lord, and I wiſh it happily effected.

Laf. His Highneſs comes poſt from *Marſeilles*, of as able a body as when he number'd thirty; he will be here to morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in ſuch intelligence hath ſeldom fail'd.

Count. It rejoices me, that, I hope, I ſhall ſee him ere I die. I have letters, that my Son will be here to night: I ſhall beſeech your Lordſhip to remain with me 'till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might ſafely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Enter Clown.

Clo. O Madam, yonder's my Lord your Son with a patch of velvet on's face; whether there be a ſcar under't, or no, the velvet knows, but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet; his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Count. A ſcar nobly got, or a noble ſcar, is a good livery of honour. So, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonado'd face.

Laf. Let us go ſee your Son, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble Soldier.

Clo. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em with delicate fine hats and moſt courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *the Court of* France, *at* Marſeilles.

Enter Helena, Widow, *and* Diana, *with two Attendants.*

HELENA.

BUT this exceeding Poſting day and night
Muſt wear your ſpirits low; we cannot help it.
But ſince you've made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs;
Be bold, you do ſo grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time,——

Enter a Gentleman.

This man may help me to his Majeſty's ear,
If he would ſpend his power. God ſave you, Sir.
Gent. And you.
Hel. Sir, I have ſeen you in the Court of *France*.
Gent. I have been ſometimes there.
Hel. I do preſume, Sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodneſs;
And therefore, goaded with moſt ſharp occaſions
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The uſe of your own virtues, for the which
I ſhall continue thankful.
Gent. What's your will?
Hel. That it will pleaſe you
To give this poor petition to the King,
And aid me with that ſtore of power you have,
To come into his preſence.
Gent. The King's not here.
Hel. Not here, Sir?

Gent.

Gent. Not, indeed.
He hence remov'd laſt night, and with more haſte
Than is his uſe.
Wid. Lord, how we loſe our pains!
Hel. All's well, that ends well yet,
Tho' time ſeem ſo adverſe, and means unfit:
I do beſeech you, whither is he gone?
Gent. Marry, as I take it, to *Rouſillon*,
Whither I'm going.
Hel. I beſeech you, Sir,
Since you are like to ſee the King before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I preſume, ſhall render you no Blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you with what good ſpeed
Our means will make us means.
Gent. This I'll do for you.
Hel. And you ſhall find your ſelf to be well thank'd,
What-e'er falls more. We muſt to horſe again.
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Rouſillon.

— *Enter* Clown, *and* Parolles.

Par. GOOD Mr. *Levatch*, give my Lord *Lafeu* this letter; I have ere now, Sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with freſher cloaths; (36) but I am now, Sir, muddied in fortune's moat, and ſmell ſomewhat ſtrong of her ſtrong diſpleaſure.

Clo.

(36) *But I am now, Sir, muddied in Fortune's* Mood, *and ſmell ſomewhat ſtrong of her ſtrong Diſpleaſure.*] *Fortune's Mood* is, without Queſtion, good Senſe, and very proper: and yet I verily believe, the Poet wrote as I have reſtor'd in the Text; —— *in Fortune*'s Moat: becauſe the Clown in the very next Speech replies, *I will henceforth eat no* Fiſh *of Fortune's buttering*, and again, when he comes to repeat *Parolles*'s Petition to *Lafeu*, —— *that hath fall'n into the unclean* Fiſhpond *of her Diſpleaſure, and, as he ſays, is* muddied *withal.* And again, *Pray you, Sir, uſe the* Carp *as you may*, &c. In all which Places, 'tis obvious, a Moat, or Pond, is the Alluſion. Beſides, *Parolles* ſmelling ſtrong,

Clo. Truly, fortune's diſpleaſure is but ſluttiſh, if it ſmell ſo ſtrongly as thou ſpeak'ſt of: I will henceforth eat no fiſh of fortune's butt'ring. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to ſtop your noſe, Sir; I ſpake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, Sir, if your metaphor ſtink, I will ſtop my noſe againſt any man's metaphor. Pry'thee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, Sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh! pr'ythee, ſtand away; a paper from fortune's cloſe-ſtool, to give to a Nobleman! look, here he comes himſelf.

Enter Lafeu.

Here is a pur of fortune's, Sir, or of fortune's cat, (but not a musk-cat;) that hath fall'n into the unclean fiſhpond of her diſpleaſure, and, as he ſays, is muddied withal. Pray you, Sir, uſe the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, fooliſh, raſcally knave. (37) I do pity his diſtreſs in my Similes of comfort, and leave him to your Lordſhip.

Par. My Lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly ſcratch'd.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you play'd the knave with fortune, that ſhe ſhould ſcratch you, who of her ſelf is a good Lady, and would not have

ſtrong, as he ſays, of Fortune's ſtrong Diſpleaſure, carries on the ſame Image: For as the *Moats* round old Seats were always repleniſh'd with Fiſh, ſo the Clown's joke of holding his Noſe, we may preſume, proceeded from This——— becauſe *la Chambre baſſe* was always over the Moat: and therefore the Clown humourouſly ſays, when *Parolles* is preſſing him to deliver his Letter to Lord *Lafeu*, ——— *Foh! pr'ythee, ſtand away: A Paper from Fortune's* Cloſeſtool, *to give to a Nobleman!*

(37) *I do pity his Diſtreſs in my* Smiles *of Comfort,*] This very humourous Paſſage my Friend Mr. *Warburton* reſcued from Nonſenſe moſt happily, by the Inſertion of a ſingle Letter, in the Manner I have reform'd the Text. Theſe *Similes* of Comfort are ironically meant by the Clown; as much as to ſay, you may perceive, how much I think he deſerves Comfort, by my calling him *Fortune's Cat, Carp, raſcally Knave*, &c.

knaves

knaves thrive long under her? there's a *Quart-d'ecu* for you: let the Juſtices make you and fortune friends; I am for other buſineſs.

Par. I beſeech your honour, to hear me one ſingle word.

Laf. You beg a ſingle penny more: come, you ſhall ha't, ſave your word.

Par. My name, my good Lord, is *Parolles*.

Laf. You beg more than one word then. Cox' my paſſion! give me your hand: how does your drum?

Par. O my good Lord, you were the firſt, that found me.

Laf. Was I, inſooth? and I was the firſt, that loſt thee.

Par. It lyes in you, my Lord, to bring me in ſome grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! doſt thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the Devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Sound Trumpets.*] The King's coming, I know, by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me, I had talk of you laſt night; tho' you are a fool and a knave, you ſhall eat; go to, follow.

Par. I praiſe God for you. [*Exeunt.*

Flouriſh. *Enter* King, Counteſs, Lafeu, *the two* French *Lords, with attendants.*

King. We loſt a jewel of her, (38) our eſteem [97
Was made much poorer by it; but your Son,

(38) ——————— *our* Eſteem
Was made much poorer by it; ——] What's the Meaning of the King's Eſteem being made poorer by the Loſs of *Helen?* I think, it can only be underſtood in one Senſe; and That Senſe won't carry Water: i. e. We ſuffer'd in our Eſtimation by her Loſs. But how ſo? Did the King contribute to her Misfortunes? Nothing like it. Or did he not do all in his Power to prevent them? Yes; he married *Bertram* to her. We muſt certainly read therefore;

We loſt a Jewel of her; our Eſtate
Was made much poorer by it:

That's the certain Conſequence of any one's loſing a Jewel, for their Eſtate to be made proportionably poorer according to the Value of the Loſs.
Mr. *Warburton.*

As

As mad in folly, lack'd the ſenſe to know
Her eſtimation home.
Count. 'Tis paſt, my Liege;
And I beſeech your Majeſty to make it
(39) Natural rebellion, done i'th' blade of youth,
When oil and fire, too ſtrong for reaſon's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.
King. My honour'd Lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Tho' my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to ſhoot.
Laf. This I muſt ſay,
But firſt I beg my pardon; the young Lord
Did to his Majeſty, his Mother, and his Lady,
Offence of mighty note; but to himſelf
The greateſt wrong of all. He loſt a Wife,
Whoſe beauty did aſtoniſh the Survey
(16) Of richeſt eyes; whoſe words all ears took captive;
Whoſe dear perfection, hearts, that ſcorn'd to ſerve,
Humbly call'd Miſtreſs.
King. Praiſing what is loſt,
Makes the remembrance dear. Well —— call him hither;
We're reconcil'd, and the firſt view ſhall kill
All repetition: let him not ask our pardon.
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
Th' incenſing relicks of it. Let him approach,

(39) *Natural Rebellion, done i'th' blade of Youth,*] If this Reading be genuine, the Metaphor muſt be from any Grain, or Plant, taking Fire: but, I own, it ſeems more in *Shakeſpeare*'s way of Thinking to ſuppoſe He wrote;

Natural Rebellion, done i'th' blaze of Youth,

i. e. in the Fervour, Flame, &c. So He has expreſs'd himſelf, upon a like Occaſion, in *Hamlet*,

—————— *I do know,*
When the Blood burns, *how prodigal the Soul*
Lends the Tongue Vows. Theſe Blazes, *O my Daughter,* &c.

And ſo, again, in his *Troilus* and *Creſſida*;

For Hector, *in his* Blaze *of Wrath, ſubſcribes*
To tender Objects.——

* *So Hanm:*

A ſtranger, no offender; and inform him,
So 'tis our will he ſhould.
Gent. I ſhall, my Liege.
King. What ſays he to your Daughter? Have you ſpoke?
Laf. All, that he is, hath reference to your Highneſs.
King. Then ſhall we have a Match. I have letters ſent me,
That ſet him high in fame.

Enter Bertram.

Laf. He looks well on't.
King. I'm not a day of ſeaſon,
For thou may'ſt ſee a ſun-ſhine and a hail
In me at once; but to the brighteſt beams
Diſtracted clouds give way; ſo ſtand thou forth,
The time is fair again.
Ber. My high-repented Blames,
Dear Sovereign, pardon to me.
King. All is whole,
Not one word more of the conſumed time,
Let's take the inſtant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'ſt decrees
Th' inaudible and noiſeleſs foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them. You remember
The Daughter of this Lord?
Ber. Admiringly, my Liege. At firſt
I ſtuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durſt make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impreſſion of mine eye enfixing,
Contempt his ſcornful perſpective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or expreſs'd it ſtoll'n, *ſcorch'd W.*
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a moſt hideous object: thence it came,
Than ſhe, whom all men prais'd, and whom my ſelf,
Since I have loſt, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The duſt that did offend it.

King.

King. Well excus'd:——
That thou didſt love her, ſtrikes ſome ſcores away
From the great 'compt; but Love, that comes too late,
Like a remorſeful Pardon ſlowly carried,
To the great Sender turns a ſowre offence,
Crying, that's good that is gone: our raſh faults
Make trivial price of ſerious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their Grave.
Oft our diſpleaſures, to our ſelves unjuſt,
Deſtroy our Friends, and, after, weep their duſt:
Our own love, waking, cries to ſee what's done,
While ſhameful hate ſleeps out the afternoon.
Be this ſweet *Helen*'s knell; and now, forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair *Maudlin*,
The main conſents are had, and here we'll ſtay
To ſee our Widower's ſecond marriage-day:
Count. (40) Which better than the firſt, O dear heav'n, bleſs,
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, ceaſe!
Laf. Come on, my Son, in whom my Houſe's Name
Muſt be digeſted: give a favour from you
To ſparkle in the ſpirits of my Daughter,
That ſhe may quickly come. By my old beard,
And ev'ry hair that's on't, *Helen*, that's dead,
Was a ſweet Creature: ſuch a ring as this,
The laſt that e'er ſhe took her leave at Court,
I ſaw upon her finger.
Ber. Her's it was not.
King. Now, pray you, let me ſee it. For mine eye,
While I was ſpeaking, oft was faſten'd to't:
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it *Helen*,
I bad her, if her fortunes ever ſtood

(40) *Which better than the firſt, O dear Heav'n, bleſs,*
Or, e'er they meet, in me, O Nature, ceaſe!] I have ventur'd, againſt the Authority of the printed Copies, to prefix the *Counteſs*'s Name to theſe two Lines. The King appears, indeed, to be a Favourer of *Bertram*: but if *Bertram* ſhould make a bad Husband the ſecond Time, why ſhould it give the King ſuch mortal Pangs? A fond and diſappointed Mother might reaſonably not deſire to live to ſee ſuch a Day: and from her the Wiſh of dying, rather than to behold it, comes with Propriety.

Neceſſitied

Neceſſitied to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reave her
Of what ſhould ſtead her moſt?
Ber. My gracious Sovereign,
Howe'er it pleaſes you to take it ſo,
The ring was never her's.
Count. Son, on my life,
I've ſeen her wear it, and ſhe reckon'd it
At her life's rate.
Laf. I'm ſure, I ſaw her wear it.
Ber. You are deceiv'd, my Lord, ſhe never ſaw it;
In *Florence* was it from a caſement thrown me,
Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the Name
Of her that threw it: (41) Noble ſhe was, and thought
I ſtood ungag'd; but when I had ſubſcrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not anſwer in that courſe of honour
As ſhe had made the overture, ſhe ceaſt
In heavy ſatisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.
King. Plutus himſelf,
That knows the tinct and multiplying Medicine,
Hath not in Nature's myſtery more ſcience,
Than I have in this ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas *Helen*'s, [31]
Whoever gave it you: then if you know,
That you are well acquainted with your ſelf,
Confeſs 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the Saints to ſurety,
That ſhe would never put it from her finger,
Unleſs ſhe gave it to your ſelf in bed,
(Where you have never come) or ſent it us
Upon her great diſaſter.
Ber. She never ſaw it.

(41) ——————— *noble She was, and thought*
I ſtood engag'd;——] I don't underſtand this Reading; if We are to underſtand, that She thought *Bertram* engag'd to her in Affection, inſnar'd by her Charms, this Meaning is too obſcurely expreſs'd. The Context rather makes me believe, that the Poet wrote,
——— *noble She was, and thought*
I ſtood ungag'd;
i. e. unengaged: neither my Heart, nor Perſon, diſpos'd of.

King.

King. Thou ſpeak'ſt it falſely, as I love mine honour;
And mak'ſt conject'ral fears to come into me,
Which I would fain ſhut out; if it ſhould prove
That thou art ſo inhuman——'twill not prove ſo——
And yet I know not—thou didſt hate her deadly,
And ſhe is dead; which nothing, but to cloſe
Her eyes my ſelf, could win me to believe,
More than to ſee this ring. Take him away.
[*Guards ſeize* Bertram.
My fore-paſt proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him,
We'll ſift this matter further.

Ber. If you ſhall prove,
This ring was ever hers, you ſhall as eaſie
Prove that I husbanded her bed in *Florence*,
Where yet ſhe never was. [*Exit* Bertram *guarded.*

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I'm wrap'd in diſmal thinkings.

Gent. Gracious Sovereign,
Whether I've been to blame or no, I know not:
Here's a petition from a *Florentine*,
Who hath for four or five Removes come ſhort
To tender it her ſelf. I undertook it,
Vanquiſh'd thereto by the fair grace and ſpeech
Of the poor Suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her buſineſs looks in her
With an importing viſage, and ſhe told me,
In a ſweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your Highneſs with her ſelf.

The King reads a Letter.

Upon his many proteſtations to marry me, when his Wife was dead, I bluſh to ſay it, he won me. Now is the Count Rouſillon *a Widower, his vows are forfeited to me, and my Honour's paid to him. He ſtole from* Florence, *taking no leave, and I follow him to this Country for juſtice: grant it me, O King, in you it beſt lyes; otherwiſe a ſeducer flouriſhes, and a poor Maid is undone.*

Diana Capulet.

Laf.

Laf. I will buy me a ſon-in-law in a Fair, and toll for him. For this, I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, *Lafeu*,
To bring forth this diſcov'ry. Seek theſe ſuitors:
Go ſpeedily, and bring again the Count.

Enter Bertram.

I am afraid, the life of *Helen* (Lady)
Was foully ſnatch'd.

Count. Now juſtice on the doers!

King. I wonder, Sir, wives are ſo monſtrous to you,
And that you fly them as you ſwear to them;
Yet you deſire to wed. What Woman's that?

Enter Widow, *and* Diana.

Dia. I am, my Lord, a wretched *Florentine*,
Derived from the ancient *Capulet*;
My ſuit, as I do underſtand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her Mother, Sir, whoſe Age and Honour
Both ſuffer under this complaint we bring,
And both ſhall ceaſe without your remedy.

King. Come hither, Count; do you know theſe Women?

Ber. My Lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them; do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look ſo ſtrange upon your Wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my Lord.

Dia. If you ſhall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heav'n's vows, and thoſe are mine;
You give away my ſelf, which is known mine;
For I by vow am ſo embodied yours,
That ſhe, which marries you, muſt marry me,
Either both or none.

Laf. Your reputation comes too ſhort for my Daughter, you are no husband for her. [*To* Bertram.

Ber. My Lord, this is a fond and deſp'rate Creature,
Whom ſometime I have laugh'd with: let your Highneſs

Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would ſink it here.
King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,
(e) 'Till your deeds gain them fairer: prove your honour,
Then in my thought it lies.
Dia. Good my Lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.
King. What ſay'ſt thou to her?
Ber. She's impudent, my Lord;
And was a common gameſter to the camp.
Dia. He does me wrong, my Lord; if I were ſo,
He might have bought me at a common price.
Do not believe him. O, behold this ring,
Whoſe high reſpect and rich validity
Did lack a parallel: yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o'th' camp,
If I be one.
Count. He bluſhes, and 'tis his:
Of ſix preceding anceſtors, that gemm
(42) Conferr'd by Teſtament to th' ſequent iſſue,
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his Wife,
That ring's a thouſand proofs.
King. Methought, you ſaid,
You ſaw one here in Court could witneſs it.
Dia. I did, my Lord, but loth am to produce
So bad an inſtrument; his name's *Parolles.*

(42) *Conferr'd by Teſtament to th'* ſubſequent *Iſſue.*] This is only the Reading, I think, of the laſt Editor. I might ſay, *This in Mr.* Pope's *Ear is a Verſe,* — to return him one of his Civilities: but I'll content myſelf with obſerving, that all the genuine Copies read;

Conferr'd by Teſtament to th' ſequent *Iſſue,*

So, before, in this Play;

Indeed, your O Lord, Sir,—— is very ſequent *to your whipping.*

So, in *Troilus* and *Creſſida*;

But be thou true, ſay I, to faſhion in
My ſequent *Proteſtation:*

So, in *Hamlet.*

—————— now, the next Day
Was our Sea-fight; and What to this was ſequent,
Thou know'ſt already.

And in many other Inſtances, that might be quoted.

Laf.

Laf. I saw the man to day, if man he be.
King. Find him, and bring him hither.
Ber. What of him?
He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o'th' world, tax'd and deboſh'd,
Which Nature sickens with: but to speak truth,
Am I or that or this, for what he'll utter,
That will speak any thing?
King. She hath that ring of yours.
Ber. I think, she has; certain it is, I lik'd her,
And boarded her i'th' wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint;
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy: and in fine,
Her insuit coming with her modern grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate: she got the ring;
And I had That, which any Inferior might
At market-price have bought.
Dia. I must be patient:
You, that turn'd off a first so noble Wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet, [124]
(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a Husband,)
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.
Ber. I have it not.
King. What ring was yours, I pray you?
Dia. Sir, much like the same upon your finger.
King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.
Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.
King. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a casement.
Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Enter Parolles.

Ber. My Lord, I do confess, the ring was hers.
King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you:——
Is this the man you speak of?
Dia. It is, my Lord.

King. Tell me, Sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the diſpleaſure of your Maſter,
Which on your juſt proceeding I'll keep off;
By him and by this Woman here, what know you?

Par. So pleaſe your Majeſty, my Maſter hath been an honourable Gentleman. Tricks he hath had in him, which Gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpoſe; did he love this Woman?

Par. 'Faith, Sir, he did love her; but how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, Sir, as a Gentleman loves a Woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He lov'd her, Sir, and lov'd her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave; what an equivocal companion is this?

Par. I am a poor man, and at your Majeſty's Command.

Laf. He's a good Drum, my Lord, but a naughty Orator.

Dia. Do you know, he promis'd me marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll ſpeak.

King. But wilt thou not ſpeak all thou know'ſt?

Par. Yes, ſo pleaſe your Majeſty. I did go between them, as I ſaid; but more than that, he lov'd her: for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talk'd of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what; yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promiſing her marriage, and things that would derive me ill will to ſpeak of; therefore I will not ſpeak what I know.

King. Thou haſt ſpoken all already, unleſs thou canſt ſay they are married; but thou art too fine in thy evidence; therefore ſtand aſide. This ring, you ſay, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good Lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia.

Dia. It was not given me, nor did I buy it.
King. Who lent it you?
Dia. It was not lent me neither.
King. Where did you find it then?
Dia. I found it not.
King. If it were yours by none of all theſe ways,
How could you give it him?
Dia. I never gave it him.
Laf. This Woman's an eaſie glove, my Lord, ſhe goes off and on at pleaſure.
King. This ring was mine, I gave it his firſt Wife.
Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for ought I know.
King. Take her away, I do not like her now,
To priſon with her: and away with him.
Unleſs thou tell'ſt me where thou hadſt this ring,
Thou dieſt within this hour.
Dia. I'll never tell you.
King. Take her away.
Dia. I'll put in bail, my Liege.
King. I think thee now ſome common cuſtomer.
Dia. By *Jove*, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.
King. Wherefore haſt thou accus'd him all this while?
Dia. Becauſe he's guilty, and he is not guilty;
He knows, I am no Maid, and he'll ſwear to't;
I'll ſwear, I am a Maid, and he knows not.
Great King, I am no Strumpet, by my life;
I'm either Maid, or elſe this old Man's Wife.
[*Pointing to* Lafeu.
King. She does abuſe our ears; to priſon with her.
Dia. Good Mother, fetch my bail. Stay, royal Sir,
[*Ex.* Widow.
The Jeweller that owes the ring is ſent for,
And he ſhall ſurety me. But for this Lord, [*To* Bert.
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himſelf,
Tho' yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him.
He knows himſelf my bed he hath defil'd,
And at that time he got his Wife with child;
Dead tho' ſhe be, ſhe feels her young one kick:
So there's my Riddle, one that's dead is quick,
And now behold the meaning.

Enter Helena, *and* Widow.

King. Is there no Exorciſt
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real, that I ſee?
Hel. No, my good Lord,
'Tis but a ſhadow of a Wife you ſee,
The name, and not the thing.
Ber. Both, Both; oh, pardon!
Hel. Oh, my good Lord, when I was like this Maid,
I found you wond'rous kind; there is your ring,
And look you, here's your letter: this it ſays,
When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child, &c. This is done.
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?
Ber. If ſhe, my Liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.
Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly Divorce ſtep between me and you!
O, my dear Mother, do I ſee you living?
[*To the Counteſs.*
Laf. Mine eyes ſmell onions, I ſhall weep anon:
Good *Tom Drum*, lend me a handkerchief, [*To* Parolles.
So, I thank thee, wait on me home. I'll make ſport with thee: let thy courteſies alone, they are ſcurvy ones.
King. Let us from point to point this ſtory know,
To make the even truth in pleaſure flow:
If thou beeſt yet a freſh uncropped flower, [*To* Diana.
Chuſe thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;
For I can gueſs, that by thy honeſt aid,
Thou kept'ſt a Wife her ſelf, thy ſelf a Maid.
Of that and all the progreſs more and leſs,
Reſolvedly more leiſure ſhall expreſs:
All yet ſeems well, and if it end ſo meet,
The bitter paſt, more welcome is the ſweet. [*Exeunt.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by the KING.

THE King's a beggar, now the Play is done:
All is well ended, *if this ſuit be won,*
That you expreſs content; which we will pay,
With ſtrife to pleaſe you, day exceeding day;
Ours be your Patience then, and yours our Parts,
Your gentle Hands lend us, and take our Hearts.

a 360 — lest it be rather thought you
affect a sorrow than to have
it must be either
lest you be rather thought to affect
a sorrow than to have. or
lest it be rather thought you af-
fect a sorrow than have.

b. 384 The greatest Grace lending grace
I should think this first Grace
superfluous, I know not whether the
expression is warranted by Shake-
spears use, but here it makes at lest
the Hemistic too long.

c. 404 When better fall, for your avails
they fell;

f. fall.

d. 438 — "but, sure, he's the Prince of the
world, let his Nobility remain in's
Court.
I should think the context plainly
leads us to read since instead of
sure, this makes the passage good
sense which the other hardly is,
and the mistake in writing or print-
ing is very easy.
to Hanm:

e. 450
Sir, for my thoughts, you have them
ill to friend,
Till

Till your deeds gain them fairer;
prove your honor
Then in my thought it lies.
Mr Pope reads than instead of then,
but points the sentence in the same
manner; the last to me seems absolute
nonsense, and I think no clear mean-
ing can be fixed to the other; "your
honor lies in my thought" for I think
your honor unblemished, which is the
only sense I can suppose Mr T. to mean
in this reading, seems a very low and
harsh expression. I proposed to him
in the notes signed L. H. to point it
thus,
Sir, for my thoughts, you have them
ill to friend,
Till your deeds gain them; fairer
prove your honor,
Than in my thought it lies. i.e.
You must prove your honor more un-
blemished than I at present think it,
before I can presume any thing in your
favor; which is what Hermia de-
sired of the D. just before
I say a more noble thought upon mine
honor
Than ever to think that I would sink it
here.
Hanm: points the passage
the same way.

f. 360 — where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities ——
By virtuous qualities here are not meant those of a moral kind, but such as are acquired by erudition and good breeding. Hanm:

g. 361 than those I shed for him ——
than they are shed —— Hanm:

h. 362 —— solely a coward;
wholly —— Hanm:

3

i. 363. rational increase — national — Han:

k ib. — within ten years it will make itself two, which is goodly increase —
It must be either — within ten years it will make itself ten — or, within two years it will make itself two

l. 364. — marry, yet it is a withered pear
yes, Hanm:

m. 380. — *there do muster true gate eat speak &c — do muster together — Hanm:
f: they.

n. 381
Medicines is the true spelling, it means a She-Doctor and not a remedy.

o. 384 —— my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise, no worse of worst
extended

—— my maiden's name
Sear'd: otherwise the worst of worst
extended — Han:

p. 392 —— Vile-nets is so ——
—— in itself is so: Hanm: q below
see * * *

q. 393 — challenges itself as honor's born
honor-born — Hanm:

r. 399 You should have said before a knave.
Thou art a knave; that is, before me
Thou art a knave: ——
Hanm: reads
You should have said before a knave;
Thou art a knave, and I am before
thee that art a knave: ——

s. 408 —— move the still-piercing air —
pierce the still-moving air.

t. 412 —— are not the things they go under.
Hanm: reads but. W. leaves out not.

u. 420 And lawful meaning in a ‡lawful act
Hanm: reads Unlawful. ‡ wicked W.

* * * W. reads — good alone
Is good; and with a name. Vilences is
so: q

Mr Peter Harvy

Naked bed
272.

Mr Wray Picture

Characters on the rocks in the
desert of Etham Arabia deserta

Shaw

w. 426. How God delay our rebellion; —
allay — Hanm:

x. 427 Is it not meant damnable in us —
f. most. so Hanm:

y. 436. When saucy trusting of the cousen'd
Defiles the pitchy night thoughts
so I H. reads
When fancy trusting in ——
if the first is the right reading, saucy is used here as in Measure for Measure Vol: I. p 343. for wanton, lascivious,
Their saucy sweetness, that do
coin heaven's image
In stamps forbid.

z. ib: — and Time revives us.
reviles. Hanm:

1) 437. a — fellow, whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbaked and dowy youth of a nation of his color.
This is an allusion perhaps to two fashions then in vogue, one of using yellow starch for their ruffs and bands, the other of coloring paste with saffron.. Hanm:

2. 438. — his phys'nomy is more hotter
in France than there —
— more honor'd in France —
alluding to the darker complexions
of the French. Hanm:

3. — and indeed he has no race,
but runs where he will —
no place — to Hanm:

4 446 — but Love that comes too late
Like a remorseful pardon slowly car-
ried,
To the great Sender turns a sour of-
face
(Like a remorseful pardon slowly
carried
To an offender) turns —
Hanmer.

5 451. With all the spots o'th' world tax'd
and debosh'd,
*Which nature sickens with: but to
speak truth,
Am I or that or this —
Whose nature sickens but to speak a
truth;
Hanm:

6 444 — He lost a Wife,
Whose beauty did astonish the sur-
vey
Of richest eyes —
f. nicest eyes.

7 424. What is not holy, that we swear not
by –
W. reads – that we swear, not bides
but then there seems no connection
of sense between this and the next
line
But take the Highest to witness:

8 396. See Canons of Criticism p 117.

9 385 With any branch or image of thy state
qu: f impage.

TWELFTH-NIGHT:

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

ORSINO, *Duke of* Illyria.
Sebaſtian, *a young Gentleman, Brother to* Viola.
Antonio, *a Sea-captain, Friend to* Sebaſtian.
Valentine, Curio, } *Gentlemen, attending on the Duke.*
Sir Toby Belch, *Uncle to* Olivia.
Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, *a fooliſh Knight, pretending to* Olivia.
A Sea-captain, Friend to Viola.
Fabian, *Servant to* Olivia.
Malvolio, *a fantaſtical Steward to* Olivia.
Clown, Servant to Olivia.

Olivia, *a Lady of great beauty and fortune, belov'd by the Duke.*
Viola, *in love with the Duke.*
Maria, Olivia's *Woman.*

Prieſt, Sailors, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *a City on the Coaſt of* Illyria.

TWELFTH-

TWELFTH-NIGHT:

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I.

SCENE, *the* PALACE.

Enter the Duke, Curio, *and Lords.*

DUKE.

IF Muſick be the food of Love, play on;
Give me exceſs of it; that, ſurfeiting,
The appetite may ſicken, and ſo die.
That Strain again; — it had a dying Fall:
O, it came o'er my ear, like the ſweet
That breathes upon a bank of violets, [ſouth, [83]
Stealing, and giving odour. Enough! — no more;
'Tis not ſo ſweet now, as it was before.
O ſpirit of Love, how quick and freſh art thou!
That, notwithſtanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the ſea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch ſoe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute; (1) ſo full of ſhapes in fancy,
That it alone is high fantaſtical.

Cur.

(1) ——— *ſo full of Shapes* is *Fancy,*
That it alone is high fantaſtical.] *Shakeſpeare* has made his *Polonius* (a Character, which he deſign'd ſhould be receiv'd with Laughter) ſay;

——— *for*

Cur. Will you go hunt, my Lord?
Duke. What, *Curio?*
Cur. The hart.
Duke. Why, ſo I do, the nobleſt that I have:
O, when my eyes did ſee *Olivia* firſt,
Methought, ſhe purg'd the air of peſtilence;
That inſtant was I turn'd into a hart,
And my deſires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er ſince purſue me. How now, what news from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So pleaſe my Lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her hand-maid do return this anſwer:
The element it ſelf, 'till ſeven years hence,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a Cloyſtreſs, ſhe will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to ſeaſon
A brother's dead love, which ſhe would keep freſh
And laſting in her ſad remembrance.
Duke. O, She, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a Brother,
How will ſhe love, when the rich golden ſhaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections elſe
That live in her? when liver, brain, and heart,
+ Theſe ſov'raign Thrones, are all ſupply'd, and fill'd,

——— *for to define true* Madneſs,
What is't, but to be Nothing elſe but mad,

But there is no Parity of Reaſon why his Duke here, who is altogether ſerious, and moralizing on the Qualities of Love, ſhould tell us, that *Fancy* is alone the moſt *fantaſtical* Thing imaginable. I am perſuaded, the Alteration of *is* into *in* has given us the Poet's genuine Meaning; that *Love* is moſt *fantaſtical*, in being ſo variable in its *Fancies*. And *Shakeſpeare* every where ſuppoſes this to be the diſtinguiſhing Characteriſtic of this Paſſion. In his *As You like it*, where What it is to be in Love is defin'd, amongſt other Marks we have This;

It is to be all made of Fantaſie.

And in the ſame Play, *Roſalind*, ſpeaking of her Lover, ſays;

——— *If I could meet that* Fancy-monger, *I would give him ſome good Counſel, for he ſeems to have the Quotidian of* Love *upon him.*

And a hundred other Paſſages might be quoted, did the Matter require any Proof. Mr. *Warburton.*

+ Three. W.

Her

Her ſweet perfections, with one ſelf-ſame King!
Away before me to ſweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lye rich, when canopy'd with bowers.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter Viola, *a Captain and Sailors.*

Vio. WHAT Country, friends, is this?
Cap. Illyria, Lady.
Vio. And what ſhould I do in *Illyria?*
My Brother he is in *Elyſium.*——
Perchance, he is not drown'd; what think you, ſailors?
Cap. It is perchance, that you your ſelf were ſav'd.
Vio. O my poor Brother! ſo, perchance, may he be.
Cap. True, Madam: and to comfort you with chance,
Aſſure your ſelf, after our Ship did ſplit,
When you, and that poor number ſav'd with you,
Hung on our driving Boat: I ſaw your Brother,
Moſt provident in peril, bind himſelf
(Courage and Hope both teaching him the practice)
To a ſtrong maſt, that liv'd upon the ſea;
Where, like *Arion* on the Dolphin's back,
I ſaw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could ſee.
Vio. For ſaying ſo, there's gold.
Mine own eſcape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy ſpeech ſerves for authority,
The like of him. Know'ſt thou this Country?
Cap. Ay, Madam, well; for I was bred and born,
Not three hours travel from this very place.
Vio. Who governs here?
Cap. A noble Duke in nature, as in name.
Vio. What is his name?
Cap. Orſino.
Vio. Orſino! I have heard my Father name him:
He was a Batchelor then.
Cap. And ſo is now, or was ſo very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,

And

And then 'twas freſh in murmur (as you know,
What Great ones do, the leſs will prattle of)
That he did ſeek the love of fair *Olivia.*

Vio. What's ſhe?

Cap. A virtuous Maid, the Daughter of a Count,
That dy'd ſome twelve months ſince, then leaving her
In the protection of his Son, her Brother,
Who ſhortly alſo dy'd; for whoſe dear love,
They ſay, ſhe hath abjur'd the ſight
And company of men.

Vio. O, that I ſerv'd that Lady,
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
'Till I had made mine own occaſion mellow
What my eſtate is!

Cap. That were hard to compaſs;
Becauſe ſhe will admit no kind of ſuit,
No, not the Duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, Captain;
And tho' that Nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft cloſe in pollution; yet of thee,
I will believe, thou haſt a mind that ſuits
With this thy fair and outward character:
I pr'ythee, and I'll pay thee bounteouſly,
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For ſuch diſguiſe as, haply, ſhall become
The form of my intent. I'll ſerve this Duke;
Thou ſhalt preſent me as an eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pains; for I can ſing,
And ſpeak to him in many ſorts of muſick,
That will allow me very worth his ſervice.
What elſe may hap, to time I will commit;
Only ſhape thou thy ſilence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his Eunuch, and your Mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not ſee.

Vio. I thank thee; lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE, *an Apartment in* Olivia's *House.*

Enter Sir Toby, *and* Maria.

Sir To. WHAT a plague means my Neice, to take the death of her Brother thus? I am ſure, Care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir *Toby*, you muſt come in earlier a-nights; your Neice, my Lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except, before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you muſt confine your ſelf within the modeſt limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine my ſelf no finer than I am; theſe cloaths are good enough to drink in, and ſo be theſe boots too; an they be not, let them hang themſelves in their own ſtraps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you; I heard my Lady talk of it yeſterday, and of a fooliſh Knight that you brought in one night here, to be her Wooer?

Sir To. Who, Sir *Andrew Ague-cheek?*

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in *Illyria.*

Mar. What's that to th' purpoſe?

Sir To. Why, he has three thouſand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all theſe ducats: he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll ſay ſo! he plays o'th' viol-de-gambo, and ſpeaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of Nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed, —— almoſt natural; for beſides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the guſt he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a Grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are ſcoundrels and ſubſtractors that ſay ſo of him. Who are they?

Mar.

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my Neice: I'll drink to her as long as there's a paſſage in my throat, and Drink in *Illyria*. He's a coward, and a *coyſtril, that will not drink to my Neice 'till his brains turn o'th' toe like a pariſh top. What, Wench? *Caſtiliano vulgo*; for here comes Sir *Andrew Ague-cheek*.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Sir *Toby Belch!* how now, Sir *Toby Belch?*

Sir To. Sweet Sir *Andrew!*

Sir And. Bleſs you, fair Shrew.

Mar. And you too, Sir.

Sir To. Accoſt, Sir *Andrew*, accoſt.——

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My Neice's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good Miſtreſs *Accoſt*, I deſire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is *Mary*, Sir.

Sir And. Good Miſtreſs *Mary Accoſt*,——

Sir To. You miſtake, Knight: accoſt, is, front her, board her, wooe her, aſſail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of *accoſt?*

Mar. Fare you well, Gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let her part ſo, Sir *Andrew*, would thou might'ſt never draw ſword again.

Sir And. An you part ſo, Miſtreſs, I would I might never draw ſword again. Fair Lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by th' hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you ſhall have, and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, Sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to th' buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, ſweet heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, Sir.

Sir

Sir And. Why, I think ſo: I am not ſuch an aſs, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jeſt?

Mar. A dry jeſt, Sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, Sir, I have them at my fingers ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

[*Exit* Maria.

Sir To. O Knight, thou lack'ſt a cup of canary: when did I ſee thee ſo put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think, unleſs you ſee canary put me down: methinks, ſometimes I have no more wit than a Chriſtian, or an ordinary Man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No queſtion.

Sir And. An I thought That, I'd forſwear it. I'll ride home to morrow, Sir *Toby*.

Sir To. Pourquoy, my dear Knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoy?* do, or not do? I would, I had beſtowed that time in the Tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. (2)* O, had I but follow'd the Arts!

Sir To. Then hadſt thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would That have mended my hair?

Sir To. Paſt queſtion; for, thou ſeeſt, it will not curl by Nature.

Sir

(2)* *Sir* And. ——— *O, had I but follow'd the Arts!*
Sir To. *Then had'ſt thou had an excellent head of Hair.*
Sir And. *Why, would That have mended my Hair?*
Sir To. *Paſt Queſtion; for thou ſeeſt it will not* cool my *Nature.*] Prodigious Sagacity! and yet thus it has paſs'd down thro' all the printed Copies. We cannot enough admire that happy Indolence of Mr. *Pope*, which can acquieſce in tranſmitting to us ſuch Stuff for genuine Senſe and Argument. The Dialogue is of a very light Strain, 'tis certain, betwixt two fooliſh Knights: but yet I would be very glad to know, methinks, what Sir *Andrew*'s following the *Arts*, or his *Hair* being *mended*, could have to do with the *cooling*, or not *cooling*, Sir *Toby*'s Nature. But my Emendation clears up all this Abſurdity: And the Context is an unexceptionable Confirmation.

Sir And. *But it becomes me well enough, does't not?*
Sir To. *Excellent! It hangs like Flax on a Diſtaff*, &c.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent! it hangs like flax on a diſtaff; and I hope to ſee a Houſe-wife take thee between her Legs, and ſpin it off.

Sir And. Faith, I'll home to morrow, Sir *Toby*; your Neice will not be ſeen, or, if ſhe be, it's four to one ſhe'll none of me: the Duke himſelf here, hard by, wooes her.

Sir To. She'll none o'th' Duke, ſhe'll not match above her degree, neither in eſtate, years, nor wit; I have heard her ſwear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll ſtay a month longer. I am a fellow o'th' ſtrangeſt mind i'th' world: I delight in masks and revels ſometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at theſe kick-ſhaws, Knight?

Sir And. As any man in *Illyria* whatſoever he be, under the degree of my Betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a Galliard, Knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick, ſimply as ſtrong as any man in *Illyria*.

Sir To. Wherefore are theſe things hid? wherefore have theſe gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take duſt, like Miſtreſs *Mall*'s Picture? why doſt thou not go to church in a Galliard, and come home in a Coranto? my very walk ſhould be a Jig! I would not ſo much as make water, but in a ſink-a-pace: what doſt thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did

I cannot paſs over the remarkable Conundrum betwixt Sir *Andrew* wiſhing he had follow'd the *Arts*, and Sir *Toby*'s Application of This to the uſing *Art* in improving his *Hair:* becauſe I would obſerve, what Variety and what a Contraſt of Character the Poet has preſerv'd in this Pair of ridiculous Knights. Sir *Toby* has moderate natural Parts, and a ſmattering of Education; which makes him always to be running his Wit, and gives him a Predominance over the other. Sir *Andrew* is a Blockhead by Nature, and unimprov'd by any Acquirements from Art; and ſo is made the very Anvil to Impoſition and Ridicule.

think,

think, by the excellent conſtitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the Star of a Galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis ſtrong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd Stocking. Shall we ſet about ſome revels?

Sir To. What ſhall we do elſe? were we not born under *Taurus?*

Sir And. Taurus? that's ſides and heart.

Sir To. No, Sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me ſee thee caper; ha! higher: ha, ha!—— excellent.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* Palace.

Enter Valentine, *and* Viola *in man's attire.*

Val. IF the Duke continue theſe favours towards you, *Ceſario*, you are like to be much advanc'd; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no ſtranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in queſtion the continuance of his love. Is he inconſtant, Sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, Curio, *and Attendants.*

Vio. I thank you: here comes the Duke.

Duke. Who ſaw *Ceſario*, hoa?

Vio. On your attendance, my Lord, here.

Duke. Stand you a while aloof.—— *Ceſario*,
Thou know'ſt no leſs, but all: I have unclaſp'd
To thee the book even of my ſecret ſoul.
Therefore, good youth, addreſs thy gate unto her;
Be not deny'd acceſs, ſtand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot ſhall grow
'Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble Lord,
If ſhe be ſo abandon'd to her ſorrow
As it is ſpoke, ſhe never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited Return.
Vio. Say, I do ſpeak with her, my Lord; what then?
Duke. O, then, unfold the paſſion of my love,
Surprize her with diſcourſe of my dear faith;
It ſhall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a Nuncio of more grave aſpect.
Vio. I think not ſo, my Lord.
Duke. Dear Lad, believe it:
For they ſhall yet belie thy happy years,
That ſay, thou art a man: *Diana*'s lip
Is not more ſmooth and rubious; thy ſmall pipe
Is as the Maiden's organ, ſhrill, and ſound,
And all is ſemblative a Woman's part.
I know, thy Conſtellation is right apt
For this affair: ſome four or five attend him;
All, if you will; for I my ſelf am beſt
When leaſt in company. Proſper well in this,
And thou ſhalt live as freely as thy Lord,
To call his fortunes thine.
Vio. I'll do my beſt
To woo your Lady; yet, a barrfull ſtrife!
Who-e'er I woo, my ſelf would be his Wife. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Maria *and* Clown.

Mar. NAY, either tell me where thou haſt been, or I will not open my lips ſo wide as a briſtle may enter, in way of thy excuſe; my Lady will hang thee for thy abſence.
Clo. Let her hang me; he, that is well hang'd in this world, needs fear no colours.
Mar. Make That good.
Clo. He ſhall ſee none to fear.
Mar. A good lenten anſwer: I can tell thee where that Saying was born, of, I fear no colours.
Clo. Where, good Miſtreſs *Mary?*

Mar.

Mar. In the wars, and that may you be bold to ſay in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wiſdom that have it; and thoſe that are fools, let them uſe their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd for being ſo long abſent, or be turn'd away; is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Marry, a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and for turning away, let ſummer bear it out.

Mar. You are reſolute then?

Clo. Not ſo neither, but I am reſolv'd on two points.

Mar. That if one break, the other will hold; or, if Both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt: well, go thy way, if Sir *Toby* would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of *Eve*'s fleſh as any in *Illyria*.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o'that: here comes my Lady; make your excuſe wiſely, you were beſt. [*Exit.*

Enter Olivia, *and* Malvolio.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling! thoſe wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am ſure I lack thee, may paſs for a wiſe man. For what ſays *Quinapalus*, Better a witty fool than a fooliſh wit. God bleſs thee, Lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows, take away the Lady.

Oli. Go to, y'are a dry fool; I'll no more of you; beſides, you grow diſhoneſt.

Clo. Two faults, *Madona*, that Drink and good Counſel will amend; for give the dry fool Drink, then is the fool not dry: Bid the diſhoneſt man mend himſelf; if he mend, he is no longer diſhoneſt; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing, that's mended, is but patch'd; virtue, that tranſgreſſes, is but patch'd with ſin; and ſin, that amends, is but patch'd with virtue. If that this ſimple ſyllogiſm will ſerve, ſo; if

it will not, what remedy? as there is no true cuckold but calamity, ſo beauty's a flower: the Lady bad take away the fool, therefore, I ſay again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bad them take away you.

Clo. Miſpriſion in the higheſt degree. — Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*; that's as much as to ſay, I wear not motley in my brain: good *Madona*, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterouſly, good *Madona*.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I muſt catechize you for it, *Madona*; good my mouſe of virtue, anſwer me.

Oli. Well, Sir, for want of other idleneſs, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good *Madona*, why mourn'ſt thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think, his ſoul is in hell, *Madona*.

Oli. I know, his ſoul is in heav'n, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, *Madona*, to mourn for your brother's ſoul being in heav'n: take away the fool, Gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, *Malvolio*, doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and ſhall do, 'till the pangs of death ſhake him. Infirmity, that decays the wiſe, doth ever make better the fool.

Clo. God ſend you, Sir, a ſpeedy infirmity, for the better increaſing your folly! Sir *Toby* will be ſworn, that I am no fox; but he will not paſs his word for two pence, that you are no fool.

Oli. How ſay you to that, *Malvolio?*

Mal. I marvel, your Ladyſhip takes delight in ſuch a barren raſcal; I ſaw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a ſtone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unleſs you laugh and miniſter occaſion to him, he is gagg'd. I proteſt, I take theſe wiſe men, that crow ſo at theſe ſet kind of fools, no better than the fools *Zanies*.

Oli.

Oli. O, you are ſick of ſelf-love, *Malvolio*, and taſte with a diſtemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltleſs, and of free diſpoſition, is to take thoſe things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no ſlander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known diſcreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now *Mercury* indue thee with leaſing, for thou ſpeak'ſt well of fools! *pleasing. W.*

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young Gentleman, much deſires to ſpeak with you.

Oli. From the Count *Orſino*, is it?

Mar. I know not, Madam, 'tis a fair young Man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir *Toby*, Madam, your Uncle.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you, he ſpeaks nothing but Madman: fie on him! Go you, *Malvolio*; if it be a ſuit from the Count, I am ſick, or not at home: What you will, to diſmiſs it. [*Exit* Malvolio.] Now you ſee, Sir, how your fooling grows old, and people diſlike it.

Clo. Thou haſt ſpoke for us, *Madona*, as if thy eldeſt Son ſhould be a fool: whoſe ſcull *Jove* cram with brains, for here comes one of thy Kin has a moſt weak *Pia mater!* ——

Enter Sir Toby.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, Uncle?

Sir To. A Gentleman.

Oli. A Gentleman? what Gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a Gentleman. Here, —— [*belches.*] A plague o' theſe pickle herring! how now, ſot? [150]

Clo. Good Sir *Toby*, ——

Oli. Uncle, Uncle, how have you come ſo early by this lethargy?

– heir. W.

Sir To. Letchery, I defie letchery: there's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry, what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil and he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Ex.*

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the Coroner, and let him sit o' my Uncle; for he's in the third degree of drink; he's drown'd; go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, *Madona*, and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Ex. Clown.*

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young Fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him, you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him, you were asleep; he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, Lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so; and he says, he'll stand (*h*) at your door like a Sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind o'man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manners; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think, his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli.

Oli. Let him approach: call in my Gentlewoman.
Mal. Gentlewoman, my Lady calls. [*Exit.*

Enter Maria.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face; We'll once more hear *Orſino*'s embaſſy.

Enter Viola.

Vio. The honourable Lady of the houſe, which is ſhe?
Oli. Speak to me, I ſhall anſwer for her: your will?
Vio. Moſt radiant, exquiſite, and unmatchable Beauty—— I pray you, tell me, if this be the Lady of the houſe, for I never ſaw her. I would be loth to caſt away my ſpeech; for, beſides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good Beauties, let me ſuſtain no ſcorn; I am very comptible, even (*e*)
to the leaſt ſiniſter uſage.
Oli. Whence came you, Sir?
Vio. I can ſay little more than I have ſtudied, and that Queſtion's out of my Part. Good gentle One, give me modeſt aſſurance, if you be the Lady of the houſe, that I may proceed in my ſpeech.
Oli. Are you a Comedian?
Vio. No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I ſwear, I am not That I play. Are you the Lady of the houſe?
Oli. If I do not uſurp my ſelf, I am.
Vio. Moſt certain, if you are ſhe, you do uſurp your ſelf; for what is yours to beſtow, is not yours to reſerve; but this is from my Commiſſion. I will on with my ſpeech in your praiſe, and then ſhew you the heart of my meſſage.
Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praiſe.
Vio. Alas, I took great pains to ſtudy it, and 'tis poetical.
Oli. It is the more like to be feign'd. I pray you, keep it in. I heard, you were ſawcy at my gates; and I allow'd your approach, rather to wonder at you than
to

to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reaſon, be brief: 'tis not that time of the moon with me, to make one in ſo skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoiſt ſail, Sir? here lyes your way.

Vio. No, good ſwabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your Giant, ſweet Lady? tell me your mind, I am a Meſſenger.

Oli. Sure, you have ſome hideous matter to deliver, when the curteſie of it is ſo fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace, as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeneſs, that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as ſecret as maiden-head; to your ears, divinity; to any other's, prophanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone. [*Exit* Maria.] We will hear this divinity. Now, Sir, what is your text?

Vio. Moſt ſweet Lady,——

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be ſaid of it. Where lyes your text?

Vio. In *Orſino*'s boſom.

Oli. In his boſom? in what chapter of his boſom?

Vio. To anſwer by the method, in the firſt of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is hereſie. Have you no more to ſay?

Vio. Good Madam, let me ſee your face.

Oli. Have you any commiſſion from your Lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text; but we will draw the curtain, and ſhew you the picture. (3) Look you, Sir, ſuch a one I wear this preſent: is't not well done? [*Unveiling.*

Vio.

(3) *Look you, Sir, ſuch a one I* was *this preſent: is't not well done?*] This is Nonſenſe. My Correction, I think, clears all up, and gives the Expreſſion an Air of Gallantry. *Viola* preſſes to ſee *Olivia*'s Face: The other

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, Sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis Beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'st She alive,
If you will lead these graces to the Grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, Sir, I will not be so hard-hearted: I will give out diverse schedules of my Beauty. It shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labell'd to my will. As, *Item*, two lips indifferent red. *Item*, two grey eyes, with lids to them. *Item*, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you, what you are; you are too proud;
But if you were the Devil, you are fair.
My Lord and Master loves you: O, such love
Could be but recompenc'd, tho' you were crown'd
The Non-pareil of Beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your Lord does know my mind, I cannot love him;
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulg'd; free, learn'd, and valiant;
And in dimension, and the shape of Nature,
A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him:
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my Master's flame,
With such a suff'ring, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it.

other at length pulls off her Veil, and says; *We will draw the Curtain, and shew you the* Picture. I wear this Complection to day, I may wear another to morrow; jocularly intimating, that She *painted*. The Other, vext at the Jeast, says, "Excellently *done*, if God *did* all." Perhaps, it may be true, what you say in jeast: otherwise 'tis an excellent Face. *'Tis in Grain*, &c. replies *Olivia*. Mr. *Warburton*.

Oli.

Oli. Why, what would you do?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my ſoul within the houſe;
Write loyal Canto's of contemned love,
And ſing them loud even in the dead of night:
(4) Hollow your name to the reverberant hills,
And make the babling Goſſip of the Air
Cry out, *Olivia!* O you ſhould not reſt
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you ſhould pity me.

Oli. You might do much:
What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my ſtate is well:
I am a Gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your Lord;
I cannot love him: let him ſend no more;
Unleſs, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it; fare you well:
I thank you for your pains; ſpend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd poſt, lady; keep your purſe:
My maſter, not my ſelf, lacks recompence.
Love make his heart of flint, that you ſhall love,
And let your fervour, like my Maſter's, be
Plac'd in contempt! farewel, fair Cruelty. [*Exit.*

Oli. What is your parentage?
Above my fortunes, yet my ſtate is well: ——
I am a Gentleman —— I'll be ſworn thou art.
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and ſpirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon —— not too faſt —— ſoft!
ſoft!
Unleſs the maſter were the man. — How now?
Even ſo quickly may one catch the Plague?
Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
With an inviſible and ſubtile ſtealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be ——
What ho, *Malvolio*, ——

(4) *Hollow your Name to the* reverberate *Hills,*] I have, againſt the Authority of the printed Copies, corrected, *reverberant*. The Adjective Paſſive makes Nonſenſe. *i. e. reverberate passive for active. so adulterate Hastings Rich III. adulterate breast. Hamlet.*

Enter

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, Madam, at your ſervice.

Oli. Run after that ſame peeviſh Meſſenger,
The Duke's man; he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not: tell him, I'll none of it.
Deſire him not to flatter with his Lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to morrow,
I'll give him reaſons for't. Hye thee, *Malvolio.*

Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Oli. I do, I know not what; and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind:
Fate, ſhew thy force; our ſelves we do not owe;
What is decreed, muſt be; and be this ſo! [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *the* STREET.

Enter Antonio *and* Sebaſtian.

ANTONIO.

WILL you ſtay no longer? nor will you not, that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my ſtars ſhine darkly over me; the malignancy of my Fate might, perhaps, diſtemper yours; therefore I ſhall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad recompence for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No, ſooth, Sir; my determinate voyage is meer extravagancy: but I perceive in you ſo excellent a touch

touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express my self: you must know of me then, *Antonio*, my name is *Sebastian*, which I call'd *Rodorigo*; my Father was That *Sebastian* of (1) *Messaline*, whom, I know, you have heard of. He left behind him, my self, and a Sister, both born in one hour; if the heav'ns had been pleas'd, would we had so ended! but you, Sir, alter'd That; for, some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my Sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A Lady, Sir, tho' it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful; but [34] tho' I could not with such estimable wonder over-far believe That, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: she is drown'd already, Sir, with salt water, tho' I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, Sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good *Antonio*, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murther me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, desire it not. Fare ye well at once; my bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me: I am bound to the Duke *Orsino*'s Court; farewel. [*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleness of all the Gods go with thee!
I have made enemies in *Orsino*'s Court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there:
But come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*

Enter Viola *and* Malvolio, *at several doors.*

Mal. Were not you e'en now with the Countess *Olivia?*

Vio.

* *f.* Breach

Vio. Even now, Sir; on a moderate pace I have ſince arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, Sir; you might have ſaved me my pains, to have taken it away your ſelf. She adds moreover, that you ſhould put your Lord into a deſperate aſſurance, ſhe will none of him. And one thing more, that you be never ſo hardy to come again in his affairs, unleſs it be to report your Lord's taking of this: receive it ſo.

Vio. She took the ring of me, I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, Sir, you peeviſhly threw it to her, and her will is, it ſhould be ſo return'd: if it be worth ſtooping for, there it lyes in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

Vio. I left no ring with her; what means this Lady? Fortune forbid, my outſide have not charm'd her! She made good view of me; indeed, ſo much, That, ſure, methought, her eyes had loſt her tongue; For ſhe did ſpeak in Starts diſtractedly: She loves me, ſure; the cunning of her paſſion Invites me in this churliſh meſſenger. None of my Lord's ring? why, he ſent her none. I am the man —— If it be ſo, (as, 'tis;) Poor Lady, ſhe were better love a Dream. Diſguiſe, I ſee thou art a wickedneſs, Wherein the pregnant enemy does much. How eaſie is it, for the proper falſe In womens waxen hearts to ſet their forms! Alas, our frailty is the cauſe, not we, For ſuch as we are made, if ſuch we be. How will this fadge? my Maſter loves her dearly, And I, poor monſter, fond as much on him; And ſhe, miſtaken, ſeems to dote on me: What will become of this? as I am man, My ſtate is deſperate for my Maſter's love; As I am woman, (now, alas the day!) What thriftleſs ſighs ſhall poor *Olivia* breathe? O time, thou muſt untangle this, not I; It is too hard a knot for me t'unty. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to* Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir Toby, *and Sir* Andrew.

Sir To. APproach, Sir *Andrew:* not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *Diluculo ſurgere,* thou know'ſt,—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A falſe concluſion: I hate it, as an unfill'd Can; to be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; ſo that to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life conſiſt of the four elements?

Sir And. 'Faith, ſo they ſay; but, I think, it rather conſiſts of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Th'art a ſcholar, let us therefore eat and drink. *Maria!* I ſay!—a ſtoop of wine.

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts? did you never ſee the picture of we three?

Sir To. Welcome, aſs, now let's have a Catch.

Sir And. (5) By my troth, the fool has an excellent breaſt. I had rather than forty ſhillings I had ſuch a leg, and ſo ſweet a breath to ſing, as the fool has. In-ſooth, thou waſt in very gracious fooling laſt night,

(5) *By my Troth, the Fool has an excellent* Breaſt.] I have been advis'd to read, *Breath,* here. But the Text is, certainly, right without any Alteration. The Alluſion is not to the Clown having a white Skin, but a good Power in ſinging. It was a Phraſe in Vogue, in our Author's Time. In a *Spaniſh* Vocabulary, printed in Queen *Elizabeth*'s Reign, *Aquel tiene linda boz* is thus expounded; *He has a good* Breaſt; *i. e.* as we now ſay, good Lungs, to hold out in ſinging. So *Ben Jonſon,* in his Maſque of *Gipſies metamorphos'd*;

An excellent Song, and a ſweet Songſter, and would have done rarely in a Cage, with a Diſh of Water and Hempſeed; fine Breaſt *of his own!*

And *Beaumont* and *Fletcher,* in their *Pilgrim*;

Pray you, ſtay a little: Let's hear him ſing, h'as a fine Breaſt.

when

when thou ſpok'ſt of *Pigrogromitus*, of the *Vapians* paſſing the Equinoctial of *Queubus*: 'twas very good, i'faith: (6) I ſent thee Six-pence for thy Leman, hadſt it?

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for *Malvolio*'s noſe is no whip-ſtock. My Lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houſes.

Sir And. Excellent: why, this is the beſt fooling, when all is done. Now, a Song.——

Sir To. Come on, there's Six-pence for you. Let's have a Song.

Sir And. There's a teſtril of me too; if one Knight give a——

Clo. Would you have a Love-ſong, or a Song of good life?

Sir To. A Love-ſong, a Love-ſong.

Sir And. Ay, ay, I care not for good life.

Clown *ſings.*

O Miſtreſs mine, where are you roaming?
O ſtay and hear, your true Love's coming,
That can ſing both high and low.
Trip no further, pretty Sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wiſe man's ſon doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i'faith!

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. *What is love? 'tis not hereafter:*
Preſent mirth hath preſent laughter:

(6) *I ſent thee ſix pence for thy* Lemon, *had'ſt it.*] But the Clown was neither Pantler, nor Butler. The Poet's Word was certainly miſtaken by the Ignorance of the Printers. I have reſtor'd, *leman*, i. e. I ſent thee Sixpence to ſpend on thy Miſtreſs. So, in *Merry Wives of* Windſor;

—— *as jealous as* Ford, *that ſearch'd a hollow Wallnut for his Wife's* Leman;

2 *Henr.* IV.

A Cup of Wine, that's briſk and fine,
And drink unto the Leman *mine;*

The Word was uſed indifferently, to ſignify, either a *Miſtreſs*, or *Gallant*; as the Word, *Lover*, ſtood for Both Sexes.

What's to come, is ſtill unſure;
In Delay there lyes no plenty:
Then come kiſs me, Sweet, and twenty:
Youth's a ſtuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am a true Knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very ſweet and contagious, i'faith.

Sir To. To hear by the noſe, it is dulcet in contagion. But ſhall we make the welkin dance, indeed? (7) Shall we rouze the night-owl in a Catch, that will draw three ſouls out of one Weaver? ſhall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am a dog at a Catch.

Clo. By'r Lady, Sir, and ſome dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Moſt certain; let our Catch be, *Thou knave.*

Clo. Hold thy peace, thou knave, Knight. I ſhall be conſtrain'd in't, to call thee knave, Knight.

(7) *Shall we rowze the Night-owl in a Catch, that will draw* three Souls *out of one* Weaver?] i. e. by which he ſhall be *thrice* tranſported, or equally tranſported with every one of us *three* Singers. As for *drawing out the Soul,* this is a Phraſe, which, as it ſeems, our Author delights to uſe, to expreſs the raviſhing Power of Muſick.
Much Ado about *Nothing.*

Now is his Soul raviſh'd. Is it not ſtrange that Sheeps' Guts ſhould hale Souls out *of Men's Bodies,* &c.

But, perhaps, by mentioning *three Souls,* Sir *Toby* may be hinting at the *Peripatetic* Philoſophy (the Learning then in Vogue,) which very liberally gave to every Man three Souls, the *Vegetative* or *Plaſtic,* the *Animal,* and the *Rational.* I would not imagine that *Shakeſpeare* had no further Drift in this, than either to expoſe that Syſtem, or make a Parade of his own Knowledge. Thoſe, who are converſant in him, can't but obſerve, that he takes Delight on all Occaſions to diſplay the great Power and Force of Muſick. And here, in the moſt extraordinary Manner, he conveys to Us the Idea of that Power in its full Extent as we receive it from poetical Relations. For in ſpeaking of its Power, to draw the *three* Souls out of a Man, *viz.* the Vegetative or Plaſtic, the Senſitive or Animal, and the Rational or Human, he would inſinuate to us all thoſe ſurprizing Effects of Muſick that the Antients ſpeak of, when they tell us of *Amphion* who mov'd Stones and Trees; *Orpheus* and *Arion,* who tam'd the Savages; and *Timotheus,* who govern'd as he pleas'd the Paſſions of his human Auditors, by the irreſiſtible Force of Harmony. —— So noble and extraordinary an Obſervation has our Author cover'd under the Ribaldry of a fantaſtick Character. Mr. *Warburton.*

Sir

Sir And. 'Tis not the firſt time I have conſtrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. I ſhall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i'faith: come, begin.

[*They ſing a Catch.*

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here? if my Lady have not call'd up her ſteward, *Malvolio*, and bid him turn you out of doors, never truſt me.

Sir To. My Lady's a *Catayan*, we are Politicians, *Malvolio*'s a *Peg-a-Ramſey*, and *Three merry men be we.* Am not I conſanguinious? am I not of her blood? *Tilly valley, Lady! there dwelt a man in* Babylon, *Lady, Lady.* [*Singing.*

Clo. Beſhrew me, the Knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be diſpos'd, and ſo do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. O, the twelfth day of December,— [*Singing.*

Mar. For the love o'God, peace.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My Maſters, are you mad? or what are you? have you no wit, manners, nor honeſty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? do ye make an ale-houſe of my Lady's houſe, that ye ſqueak out your Coziers Catches without any mitigation or remorſe of voice? is there no reſpect of place, perſons, nor time in you? [39

Sir To. We did keep time, Sir, in our Catches. Sneck up! — [*Hiccoughs.*

Mal. Sir *Toby*, I muſt be round with you. My Lady bade me tell you, that ſhe harbours you as her Uncle, ſhe's nothing ally'd to your diſorders. If you can ſeparate your ſelf and your miſdemeanors, you are welcome to the Houſe: if not, an it would pleaſe you to take leave of her, ſhe is very willing to bid you farewel. [c

Sir To. Farewel, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.
Mal. Nay, good Sir *Toby.*
Clo. His eyes do shew, his days are almost done.
Mal. Is't even so?
Sir To. But I will never die.
Clo. Sir *Toby*, there you lie.
Mal. This is much credit to you.
Sir To. Shall I bid him go? [*Singing.*
Clo. What, an if you do?
Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?
Clo. O no, no, no, you dare not.
Sir To. Out o'time, Sir? ye lie: art thou any more than a steward? dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?
Clo. Yes, by Saint *Anne*; and ginger shall be hot i'th' mouth too.
Sir To. Thou'rt i'th' right. Go, Sir, rub your chain with crums. A stoop of wine, *Maria.*——
Mal. Mistress *Mary*, if you priz'd my Lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil Rule; she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*
Mar. Go, shake your ears.
Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field, and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.
Sir To. Do't, Knight, I'll write thee a Challenge: or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.
Mar. Sweet Sir *Toby*, be patient for to night; since the youth of the Duke's was to day with my Lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur *Malvolio*, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nay-word, and make him a common recreation, do not think, I have wit enough to lye straight in my bed: I know, I can do it.
Sir To. Possess us, possess us, tell us something of him.
Mar. Marry, Sir, sometimes he is a kind of a Puritan.

Sir

Sir And. O, if I thought That, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan? thy exquiſite reaſon, dear Knight.

Sir And. I have no exquiſite reaſon for't, but I have reaſon good enough.

Mar. The Devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing conſtantly but a time-pleaſer; an *affection'd aſs, that cons ſtate without book, and utters it by great ſwarths. The beſt perſuaded of himſelf: So cram'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cauſe to work. (o)

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way ſome obſcure epiſtles of love, wherein, by the colour of his beard, the ſhape of his leg, the manner of his gate, the expreſſure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he ſhall find himſelf moſt feelingly perſonated. I can write very like my Lady your Neice; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make diſtinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent, I ſmell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my noſe too.

Sir To. He ſhall think by the letters, that thou wilt drop, that they come from my Neice, and that ſhe is in love with him.

Mar. My purpoſe is, indeed, a horſe of that colour.

Sir And. And your horſe now would make him an aſs.

Mar. Aſs, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my Phyſick will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the Fool make a third, where he ſhall find the letter: obſerve his conſtruction of it: for this night to bed, and dream on the event. Farewel. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Good night, *Penthiſilea.*

Sir And. Before me, ſhe's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me; what o'that?

Sir And. I was ador'd once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, Knight: thou hadſt need ſend for more mony.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your Neice, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for mony, Knight; if thou haſt her not i'th'end, call me Cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never truſt me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come, I'll go burn ſome Sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, Knight; come, Knight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Palace.*

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, *and others.*

Duke. GIVE me ſome muſick; now, good morrow, friends:
Now, good *Ceſario*, but that piece of Song,
That old and antique Song, we heard laſt night;
Methought, it did relieve my Paſſion much;
More than light Airs, and recollected terms
Of theſe moſt brisk and giddy-paced Times.
Come, but one Verſe.

Cur. He is not here, ſo pleaſe your Lordſhip, that ſhould ſing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feſte the Jeſter, my Lord, a Fool that the Lady *Olivia*'s Father took much delight in. He is about the Houſe.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while. [*Ex.* Curio. [*Muſick.*

Come hither, boy; if ever thou ſhalt love,
In the ſweet pangs of it, remember me;
For ſuch as I am, all true Lovers are;
[143] Unſtaid and skittiſh in all †motions elſe,
Save in the conſtant image of the Creature
That is belov'd. How doſt thou like this Tune?

Vio. It gives a very Echo †to the Seat
Where Love is thron'd.

Duke.

† *Ed: notions. W.* † *from. W.*
† *false. both folios read motions.*

Duke. Thou doſt ſpeak maſterly.
My life upon't, young tho' thou art, thine eye
Hath ſtaid upon ſome favour that it loves:
Hath it not, Boy?
Vio. A little, by your favour.
Duke. What kind of Woman is't?
Vio. Of your complexion.
Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years, i'faith?
Vio. About your years, my Lord.
Duke. Too old, by heav'n; let ſtill the Woman take
An elder than her ſelf, ſo wears ſhe to him;
So ſways ſhe level in her husband's heart.
For, Boy, however we do praiſe our ſelves,
Our Fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, ſooner loſt and worn,
Than Women's are.
Vio. I think it well, my Lord.
Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thy ſelf,
Or thy affection cannot hold the Bent:
For Women are as roſes, whoſe fair flower,
Being once diſplay'd, doth fall that very hour.
Vio. And ſo they are: alas, that they are ſo,
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Enter Curio *and* Clown.

Duke. O fellow, come; the Song we had laſt night.—
Mark it, *Ceſario*, it is old and plain;
The ſpinſters and the knitters in the Sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do uſe to chant it: it is ſilly Sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love, [23]
Like the old Age.
Clo. Are you ready, Sir?
Duke. I pr'ythee, ſing. [*Muſick.*

* f. woon.

SONG.

Come away, come away, Death,
And in ſad cypreſs let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath,
I am ſlain by a fair cruel Maid.
My ſhrowd of white, ſtuck all with yew,
O, prepare it.
My part of death no one ſo true
Did ſhare it.

Not a Flower, not a Flower ſweet,
On my black Coffin let there be ſtrown:
Not a Friend, not a Friend greet
My poor corps, where my bones ſhall be thrown.
A thouſand thouſand ſighs to ſave,
Lay me, O! where
True Lover never find my Grave,
To weep there.

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, Sir; I take pleaſure in ſinging, Sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleaſure then.

Clo. Truly, Sir, and pleaſure will be paid one time or other.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now the melancholy God protect thee, and the Taylor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very Opal! (8) I would have Men of ſuch conſtancy put to ſea, that their buſineſs might be every thing, and their intent every where; for that's it, that

(8) *I would have Men of ſuch Conſtancy put to Sea, that their Buſineſs might be every where, and their Intent* every *where,* &c.] Mr. *Warburton* ſuſpects this Place to have ſuffer'd under the Indolence of Editors: and therefore, tho' I have not diſturb'd the Text, I think it very proper to ſubjoin his Emendation, and Reaſons for it.

" Not only the *Antitheſis* (which is no mean Conſideration, when the " Queſtion is on *Shakeſpeare*'s Writings;) but the Senſe requires, we " ſhould read;

that their Buſineſs might be every where, and their Intent no *where,* &c.

" Becauſe,

that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewel. [*Exit.*

Duke. Let all the reſt give place. Once more, *Ceſario*,
Get thee to yond ſame ſovereign Cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty Lands;
The Parts, that Fortune hath beſtow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as Fortune:
But 'tis that Miracle, and Queen of Gems,
That Nature pranks† her in, attracts my Soul.

Vio. But if ſhe cannot love you, Sir,——

Duke. It cannot be ſo anſwer'd. (a)

Vio. Sooth, but you muſt.
Say, that ſome Lady, as, perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for *Olivia:* you cannot love her;
You tell her ſo; muſt ſhe not then be anſwer'd?

Duke. There is no Woman's Sides
Can bide the beating of ſo ſtrong a paſſion,
As Love doth give my heart: no Woman's heart
So big to hold ſo much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite:
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That ſuffers ſurfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the ſea,
And can digeſt as much; make no Compare
Between that love a Woman can bear me,
And that I owe *Olivia.*

Vio. Ay, but I know——

Duke. What doſt thou know?

Vio. Too well what love Women to Men may owe;
In faith, they are as true of heart, as we.
My Father had a Daughter lov'd a Man,

(a) "Becauſe, a Man, that ſuffers himſelf to run with every Wind, and ſo "makes his Buſineſs every where, cannot be ſaid to have any *Intent*; "for that Word ſignifies a Determination of the Mind to Something. "Beſides, the Concluſion, of *making a good* Voyage out of Nothing,—— "evidently directs to this Emendation.

† , *her mind*, *W.*

As

As it might be, perhaps, were I a Woman,
I ſhould your Lordſhip.

Duke. And what's her Hiſtory?

Vio. A Blank, my Lord: ſhe never told her Love,
But let Concealment, like a worm i'th' bud,
Feed on her damask Cheek: (9) ſhe pin'd in thought,
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She ſat like Patience on a Monument,
Smiling at Grief. Was not this love, indeed?
We Men may ſay more, ſwear more, but, indeed,
Our ſhews are more than will; for ſtill we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But dy'd thy Siſter of her love, my Boy?

Vio. I'm all the Daughters of my Father's Houſe,
And all the Brothers too—and yet I know not—
Sir, ſhall I to this Lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theam.
To her in haſte; give her this Jewel: ſay,
My love can give no place, bide no denay. [*Exeunt.*

(9) ——— *She pined in Thought;*
And, with a green and yellow Melancholy,
She ſate like Patience *on a Monument,*
Smiling at Grief.] This very fine Image, which has been ſo univerſally applauded, it is not impoſſible but our Author might originally have borrow'd from CHAUCER in his *Aſſembly of Foules.*

And her beſidis wonder diſcretlie,
Dame Pacience yſittinge *there I fonde*
With Facé pale, *upon an* hill *of* ſonde.

If he was indebted, however, for the firſt rude Draught, how amply has he repaid that Debt in heightning the Picture! How much does the *green* and *yellow Melancholy* tranſcend the Old Bard's *Face pale*; the *Monument*, his *Hill* of *Sand*; and what an additional Beauty is, *ſmiling at Grief*, for which there are no Ground, nor Traces, in the Original! Our Author has given us this fine Picture again in another Place, but, to ſhew the Power and Extent of his Genius, with Features and Lineaments varied.

——— ——— ——— *yet Thou*
Do'ſt look like Patience, gazing *on* Kings 'Graves,
And ſmiling [*harſh*] *Extremity out of Act.*
Pericles, *Prince of* Tyre.

This abſurd Old Play, I have elſewhere taken Notice, was not entirely of our Author's penning; but he has honour'd it with a Number of Maſter-Touches, ſo peculiar to himſelf, that a knowing Reader may with Eaſe and Certainty diſtinguiſh the Traces of his Pencil.

SCENE

SCENE *changes to* Olivia's *Garden.*

Enter Sir Toby, *Sir* Andrew, *and* Fabian.

Sir To. COme thy ways, Signior *Fabian.*

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I loſe a ſcruple of this ſport, let me be boil'd to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'ſt thou not be glad to have the niggardly raſcally ſheep-biter come by ſome notable ſhame?

Fab. I would exult, man; you know, he brought me out of favour with my Lady, about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue, ſhall we not, Sir *Andrew?*

Sir And. An we do not, it's pity of our lives.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain: how now, my nettle of *India?*

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree; *Malvolio*'s coming down this Walk, he has been yonder i'th' Sun practiſing behaviour to his own ſhadow this half hour. Obſerve him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this Letter will make a contemplative Ideot of him. Cloſe, in the name of jeſting! lye thou there; for here comes the Trout that muſt be caught with tickling. [*Throws down a Letter, and Exit.*

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune, all is fortune. *Maria* once told me, She did affect me; and I have heard her ſelf come thus near, that ſhould ſhe fancy, it ſhould be one of my complexion. Beſides, ſhe uſes me with a more exalted reſpect, than any one elſe that follows her. What ſhould I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an over-weaning rogue. ——

Fab.

Fab. Oh, peace: contemplation makes a rare Turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanc'd plumes!

Sir And. 'Slife, I could ſo beat the rogue.

Sir To. Peace, I ſay.

Mal. To be Count *Malvolio*, —

Sir Tob. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Piſtol him, piſtol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There is example for't: the Lady of the *Strachy* married the Yeoman of the Wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, *Jezebel!*

Fab. O, peace, now he's deeply in; look, how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, ſitting in my State ——

Sir To. O for a ſtone-bow, to hit him in the eye! —

Mal. Calling my Officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown; having come down from a day-bed, where I have left *Olivia* ſleeping.

Sir To. Fire and brimſtone!

Fab. O, peace, peace.

Mal. And then to have the humour of State; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them, I know my place, as I would They ſhould do theirs — to ask for my Uncle *Toby* ——

Sir To. Bolts and Shackles!

Fab. Oh, peace, peace, peace; now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people with an obedient ſtart make out for him: I frown the while, and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with ſome rich jewel. *Toby* approaches, curtſies there to me.

Sir To. Shall this Fellow live?

Fab. Tho' our ſilence be drawn from us with cares, yet, peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus; quenching my familiar ſmile with an auſtere regard of controul.

Sir To. And does not *Toby* take you a Blow o'th' lips then?

Mal.

Mal. Saying, Uncle *Toby*, my fortunes having caſt me on your Neice, give me this prerogative of ſpeech—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. You muſt amend your Drunkenneſs.

Sir To. Out, ſcab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the ſinews of our plot.

Mal. Beſides, you waſte the treaſure of your time with a fooliſh Knight —

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. One Sir *Andrew*, —

Sir And. I knew, 'twas I; for many do call me Fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the Letter.*

Fab. Now is the Woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. Oh peace! now the ſpirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my Lady's hand: theſe be her very *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s, and thus makes ſhe her great *P*'s. It is, in contempt of queſtion, her hand.

Sir And. Her *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s: why that?

Mal. To the unknown belov'd, this, and my good wiſhes; her very Phraſes: By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impreſſure her *Lucrece*, with which ſhe uſes to ſeal; 'tis my Lady: to whom ſhould this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. Jove *knows I love, but who, lips do not move, no Man muſt know.* No Man muſt know — what follows? the number's alter'd — no Man muſt know — if this ſhould be thee, *Malvolio?*

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, Brock!

Mal. *I may command where I adore, but ſilence, like a* Lucrece *knife,*
With bloodleſs ſtroke my heart doth gore, M. O. A. I. *doth ſway my life.*

Fab. A fuſtian riddle.

Sir To. Excellent Wench, ſay I.

Mal.

Mal. M. O. A. I. doth ſway my life —— nay, but firſt, let me ſee —— let me ſee ——

Fab. What a diſh of poiſon has ſhe dreſs'd him?

Sir To. And with what wing the ſtallion checks at it?

Mal. I may command where I adore. Why, ſhe may command me: I ſerve her, ſhe is my Lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obſtruction in this — and the end — what ſhould that alphabetical poſition portend? if I could make that reſemble ſomething in me? ſoftly —— *M. O. A. I.* ——

Sir To. O, ay! make up that; he is now at a cold ſcent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't for all this, tho' it be as rank as a Fox.

Mal. M. —— *Malvolio* —— *M.* — why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I ſay, he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M. But then there is no conſonancy in the ſequel; That ſuffers under probation: *A* ſhould follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* ſhall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, O.

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, and you had any eye behind you, you might ſee more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Mal. M. O. A. I. —— this Simulation is not as the former — and yet to cruſh this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of theſe Letters is in my name. Soft, here follows Proſe —— *If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my Stars I am above thee, but be not afraid of Greatneſs; ſome are born Great, ſome atchieve Greatneſs, and ſome have Greatneſs thruſt upon them. Thy fates open their hands, let thy blood and ſpirit embrace them; and to inure thy ſelf to what thou art like to be, caſt thy humble ſlough, and appear freſh. Be oppoſite with a Kinſman, ſurly with Servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of State; put thy ſelf into the trick of ſingularity. She thus*

adviſes

adviſes thee, that ſighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow Stockings, and wiſh'd to ſee thee ever croſs-garter'd. I ſay, remember; go to, thou art made, if thou deſireſt to be ſo: if not, let me ſee thee a Steward ſtill, the fellow of ſervants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewel. She, that would alter ſervices with thee, * The fortunate and happy. day-light and champian diſcovers no more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politick Authors, I will baffle Sir *Toby*, I will waſh off groſs acquaintance, I will be point deviſe, the very man. I do not now fool my ſelf, to let imagination jade me; for every reaſon excites to this, that my Lady loves me. She did commend my yellow Stockings of late, ſhe did praiſe my leg, being croſs-garter'd, and in this ſhe manifeſts her ſelf to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to theſe habits of her liking. I thank my Stars, I am happy: I will be ſtrange, ſtout, in yellow Stockings, and croſs-garter'd, even with the Swiftneſs of putting on. *Jove*, and my Stars be praiſed!—Here is yet a Poſtſcript. *Thou canſt not chuſe but know who I am; if thou entertaineſt my love, let it appear in thy ſmiling; thy Smiles become thee well. Therefore in my preſence ſtill ſmile, dear my ſweet, I pr'ythee.*——*Jove*, I thank thee! I will ſmile, I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

Fab. I will not give my part of this ſport for a penſion of thouſands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this Wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but ſuch another jeſt.

Enter Maria.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble Gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou ſet thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy Bond-ſlave?

Sir

Sir And. I'faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou haſt put him in ſuch a dream, that when the image of it leaves him, he muſt run mad.

Mar. Nay, but ſay true, does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like *Aqua vitæ* with a Midwife.

Mar. If you will then ſee the fruits of the ſport, mark his firſt approach before my Lady: he will come to her in yellow Stockings, and 'tis a colour ſhe abhors; and croſs-garter'd, a faſhion ſhe deteſts; and he will ſmile upon her, which will now be ſo unſuitable to her diſpoſition, being addicted to a melancholy, as ſhe is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will ſee it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of *Tartar*; thou moſt excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE, Olivia's *Garden.*

Enter Viola, *and* Clown.

VIOLA.

SAVE thee, Friend, and thy muſick: doſt thou live by thy Tabor?

Clo. No, Sir, I live by the Church.

Vio. Art thou a Churchman?

Clo. No ſuch matter, Sir; I do live by the Church: for I do live at my Houſe, and my Houſe doth ſtand by the Church.

Vio. So thou may'ſt ſay, the King lyes by a Beggar, if a Beggar dwell near him: or the Church ſtands by thy Tabor, if thy Tabor ſtand by the Church.

Clo.

Clo. You have ſaid, Sir: to ſee this age!— (10) A ſentence is but a chev'ril glove to a good wit; how quickly the wrong ſide may be turned outward?

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would, therefore, my Siſter had had no Name, Sir.

Vio. Why, Man?

Clo. Why, Sir, her Name's a word; and to dally with that word, might make my Siſter wanton; but, indeed, words are very raſcals, ſince bonds diſgrac'd them.

Vio. Thy reaſon, Man?

Clo. Troth, Sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown ſo falſe, I am loth to prove reaſon with them.

Vio. I warrant, thou art a merry Fellow, and careſt for nothing.

Clo. Not ſo, Sir, I do care for ſomething; but, in my conſcience, Sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, Sir, I would, it would make you inviſible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady *Olivia*'s Fool?

Clo. No, indeed, Sir; the Lady *Olivia* has no folly; ſhe will keep no Fool, Sir, 'till ſhe be married; and Fools are as like Husbands, as Pilchers are to Herrings, the Husband's the bigger: I am, indeed, not her Fool, but her Corrupter of Words.

Vio. I ſaw thee late at the Duke *Orſino*'s.

(10) *A Sentence is but a* Cheveril *glove to a good Wit*;] Mr. *Pope*, in his firſt Edition of *Shakeſpeare*, to ſhew the World the Depth of his Learning, inform'd us in a Gloſs that *Cheveril* meant *tender* from *Cheverillus*, a young Cock, a Chick. But I never heard yet of any *Glove* or *Leather* made of a *Cockrel*'s Skin; and believe, it will hardly come into Experiment in Mr. *Pope*'s or my Time. The Etymology is therefore to be diſputed. I ſhew'd in my SHAKESPEARE *Reſtor'd*, that *Cheveril* Leather is made of the Skin of a *Kid*, or *Goat*: which was call'd by the LATINES, *Caprillus*; by the ITALIANS, *Ciaverello*; and by the FRENCH, *Chevereul*: from which laſt, our Word *Cheveril* is immediately deduced. Mr. *Pope* in his laſt Edition has ſuffer'd himſelf to be inform'd; and embraced theſe Derivations.

Clo. Foolery, Sir, does walk about the Orb like the Sun; it ſhines every where. I would be ſorry, Sir, but the fool ſhould be as oft with your Maſter, as with my miſtreſs: I think, I ſaw your wiſdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou paſs upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expences for thee.

Clo. Now *Jove*, in his next commodity of hair, ſend thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almoſt ſick for one, though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of theſe have bred, Sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to uſe.

Clo. I would play lord *Pandarus* of *Phrygia*, Sir, to bring a *Creſſida* to this *Troylus*.

Vio. I underſtand you, Sir, 'tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, Sir; begging but a beggar: *Creſſida* was a beggar. (11) My lady is within, Sir, I will conſter to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, is out of my welkin; I might ſay, element; but the word is over-worn. [*Exit.*

Vio. This fellow is wiſe enough to play the fool,
And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit:
He muſt obſerve their mood on whom he jeſts,
The quality of the perſons, and the time;
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
As full of labour as a wiſe-man's art:
For folly, that he wiſely ſhews, is fit;
(S) But wiſe men's, folly fall'n, quite taints their wit.

(11) Creſſida *was a Beggar.*] The Poet in this Circumſtance undoubtedly had his Eye on CHAUCER's *Teſtament of* Creſeide. *Cupid*, to revenge her Prophanation againſt his Deity, calls in the planetary Gods to aſſiſt him in his Vengeance. They inſtantly turn her Mirth into Melancholy, her Health into Sickneſs, her Beauty into Deformity, and in the End pronounce this Sentence upon her;

Thus ſhalt thou go begging *fro hous to hous,*
With Cuppe and Clappir like a Lazarous.

Enter

Enter Sir Toby, *and Sir* Andrew.

Sir And. Save you, gentleman. (12)

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir To. Dieu vous guarde, Monſieur.

Vio. Et vous auſſi; voſtre ſerviteur.

Sir Tob. I hope, Sir, you are; and I am yours. — Will you encounter the Houſe? my Neice is deſirous you ſhould enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your Neice, Sir; I mean, ſhe is the liſt of my voyage.

Sir Tob. Taſte your legs, Sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better underſtand me, Sir, than I underſtand what you mean by bidding me taſte my legs.

Sir Tob. I mean, to go, Sir, to enter.

Vio. I will anſwer you with gate and entrance; but we are prevented.

Enter Olivia *and* Maria.

Moſt excellent accompliſh'd lady, the heav'ns rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare Courtier! rain odours? well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own moſt pregnant and vouchſafed ear. [156]

Sir And. Odours, pregnant, and vouchſafed: — I'll get 'em all three ready.

Oli. Let the garden-door be ſhut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir* Toby, *Sir* Andrew, *and* Maria. Give me your hand, Sir.

(12) *Sir* Tob. *Save you, Gentleman.*
Vio. *And you, Sir.*
Sir And. *Dieu vous guarde, Monſieur.*
Vio. *Et vous auſſi; votre Serviteur.*
Sir And. *I hope, Sir, you are; and I am yours.*]
I have ventur'd to make the two Knights change Speeches in this Dialogue with *Viola*; and, I think, not without good Reaſon. It were a prepoſterous Forgetfulneſs in the Poet, and out of all Probability, to make Sir *Andrew* not only ſpeak *French*, but underſtand what is ſaid to him in it, who in the Firſt Act did not know the *Engliſh* of *Pourquoy*.

Vio. My duty, Madam, and moſt humble ſervice.
Oli. What is your name?
Vio. *Ceſario* is your ſervant's name, fair Princeſs.
Oli. My ſervant, Sir? 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
Y'are ſervant to the Duke *Orſino*, youth.
Vio. And he is yours, and his muſt needs be yours:
Your ſervant's ſervant is your ſervant, Madam.
Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were Blanks, rather than fill'd with me.
Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.
Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;—
I bade you never ſpeak again of him.
But would you undertake another Suit,
I'd rather hear you to ſollicit That,
Than muſick from the Spheres.
Vio. Dear lady,—
Oli. Give me leave, I beſeech you: I did ſend,
After the laſt enchantment, you did hear, *here.*
A ring in chaſe of you. So did I abuſe *W*
My ſelf, my ſervant, and, I fear me, you;
Under your hard conſtruction muſt I ſit,
To force That on you in a ſhameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?
Have you not ſet mine Honour at the ſtake,
And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? to one of your receiving
Enough is ſhewn; a Cyprus, not a boſom,
Hides my poor heart. So let us hear you ſpeak.
Vio. I pity you.
Oli. That's a degree to Love.
Vio. No not a grice: for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.
Oli. Why then, methinks, 'tis time to ſmile again;
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one ſhould be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion, than the wolf! [*Clock ſtrikes.*

The

The clock upbraids me with the waſte of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you;
And yet when wit and youth are come to harveſt,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due weſt.
Vio. Then, weſtward hoe:——
Grace and good diſpoſition attend your ladyſhip!
You'll nothing, Madam, to my lord by me?
Oli. Stay; pr'ythee tell me, what thou think'ſt of me?
Vio. That you do think, you are not what you are.
Oli. If I think ſo, I think the ſame of you.
Vio. Then think you right: I am not what I am.
Oli. I would you were, as I would have you be!
Vio. Would it be better, Madam, than I am?
I wiſh it might, for now I am your fool.
Oli. O, what a deal of ſcorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murd'rous guilt ſhews not it ſelf more ſoon,
Than love that would ſeem hid: love's night is noon.
Ceſario, by the roſes of the Spring,
By maid-hood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee ſo, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reaſon, can my paſſion hide.
Do not extort thy reaſons from this clauſe,
For that I woo, thou therefore haſt no cauſe:
But rather reaſon thus with reaſon fetter;
Love ſought is good; but given, unſought, is better.
Vio. By innocence I ſwear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one boſom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall miſtreſs be of it, ſave I alone. (t)
And ſo adieu, good Madam; never more
Will I my maſter's tears to you deplore.
Oli. Yet come again; for thou, perhaps, may'ſt move
That heart, which now abhors to like his love.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to an Apartment in* OLIVIA's *House.*

Enter Sir Toby, *Sir* Andrew, *and* Fabian.

Sir And. NO, faith, I'll not ſtay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reaſon, dear venom, give thy reaſon.

Fab. You muſt needs yield your reaſon, Sir *Andrew.*

Sir And. Marry, I ſaw your Neice do more favours to the Duke's ſerving-man, than ever ſhe beſtow'd on me. I ſaw't, i'th' orchard.

Sir To. Did ſhe ſee thee the while, old boy, tell me that?

Sir And. As plain as I ſee you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an aſs o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, Sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reaſon.

Sir To. And they have been Grand Jury-men ſince before *Noah* was a ſailor.

Fab. She did ſhew favour to the youth in your ſight, only to exaſperate you, to awake your dormouſe valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimſtone in your liver. You ſhould then have accoſted her, and with ſome excellent jeſts, fire-new from the mint, you ſhould have bang'd the youth into dumbneſs. This was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulkt. The double Gilt of this opportunity you let time waſh off, and you are now ſail'd into the North of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an iſicle on a *Dutchman*'s beard, unleſs you do redeem it by ſome laudable attempt, either of valour or policy.

Sir And. And't be any way, it muſt be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a *Browniſt* as a politician.

Sir To.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour; challenge me the Duke's Youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my Neice shall take note of it; and assure thy self, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir *Andrew*.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a Challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write in a martial hand; be curst and brief: it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention; (13) taunt him with the licence of ink; if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lye in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the Bed of *Ware* in *England*; set 'em down, go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, tho' thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: about it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *Cubiculo*: go.

[*Exit Sir* Andrew.

Fab. This is a dear manikin to you, Sir *Toby*.

(13) *Taunt him with the Licence of Ink; if thou* thou'st *him some thrice,*] There is no Doubt, I think, but this Passage is One of those, in which our Author intended to shew his Respect for Sir *Walter Raleigh*, and a Detestation of the Virulence of his Prosecutors. The Words, quoted, seem to me directly levell'd at the Attorney General *Coke*, who, in the Trial of Sir *Walter*, attack'd him with all the following indecent Expressions. ——— "*All that he did was by thy Instigation*, thou *Viper*; "*for I* thou *thee*, thou *Traytor!*" (Here, by the way, are the Poet's *three* thou's.) "*You are an odious Man.*" ——— "*Is he base? I re-*"*turn it into thy Throat, on his behalfe.*" ——— "*O damnable A-*"*theist!*" ——— "*Thou art a Monster; thou hast an* English *Face, but* "*a* Spanish *Heart.*" ——— "*Thou hast a* Spanish *Heart, and thyself* "*art a Spider of Hell.*" ——— "*Go to, I will lay thee on thy Back for* "*the confident'st Traytor that ever came at a Bar,*" &c. Is not here all the Licence of Tongue, which the Poet satyrically prescribes to Sir *Andrew*'s Ink? And how mean an Opinion *Shakespeare* had of these petulant Invectives, is pretty evident from his Close of this Speech; *Let there be Gall enough in thy Ink, tho' thou write it with a* Goose-pen, *no Matter.* —— A keener Lash at the Attorney for a Fool, than all the Contumelies the Attorney threw at the Prisoner as a suppos'd Traytor!

Sir To. I have been dear to him, Lad, ſome two thouſand ſtrong or ſo.

Fab. We ſhall have a rare Letter from him; but you'll not deliver't.

Sir To. Never truſt me then; and by all means ſtir on the Youth to an anſwer. I think, oxen and wain-ropes cannot hale them together. For *Andrew*, if he were open'd, and you find ſo much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the reſt of th' anatomy.

Fab. And his Oppoſite, the Youth, bears in his viſage no great preſage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Look, where the youngeſt Wren of nine comes.

Mar. If you deſire the ſpleen, and will laugh your ſelves into ſtitches, follow me; yond gull *Malvolio* is turned Heathen, a very Renegado; for there is no Chriſtian, that means to be ſav'd by believing rightly, can ever believe ſuch impoſſible paſſages of groſsneſs. He's in yellow Stockings.

Sir To. And croſs-garter'd?

Mar. Moſt villanouſly; like a Pedant that keeps a ſchool i'th' Church: I have dogg'd him, like his murtherer. He does obey every point of the Letter, that I dropt to betray him; he does ſmile his face into more lines than is in the new Map, with the augmentation of the *Indies*; you have not ſeen ſuch a thing, as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my Lady will ſtrike him; if ſhe do, he'll ſmile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the Street.*

Enter Sebaſtian, *and* Anthonio.

Seb. I Would not by my will have troubled you.
But ſince you make your pleaſure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.
Ant. I could not ſtay behind you; my deſire,
(More ſharp than filed ſteel,) did ſpur me forth;
And not all love to ſee you, (tho' ſo much,
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage.)
But jealouſie what might befall your Travel,
Being skilleſs in theſe Parts; which to a ſtranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhoſpitable. My willing love,
The rather by theſe arguments of fear,
Set forth in your purſuit.
Seb. My kind *Anthonio*,
(14) I can no other anſwer make, but thanks;
And thanks, and ever thanks; and oft good turns
Are ſhuffled off with ſuch uncurrent pay;
But were my worth, as is my conſcience, firm,
You ſhould find better dealing: what's to do?
Shall we go ſee the Relicks of this Town?
Ant. To morrow, Sir; beſt, firſt, go ſee your lodging.

(14) *I can no other Anſwer make but Thanks,*
And thanks: and ever-oft *good Turns*
Are ſhuffled off with ſuch uncurrent Pay;] It muſt be obvious to every Reader, who has the leaſt Knowledge in Verſification, that the ſecond Line is too ſhort by a whole Foot; however the Editors have indolently paſs'd it over without Suſpicion. Then, who ever heard of this goodly double Adverb, *ever-oft*, which ſeems to have as much Propriety as, *always-ſometimes?* As I have reſtor'd the Paſſage, it is very much in our Author's Manner, and Mode of Expreſſion. So, in *Cymbeline*;

——— *Since when I have been Debtor to You for Courteſies, which I will be* ever *to pay, and yet pay* ſtill.

And in *All's well, that Ends well.*

And let me buy your friendly Help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, *and* pay again
When I have found it.

Seb.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night;
I pray you, let us satisfie our eyes
With the Memorials, and the things of Fame,
That do renown this City.

Ant. Would, you'd pardon me:
I do not without danger walk these Streets.
Once, in a Sea-fight 'gainst the Duke his Gallies,
I did some service, of such note, indeed,
That were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his people.

Ant. Th' offence is not of such a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument:
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them, which, for Traffick's sake,
Most of our City did. Only my self stood out;
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me: hold, Sir, here's my purse.
In the south suburbs at the *Elephant*
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the Town; there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, Sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for
An Hour.

Ant. To th' *Elephant.*—

Seb. I do remember. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to* Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Olivia, *and* Maria.

Oli. (15) I Have ſent after him; ſay, he will come;
How ſhall I feaſt him? what beſtow on him?
For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd or borrow'd.
I ſpeak too loud. ——
Where is *Malvolio?* he is ſad and civil,
And ſuits well for a ſervant with my fortunes.
Where is *Malvolio?*

Mar. He's coming, Madam: but in very ſtrange manner.
He is ſure poſſeſt, Madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter, does he rave?

Mar. No, Madam, he does nothing but ſmile; your Ladyſhip were beſt to have ſome guard about you, if he come; for, ſure, the man is tainted in's wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.

Enter Malvolio.

I'm as mad as he,
If ſad and merry madneſs equal be.
How now, *Malvolio?*

Mal. Sweet Lady, ha, ha. [*Smiles fantaſtically.*

Oli. Smil'ſt thou? I ſent for thee upon a ſad occaſion.

(15) *I have ſent after him*; he ſays he'll *come.*] But Who did he ſay ſo to? Or from Whom could my Lady have any ſuch Intelligence? Her Servant, employ'd upon this Errand, was not yet return'd; and, when he does return, he brings Word, that the Youth would hardly be intreated back. I am perſuaded, She was intended rather to be in Suſpenſe, and deliberating with herſelf: putting the Suppoſition that he would come; and asking Herſelf, in that Caſe, how She ſhould entertain him. I imagine therefore the Poet wrote;

—————— Say, he will *come*;

So *Viola*, before, in this Play;

Say, *I do ſpeak with her, my Lord; what then?*

So *Petruchio* in the *Taming of the Shrew*;

Say, *that She rail; why, then I'll tell her plain*, &c.

And in numberleſs other Paſſages.

Mal.

Mal. Sad, Lady? I could be ſad; this does make ſome obſtruction in the blood; this croſs-gartering; but what of that? if it pleaſe the eye of one, it is with me as the very true Sonnet is: *Pleaſe one, and pleaſe all.*

Oli. Why? how doſt thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, tho' yellow in my legs: it did come to his hands, and Commands ſhall be executed. I think, we do know that ſweet *Roman* hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, *Malvolio?*

Mal. To bed? ay, ſweet heart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! why doſt thou ſmile ſo, and kiſs thy hand ſo oft?

Mar. How do you, *Malvolio?*

Mal. At your requeſt?
Yes, Nightingales anſwer Daws!

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldneſs before my Lady.

Mal. Be not afraid of Greatneſs; —'twas well writ.

Oli. What meaneſt thou by that, *Malvolio?*

Mal. Some are born Great——

Oli. Ha?

Mal. Some atchieve Greatneſs——

Oli. What ſay'ſt thou?

Mal. And ſome have Greatneſs thruſt upon them—

Oli. Heav'n reſtore thee!

Mal. Remember, who commended thy yellow Stockings——

Oli. Thy yellow Stockings?

Mal. And wiſh'd to ſee thee croſs-garter'd——

Oli. Croſs-garter'd?

Mal. Go to, thou art made, if thou deſireſt to be ſo——

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. If not, let me ſee thee a ſervant ſtill.

Oli. Why, this is very midſummer madneſs.

Enter

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young Gentleman of the Duke *Orſino*'s is return'd, I could hardly entreat him back; he attends your Ladyſhip's pleaſure.

Oli. I'll come to him. Good *Maria*, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my Uncle *Toby?* let ſome of my people have a ſpecial care of him; I would not have him miſcarry for the half of my dowry. [*Exit.*

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worſe man than Sir *Toby* to look to me! this concurs directly with the Letter; ſhe ſends him on purpoſe that I may appear ſtubborn to him; for ſhe incites me to that in the Letter. Caſt thy humble ſlough, ſays ſhe;—be oppoſite with a Kinſman,—ſurly with Servants,—let thy tongue tang with arguments of State,—put thy ſelf into the trick of ſingularity;—and conſequently ſets down the manner how; as a ſad face, a reverend carriage, a ſlow tongue, in the habit of ſome Sir of note, and ſo forth. I have lim'd her, but it is *Jove*'s doing, and *Jove* make me thankful! and when ſhe went away now, let this Fellow be look'd to: Fellow! not *Malvolio*, nor after my degree, but Fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no Dram of a Scruple, no Scruple of a Scruple, no Obſtacle, no incredulous or unſafe circumſtance —— what can be ſaid? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full proſpect of my hopes. Well; *Jove*, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Enter Sir Toby, Fabian *and* Maria.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of ſanctity? if all the Devils in Hell be drawn in little, and Legion himſelf poſſeſt him, yet I'll ſpeak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is; how is't with you, Sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I diſcard you; let me enjoy my privacy: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend ſpeaks within him! did not I tell you? Sir *Toby*, my Lady prays you to have a care of him. *Mal.*

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, *Malvolio?* how is't with you? what! Man, defie the Devil; consider, he's an enemy to Mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La, you! if you speak ill of the Devil, how he takes it at heart. —— Pray God, he be not bewitch'd.

Fab. Carry his water to th' wise Woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to morrow morning if I live. My Lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, Mistress?

Mar. O Lord! ——

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace; that is not the way: do you not see, you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness, gently, gently; the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

Sir To. Why, how now, my Bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir? ——

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What! Man, 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan. Hang him, foul Collier.

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir *Toby*; get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go hang your selves all: you are idle shallow things; I am not of your element, you shall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were plaid upon a Stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very Genius hath taken the infection of the device, Man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air, and taint. *Fab.*

Fab. Why, we ſhall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The houſe will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My Neice is already in the belief that he's mad; we may carry it thus for our pleaſure and his penance, 'till our very paſtime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen; but ſee, but ſee. (6)

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fab. More matter for a *May* morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it: I warrant, there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't ſo ſawcy?

Sir And. Ay, is't? I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*Sir* Toby *reads.*

Youth, whatſoever thou art, thou art but a ſcurvy Fellow.

Fab. Good and valiant.

Sir To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind why I do call thee ſo; for I will ſhew thee no reaſon for't.

Fab. A good note; That keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. Thou com'ſt to the Lady Olivia, *and in my ſight ſhe uſes thee kindly; but thou lieſt in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.*

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good ſenſe-leſs.

Sir To. I will way-lay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me —

Fab. Good.

Sir To. Thou kill'ſt me like a Rogue and a Villain.

Fab. Still you keep o'th' windy ſide of the law: good.

Sir To. Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon one of our Souls: he may have mercy upon mine, but my hope is better, and ſo look to thy ſelf. Thy friend as thou uſeſt him, and thy ſworn enemy, Andrew Ague-cheek.

Sir To. If this Letter move him not, his Legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar.

Mar. You may have very fit occaſion for't: he is now in ſome commerce with my Lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir *Andrew*, ſcout me for him at the corner of the Orchard like a Bum-bailiff; ſo ſoon as ever thou ſeeſt him, draw; and, as thou draw'ſt, ſwear horribly; for it comes to paſs oft, that a terrible oath, with a ſwaggering accent ſharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof it ſelf would have earn'd him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for ſwearing. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his Letter; for the behaviour of the young Gentleman gives him out to be of good Capacity and Breeding; his employment between his Lord and my Neice confirms no leſs; therefore this Letter, being ſo excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the Youth; he will find that it comes from a Clod-pole. But, Sir, I will deliver his Challenge by word of mouth; ſet upon *Ague-cheek* a notable report of valour; and drive the Gentleman, (as, I know, his Youth will aptly receive it,) into a moſt hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuoſity. This will ſo fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like Cockatrices.

Enter Olivia *and* Viola.

Fab. Here he comes with your Neice; give them way, 'till he take leave, and preſently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon ſome horrid meſſage for a challenge. [*Exeunt.*

Oli. I've ſaid too much unto a heart of ſtone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out.
There's ſomething in me, that reproves my fault;
But ſuch a head-ſtrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the ſame haviour that your paſſion bears,
Goes on my Maſter's grief.

Oli. Here, wear this Jewel for me, 'tis my Picture;
Refuſe it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:
And, I beſeech you, come again to morrow.

What

What ſhall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That Honour ſav'd may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my Maſter.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him That,
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to morrow: fare thee well.
A Fiend, like thee, might bear my Soul to Hell. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir Toby *and* Fabian.

Sir To. Gentleman, God ſave thee.

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir To. That Defence thou haſt, betake thee to't; of what nature the wrongs are thou haſt done him, I know not; but thy intercepter, full of deſpight, bloody as the Hunter, attends thee at the Orchard-end; diſmount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy aſſailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You miſtake, Sir; I am ſure, no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwiſe, I aſſure you; therefore, if you hold your Life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your Oppoſite hath in him, what youth, ſtrength, skill, and wrath can furniſh man withal.

Vio. I pray you, Sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is Knight, dubb'd with unhack'd rapier, and on carpet conſideration; but he is a Devil in private brawl; ſouls and bodies hath he divorc'd three; and his incenſement at this moment is ſo implacable, that ſatisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and ſepulcher: hob, nob, is his word; give't, or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the Houſe, and deſire ſome conduct of the Lady. I am no Fighter. I have heard of ſome kind of men, that put quarrels purpoſely on others to taſte their valour: belike, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. (16) Sir, no: his indignation derives it ſelf out of a very competent injury; therefore get you on, and

(16) *Sir, no: his Indignation* drives *itſelf out of a very competent Injury;*] This Error firſt obtain'd from Inadvertence, I preſume, in Mr.

and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the House, unless you undertake That with me, which with as much safety you might answer him; therefore on, (a) or strip your Sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil, as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the Knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior *Fabian*, stay you by this Gentleman 'till my return. [*Exit Sir* Toby.

Vio. Pray you, Sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know, the Knight is incens'd against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, Sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal Opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of *Illyria:* will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that had rather go with Sir Priest than Sir Knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Toby, *and Sir* Andrew.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very Devil; I have not seen such a virago: I had a Pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all; and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely, as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: *Fabian* can scarce hold him yonder.

Rowe's Edition: and Mr. *Pope* has most faithfully copied it. I have restor'd the genuine Reading of the old *Folio*'s: —— *his Indignation* derives *itself, &c.* As in 2 *Hen.* IV.

Derives *from Heav'n his Quarrel and his Cause.*

Sir And.

Sir And. Plague on't, an I thought he had been valiant, and ſo cunning in fence, I'd have ſeen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter ſlip, and I'll give him my horſe, grey *Capilet*.

Sir To. I'll make the motion; ſtand here, make a good ſhew on't;—— This ſhall end without the perdition of ſouls; marry, I'll ride your horſe as well as I ride you. [*Aſide.*

Enter Fabian *and* Viola.

I have his horſe to take up the quarrel; I have perſuaded him, the Youth's a Devil. [*To* Fabian.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, Sir, he will fight with you for's oath ſake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds That now ſcarce to be worth talking of; therefore draw for the ſupportance of his vow, he proteſts he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me! a little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you ſee him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir *Andrew*, there's no remedy, the Gentleman will for his honour's ſake have one bout with you; he cannot by the Duello avoid it; but he has promis'd me, as he is a Gentleman and a Soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on, to't. [*They draw.*

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath!

Enter Antonio.

Vio. I do aſſure you, 'tis againſt my will.

Ant. Put up your ſword; if this young Gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me;
If you offend him, I for him defie you. [*Drawing.*

Sir To. You, Sir? Why, what are you?

Ant. One, Sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you. [*Draws.*

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir *Toby*, hold; here come the Officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon.

Vio. Pray, Sir, put your ſword up if you pleaſe.
[*To Sir* Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, will I, Sir; and for that I promis'd you, I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you eaſily, and reins well.

1 *Off.* This is the Man; do thy office.

2 *Off.* *Antonio*, I arreſt thee at the ſuit of Duke *Orſino.*

Ant. You do miſtake me, Sir.

1 *Off.* No, Sir, no jot; I know your favour well;
Tho' now you have no ſea-cap on your head.
Take him away; he knows, I know him well.

Ant. I muſt obey. This comes with ſeeking you;
But there's no remedy. I ſhall anſwer it.
What will you do? now my neceſſity
Makes me to ask you for my purſe. It grieves me
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befalls my ſelf: you ſtand amaz'd,
But be of comfort.

2 *Off.* Come, Sir, away.

Ant. I muſt intreat of you ſome of that mony.

Vio. What mony, Sir?
For the fair kindneſs you have ſhew'd me here,
And part being prompted by your preſent trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you ſomething; my Having is not much,
I'll make diviſion of my preſent with you:
Hold, there's half my Coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is't poſſible, that my deſerts to you
Can lack perſuaſion? do not tempt my miſery,
Leſt that it make me ſo unſound a man,
As to upbraid you with thoſe kindneſſes
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none,
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a Man,
Than lying, vainneſs, babling drunkenneſs,
Or any taint of vice, whoſe ſtrong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant.

Ant. Oh, Heav'ns themſelves! —
2 *Off.* Come, Sir, I pray you, go.
Ant. Let me ſpeak a little. This Youth that you ſee here,
I ſnatcht one half out of the Jaws of Death;
Reliev'd him with ſuch ſanctity of love,
And to his Image, which, methought, did promiſe
Moſt venerable Worth, did I Devotion.
1 *Off.* What's that to us? the time goes by; away.
Ant. But oh, how vile an Idol proves this God!
Thou haſt, *Sebaſtian*, done good feature ſhame.
In Nature there's no blemiſh but the Mind:
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind.
Virtue is Beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflouriſh'd by the Devil.
1 *Off.* The Man grows mad, away with him:
Come, come, Sir.
Ant. Lead me on. [*Exit* Antonio *with Officers.*
Vio. Methinks, his words do from ſuch paſſion fly,
That he believes himſelf; ſo do not I:
Prove true, Imagination, oh, prove true,
That I, dear Brother, be now ta'en for you!
Sir To. Come hither, Knight; come hither, *Fabian*; we'll whiſper o'er a couplet or two of moſt ſage ſaws.
Vio. He nam'd *Sebaſtian*; I my Brother know
Yet living in my glaſs; even ſuch, and ſo
In favour was my Brother; and he went
Still in this faſhion, colour, ornament;
For him I imitate: oh, if it prove,
Tempeſts are kind, and ſalt waves freſh in love. [*Exit.*
Sir To. A very diſhoneſt paltry Boy, and more a coward than a hare; his diſhoneſty appears in leaving his Friend here in neceſſity, and denying him; and for his cowardſhip, ask *Fabian.*
Fab. A coward, a moſt devout coward, religious in it.
Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.
Sir To. Do, cuff him ſoundly, but never draw thy ſword.
Sir And. An I do not,—— [*Exit Sir* Andrew.
Fab. Come, let's ſee the event.
Sir To. I dare lay any mony, 'twill be nothing yet.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *the* STREET.

Enter Sebaſtian, *and* Clown.

CLOWN.

WILL you make me believe, that I am not ſent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a fooliſh fellow,
Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i'faith: no, I do not know you, nor I am not ſent to you by my Lady, to bid you come ſpeak with her; nor your name is not Maſter *Ceſario*, nor this is not my noſe neither; nothing, that is ſo, is ſo.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly ſomewhere elſe; thou know'ſt not me.

Clo. Vent my folly!——he has heard that word of ſome Great Man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid, this great lubber the world will prove a Cockney: I pr'ythee now, ungird thy ſtrangeneſs and tell me what I ſhall vent to my Lady; ſhall I vent to her, that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, fooliſh *Greek*, depart from me; there's mony for thee. If you tarry longer, I ſhall give worſe payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou haſt an open hand; theſe wiſe Men, that give fools mony, get themſelves a good report after fourteen years purchaſe.

Enter Sir Andrew, *Sir* Toby, *and* Fabian.

Sir And. Now, Sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [*Striking* Sebaſtian.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there: are all the people mad? [*Beating Sir* Andrew.

Sir To. Hold, Sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the houſe.

Clo

Clo. This will I tell my Lady ſtrait: I would not be in ſome of your coats for two pence. [*Exit Clown.*

Sir To. Come on, Sir; hold. [*Holding* Sebaſtian.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery againſt him, if there be any law in *Illyria*; tho' I ſtruck him firſt, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, Sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young Soldier, put up your iron; you are well fleſh'd: come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldſt thou now? if thou dar'ſt tempt me further, draw thy ſword.

Sir To. What, what? nay, then, I muſt have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

[*They draw and fight.*

Enter Olivia.

Oli. Hold, *Toby*; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam.

Oli. Will it be ever thus? ungracious Wretch,
Fit for the Mountains and the barbarous Caves,
Where Manners ne'er were preach'd; out of my ſight!
Be not offended, dear *Ceſario*;—
Rudesby, be gone! I pr'ythee, gentle Friend,
[*Exeunt Sir* Toby, *and Sir* Andrew.
Let thy fair wiſdom, not thy paſſion, ſway
In this uncivil and unjuſt extent
Againſt thy peace. Go with me to my houſe,
And hear thou there, how many fruitleſs pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
May'ſt ſmile at this: thou ſhalt not chuſe but go;
Do not deny; beſhrew his ſoul for me,
He ſtarted one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What reliſh is in this? how runs the ſtream?
Or I am mad, or elſe this is a dream,
Let fancy ſtill my ſenſe in *Lethe* ſteep,
If it be thus to dream, ſtill let me ſleep. [by me.

Oli. Nay, come, I pray; 'would, thou'dſt be rul'd

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, ſay ſo, and ſo be! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *an Apartment in* Olivia's *House.*

Enter Maria, *and* Clown.

Mar. NAY, I pr'ythee, put on this Gown and this Beard; make him believe, thou art Sir *Topas* the Curate; do it quickly. I'll call Sir *Toby* the whilst. [*Exit* Maria.

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble my self in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a Gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good Student; but to be said an honest Man, and a
1. good Housekeeper, goes as fairly, as to say, a careful Man and a great Scholar. The Competitors enter.

Enter Sir Toby, *and* Maria.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, Mr. Parson.

Clo. Bonos dies, Sir *Toby*; for as the old Hermit of *Prague*, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a Neice of King *Gorboduck*, that that is, is: so I being Mr. Parson, am Mr. Parson; for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, Sir *Topas*.

Clo. What, hoa, I say, —— peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave. [Malvolio *within*.

Mal. Who calls there?

Clo. Sir *Topas* the curate, who comes to visit *Malvolio* the lunatick.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, Sir *Topas*, good Sir *Topas*, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend, how vexest thou this man?
Talkest thou of nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master Parson.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, never was man thus wrong'd; good Sir *Topas*, do not think, I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Sathan; I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones, that

that will uſe the Devil himſelf with curteſie: ſay'ſt thou, that houſe is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir *Topas*.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows tranſparent as baricadoes, and the clear ſtones towards the South-North, are as luſtrous as ebony; and yet complaineſt thou of obſtruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir *Topas*; I ſay to you, this houſe is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou erreſt; I ſay, there is no darkneſs but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the *Egyptians* in their fog.

Mal. I ſay, this houſe is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I ſay, there was never man thus abus'd; I am no more mad than you are, make the tryal of it in any conſtant queſtion.

Clo. What is the opinion of *Pythagoras*, concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the ſoul of our grandam might happily inhabit a bird.

Clo. What think'ſt thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the ſoul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: remain thou ſtill in darkneſs; thou ſhalt hold th' opinion of *Pythagoras*, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, leſt thou diſpoſſeſs the Soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, Sir *Topas*, ——

Sir To. My moſt exquiſite Sir *Topas!*

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou might'ſt have done this without thy beard and Gown; he ſees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'ſt him: I would, we were all rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would, he were; for I am now ſo far in offence with my Neice, that I cannot purſue with any ſafety this ſport to the upſhot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exit with* Maria.

Clo.

Clo. *Hey* Robin, *jolly* Robin, *tell me how my lady does.* [Singing.

Mal. Fool,——

Clo. *My lady is unkind,* perdie.

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. *Alas, why is she so?*

Mal. Fool, I say;——

Clo. *She loves another*—who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Mr. *Malvolio!*

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, Sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abus'd; I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well! then thou art mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say: the minister is here. "*Malvolio Malvolio*, thy wits the heav'ns restore: endeavour thy self to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir *Topas*,——

"*Clo.* Maintain no words with him, good fellow." Who I, Sir? not I, Sir. God b'w'you, good Sir *Topas*.—"Marry, amen.—I will, Sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say.

Clo. Alas, Sir, be patient. What say you, Sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man in *Illyria*.

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were, Sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am: good fool, some ink, paper and light; and convey what I set down to my lady: It shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad, indeed, or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not: I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a mad-man, 'till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the higheſt degree; I pr'ythee, be gone.

Clo. *I am gone, Sir, and anon, Sir,* [Singing.
I'll be with you again
In a trice, like to the old Vice, (17)
Your need to ſuſtain:
Who with dagger of lath, in his rage, and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the Devil:
Like a mad lad, pare thy nails, dad,
Adieu, good man drivel. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to another Apartment in* OLIVIA's *Houſe.*

Enter Sebaſtian.

Seb. This is the Air, that is the glorious Sun;
This Pearl ſhe gave me, I do feel't and ſee't.
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madneſs. Where's *Anthonio* then?
I could not find him at the *Elephant*;
Yet there he was, and there I found this credit, (18) *w*
That

(17) In a trice, *like to the old* Vice.] So in *Ben Jonſon*'s The *Devil is an Aſs.*

What is he calls upon me, and would ſeem to lack a Vice?
Ere his Words be half ſpoken, I *am with him* in a trice.

In Both theſe Places, by *Vice*, is meant that buffoon, droll, Character ſo general in the old Plays, who was dreſt up in a long Coat, a Fool's Cap with Aſſes Ears, and furniſh'd with a wooden Sword, with which he was as active and wanton as *Arlequin*. But I have explain'd the *Word* and *Character* more particularly in a Note upon this Line of King *Richard* IIId.

Thus, like the formal Vice, *Iniquity*, &c.

(18) *Yet there he was, and there I found this* Credit,
That he did range, &c.] i. e. I found it juſtified, credibly vouch'd. Whether the Word *Credit* will eaſily carry this Meaning, I am doubtful: The Expreſſion ſeems obſcure; and tho' I have not diſturb'd the Text, I very much ſuſpect that the Poet wrote;

——————— *and there I found this* credent,

He

That he did range the town to ſeek me out.
His counſel now might do me golden ſervice; ——
For tho' my ſoul diſputes well with my ſenſe,
That this may be ſome error, but no madneſs;
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
52] So far exceed all inſtance, all diſcourſe;
That I am ready to diſtruſt mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reaſon that perſuades me
To any other Truſt, but that I'm mad;
Or elſe the lady's mad; yet if 'twere ſo,
She could not ſway her Houſe, command her followers,
Take, and give back affairs, and their diſpatch,
With ſuch a ſmooth, diſcreet, and ſtable bearing,
As, I perceive, ſhe does: there's ſomething in't,
That is deceivable. But here ſhe comes.

Enter Olivia *and Prieſt.*

Oli. Blame not this haſte of mine: if you mean well,
Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry by; there before him,
And underneath that conſecrated roof,
Plight me the full aſſurance of your faith;
That my moſt jealous and too doubtful ſoul
May live at peace. He ſhall conceal it,
Whiles you are willing it ſhall come to note;
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth. What do you ſay?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And having ſworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father; and heav'ns ſo ſhine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine! [*Exeunt.*

He uſes the ſame Term again in the very ſame Senſe in The *Winter's Tale.*

——— ——— ——— *Then 'tis very* credent,
Thou may'ſt co-join with ſomething, and thou doſt, &c.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Clown, and Fabian.

FABIAN.

NOW, as thou lov'ſt me, let me ſee his letter.

Clo. Good Mr. *Fabian*, grant me another requeſt.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not deſire to ſee this letter.

Fab. This is to give a dog, and in recompence deſire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, *and lords.*

Duke. Belong you to the lady *Olivia*, friends?

Clo. Ay, Sir, we are ſome of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well; how doſt thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, Sir, the better for my foes, and the worſe for my friends.

Duke. Juſt the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, Sir, the worſe.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, Sir, they praiſe me, and make an aſs of me; now, my foes tell me plainly, I am an aſs: ſo that by my foes, Sir, I profit in the knowledge of my ſelf; and by my friends I am abuſed: ſo that, Concluſion to be asked, is, (19) if your four negatives make your

(19) *So that Concluſions to be* as kiſſes, ——] Tho' it might be unreaſonable to call our Poet's Fools and Knaves every where to Account; yet, if we did, for the Generality we ſhould find them reſponſible. But what monſtrous Abſurdity have we here? To ſuppoſe the Text genuine, We muſt acknowledge it too wild to have any known Meaning: and what has no known Meaning, cannot be allow'd to have either Wit or Humour. Beſides, the *Clown* is affecting to argue ſeriouſly and in Form. I imagine, the Poet wrote;

So that, Concluſion to be asked, is

i. e. So that the Concluſion I have to demand of You is this, it your Four, &c. He had in the preceding Words been inferring ſome *Premiſſa,*

your two affirmatives, why, then the worſe for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, Sir, no; tho it pleaſe you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou ſhalt not be the worſe for me, there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, Sir, I would, you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counſel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, Sir, for this once, and let your fleſh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be ſo much a ſinner to be a double-dealer: there's another.

Clo. Primo, ſecundo, tertio, is a good Play, and the old ſaying is, the third pays for all: the triplex, Sir, is a good tripping meaſure; or the bells of St. *Bennet,* Sir, may put you in mind, one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more mony out of me at this throw; if you will let your lady know, I am here to ſpeak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, Sir, lullaby to your bounty 'till I come again. I go, Sir; but I would not have you to think, that my deſire of having is the ſin of covetouſneſs; but, as you ſay, Sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit Clown.*

Enter Antonio, *and Officers.*

Vio. Here comes the man, Sir, that did reſcue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet when I ſaw it laſt, it was beſmear'd
As black as *Vulcan,* in the ſmoak of war:
A bawbling Veſſel was he Captain of,
For ſhallow draught and bulk unprizable,
With which ſuch ſcathful Grapple did he make
With the moſt noble Bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the tongue of loſs
Cry'd fame and honour on him. What's the matter?

Premiſſes, and now comes to the *Concluſion* very *logically*; You grant Me, ſays He, the Premiſſes; I now ask you to grant the Concluſion. Mr. *Warburton.*

1 *Offi.*

1 *Offi. Orſino*, this is that *Antonio*,
That took the *Phœnix* and her fraught from *Candy*;
And this is he, that did the *Tyger* board,
When your young nephew *Titus* loſt his leg:
Here in the ſtreets, deſperate of ſhame and ſtate,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.
Vio. He did me kindneſs, Sir; drew on my ſide;
But in concluſion put ſtrange ſpeech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but diſtraction.
Duke. Notable pirate! thou ſalt-water thief!
What fooliſh boldneſs brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou in terms ſo bloody, and ſo dear,
Haſt made thine enemies?
Ant. Orſino, noble Sir,
Be pleas'd that I ſhake off theſe names you give me:
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate;
Though I confeſs, on Baſe and Ground enough,
Orſino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That moſt ungrateful Boy there, by your ſide,
From the rude ſea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck paſt hope he was:
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love without retention or reſtraint;
All his in dedication. For his ſake,
Did I expoſe my ſelf (pure, for his love)
Into the danger of this adverſe town;
Drew to defend him, when he was beſet;
Where being apprehended, his falſe cunning
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance;
And grew a twenty years removed thing,
While one would wink: deny'd me mine own purſe,
Which I had recommended to his uſe
Not half an hour before.
Vio. How can this be?
Duke. When came he to this town?
Ant. To day, my lord; and for three months before,
(No *Interim*, not a minute's vacancy,)
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter Olivia, *and attendants.*

Duke. Here comes the Counteſs; now heav'n walks on earth.

But

But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madneſs:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon. — Take him aſide. —
Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein *Olivia* may ſeem ſerviceable?
Ceſario, you do not keep promiſe with me.
Vio. Madam!
Duke. Gracious *Olivia*, ——
Oli. What do you ſay, *Ceſario?* Good my lord ——
Vio. My lord would ſpeak, my duty huſhes me.
Oli. If it be ought to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulſome to mine ear,
As howling after muſick.
Duke. Still ſo cruel?
Oli. Still ſo conſtant, lord.
Duke. What, to perverſeneſs? you uncivil lady,
To whoſe ingrate and unauſpicious altars
My ſoul the faithfull'ſt offerings has breath'd out,
That e'er devotion tender'd. What ſhall I do?
Oli. Ev'n what it pleaſe my lord, that ſhall become him.
Duke. Why ſhould I not, had I the heart to do't, (20)
Like to th' *Egyptian* Thief, at point of death
Kill what I love? (a ſavage jealouſie,

(20) *Why ſhould I not, had I the Heart to do it,*
Like to th' Ægyptian Thief, *at point of Death*
Kill what I love!] In this *Simile*, a particular Story is preſuppos'd; which ought to be known, to ſhew the Juſtneſs and Propriety of the Compariſon. I'll give the Synopſis of it from *Heliodorus*'s *Æthiopics*, to which our Author was indebted for the Alluſion. This *Ægyptian* Thief was *Thyamis*, who was a Native of *Memphis*, and at the Head of a Band of Robbers. *Theagenes* and *Chariclea* falling into their Hands, *Thyamis* fell deſperately in Love with the Lady, and would have married her. Soon after, a ſtronger Body of Robbers coming down upon *Thyamis*'s Party, He was in ſuch Fears for his Miſtreſs, that he had her ſhut into a Cave with his Treaſure. It was cuſtomary with thoſe Barbarians, *when they deſpair'd of their own Safety, firſt to make away with Thoſe whom they held dear*, and deſired for Companions in the next Life. *Thyamis*, therefore, benetted round with his Enemies, raging with Love, Jealouſy, and Anger, went to his Cave; and calling aloud in the *Ægyptian* Tongue, ſo ſoon as He heard himſelf anſwer'd towards the Cave's Mouth by a *Grecian*, making to the Perſon by the Direction of her Voice, he caught her by the Hair with his left Hand, and (ſuppoſing her to be *Chariclea*) with his right Hand plung'd his Sword into her Breaſt.

That

Hat. W.

That ſometimes ſavours nobly;) but hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance caſt my faith,
And that I partly know the inſtrument,
That ſcrews me from my true place in your favour:
Live you the marble-breaſted tyrant ſtill.
But this your Minion, whom, I know, you love,
And whom, by heav'n, I ſwear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he ſits crowned in his maſter's ſpight.
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in miſchief:
I'll ſacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To ſpight a raven's heart within a dove. [*Duke going.*
Vio. And I moſt jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you Reſt, a thouſand deaths would die.
[*following.*
Oli. Where goes *Ceſario?*
Vio. After him I love,
More than I love theſe eyes, more than my life;
More, by all mores, than e'er I ſhall love wife.
If I do feign, you Witneſſes above
Puniſh my life, for tainting of my love!
Oli. Ay me, deteſted! how am I beguil'd?
Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?
Oli. Haſt thou forgot thy ſelf? Is it ſo long?
Call forth the holy father.
Duke. Come, away. [*To* Viola.
Oli. Whither, my lord? *Ceſario*, husband, ſtay.
Duke. Husband?
Oli. Ay, husband. Can he that deny?
Duke. Her husband, ſirrah?
Vio. No, my lord, not I.
Oli. Alas, it is the baſeneſs of thy fear,
That makes thee ſtrangle thy propriety:
Fear not, *Ceſario*, take thy fortunes up:
Be That, thou know'ſt, thou art, and then thou art
As Great, as That thou fear'ſt.
Enter Prieſt.
O welcome, father.
Father, I charge thee by thy Reverence
Here to unfold, (tho' lately we intended

To keep in darkneſs, what occaſion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe) what, thou doſt know,
Hath newly paſt between this youth and me.

Prieſt. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Atteſted by the holy cloſe of lips,
Strengthned by enterchangement of your rings;
And all the Ceremony of this Compact
Seal'd in my function, by my teſtimony:
Since when, my Watch hath told me, tow'rd my Grave
I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O thou diſſembling cub! what wilt thou be,
When time hath ſow'd a grizzel on thy caſe?
Or will not elſe thy craft ſo quickly grow,
That thine own trip ſhall be thine overthrow?
Farewel, and take her; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do proteſt ——

Oli. O, do not ſwear;
Hold little faith, tho' thou haſt too much fear!

Enter Sir Andrew, *with his head broke.*

Sir And. For the love of God a ſurgeon, and ſend one preſently to Sir *Toby*.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. H'as broke my head a-croſs, and given Sir *Toby* a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help. I had rather than forty pound, I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir *Andrew?*

Sir And. The Count's Gentleman, one *Ceſario*; we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

Duke. My Gentleman, *Ceſario?*

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is: you broke my head for nothing, and That that I did, I was ſet on to do't by Sir *Toby*.

Vio. Why do you ſpeak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your ſword upon me, without cauſe;
But I beſpake you fair, and hurt you not.

Enter Sir Toby, *and Clown.*

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think, you ſet nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

comb. Here comes Sir *Toby* halting, you ſhall hear more; but if he had not been in Drink, he would have tickled you other-gates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one, he has hurt me, and there's an end on't; Sot, didſt ſee *Dick* Surgeon, Sot?

Clo. O he's drunk, Sir *Toby*, above an hour agone; his eyes were ſet at eight i'th' morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a paſt-meaſure *Painim*. I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him: who hath made this havock with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir *Toby*, becauſe we'll be dreſt together.

Sir To. Will you help an aſs-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave, a thin-fac'd knave, a gull?

[*Exeunt* Clo. To. *and* And.

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

Enter Sebaſtian.

Seb. I am ſorry, Madam, I have hurt your Kinſman:
But had it been the Brother of my Blood,
I muſt have done no leſs with wit and ſafety.
[*All ſtand in amaze.*
You throw a ſtrange Regard on me, by which,
I do perceive, it hath offended you;
Pardon me, ſweet one, even for the vows
We made each other, but ſo late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two perſons;
A nat'ral Perſpective, that is, and is not!

Seb. Antonio, O my dear *Antonio!*
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have loſt thee?

Ant. Sebaſtian are you?

Seb. Fear'ſt thou that, *Antonio!*

Ant. How have you made diviſion of your ſelf?
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than theſe two creatures. Which is *Sebaſtian?*

Oli. Moſt wonderful!

Seb. Do I ſtand there? I never had a Brother:

Nor can there be that Deity in my Nature,
Of here and every where. I had a Sister,
Whom the blind Waves and Surges have devour'd:
Of charity, what kin are you to me? [*To* Viola.
What Countryman? What Name? what Parentage?

Vio. Of *Messaline*; *Sebastian* was my Father;
Such a *Sebastian* was my Brother too:
So went he suited to his wat'ry Tomb.
If Spirits can assume both Form and Suit,
You come to fright us.

Seb. A Spirit I am, indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the Womb I did participate.
Were you a Woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say, "Thrice Welcome, drowned *Viola!*

Vio. My Father had a Mole upon his Brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And dy'd that day, when *Viola* from her birth
Had numbred thirteen years.

Seb. O, that Record is lively in my soul;
He finished, indeed, his mortal act,
That day that made my Sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurp'd attire;
Do not embrace me, 'till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump,
That I am *Viola*; which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a Captain in this Town
Where lye my Maids Weeds; (21) by whose gentle Help
I was preferr'd to serve this noble Duke.

All

(21) ——— *by whose gentle Help*
I was preserv'd *to serve this noble Duke.*] Tho' this be Sense, and possesses all the printed Copies, yet I suspect, from the Similitude in the two Words *preserv'd* and *serve* (a Sameness of Sound, which *Shakespeare* would, probably, have avoided;) the Copyists, or Men at Press, committed a slight Mistake. When the *Captain* and *Viola* first appear upon the Stage, She says to him;

——— *I'll* serve *this Duke*;
Thou shalt present *me* &c.

I therefore believe, the Author wrote, as I have reform'd the Text;

——— *by*

All the occurrence of my fortune ſince
Hath been between this Lady, and this Lord.
Seb. So comes it, Lady, you have been miſtook:
[*To* Olivia.
But Nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a Maid,
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd;
You are betroth'd both to a Maid, and Man.
Duke. Be not amaz'd: right-noble is his blood:
If this be ſo, as yet the glaſs ſeems true,
I ſhall have ſhare in this moſt happy wreck.
Boy, thou haſt ſaid to me a thouſand times, [*To* Vio.
Thou never ſhould'ſt love Woman like to me.
Vio. And all thoſe Sayings will I over-ſwear,
And all thoſe Swearings keep as true in ſoul;
As doth that orbed Continent the fire,
That ſevers day from night.
Duke. Give me thy hand,
And let me ſee thee in thy Woman's Weeds.
Vio. The Captain, that did bring me firſt on ſhore,
Hath my Maids Garments: he upon ſome action
Is now in durance, at *Malvolio*'s ſuit,
A Gentleman and Follower of my Lady's.
Oli. He ſhall enlarge him: fetch *Malvolio* hither.
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They ſay, poor Gentleman, he's much diſtract.

Enter the Clown *with a Letter, and* Fabian.

A moſt extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly baniſh'd his.
How does he, Sirrah?
Clo. Truly, Madam, he holds *Belzebub* at the ſtave's end, as well as a Man in his caſe may do: h'as here writ a Letter to you, I ſhould have given't you to day

——————— *by whoſe gentle Help*
I was preferr'd *to ſerve this noble Duke;*

So in The *Taming* of the *Shrew*;

——————— *If you,* Hortenſio,
Or, Signor Gremio, *you know any ſuch,*
Prefer *them hither.*

So, in *Julius Cæſar*;

Oct. *Fellow, wilt Thou beſtow thy Time with me?*
Stra. *Ay, if* Meſſala *will* prefer *me to you.* &c. &c. &c.

morning.

morning. But as a mad-man's epiſtles are no goſpels, ſo it skills not much, when they are deliver'd.

Oli. Open't, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edify'd, when the fool delivers the mad-man—*By the Lord, Madam,*—[*Reads.*

Oli. How now, art mad?

Clo. No, Madam, I do but read madneſs: an your Ladyſhip will have it as it ought to be, you muſt allow *Vox.*

Oli. Pr'ythee, read it, i'thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, *Madona*; but to read his right wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend, my Princeſs, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, Sirrah. [*To* Fabian.

Fab. [Reads.] *By the Lord, Madam, you wrong me, and the world ſhall know it: though you have put me into darkneſs, and given your drunken Uncle rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my ſenſes as well as your Ladyſhip. I have your own Letter, that induced me to the ſemblance I put on; with the which, I doubt not, but to do my ſelf much Right, or you much Shame: think of me, as you pleaſe: I leave my duty a little unthought of, and ſpeak out of my injury,* The madly us'd *Malvolio.*

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, Madam.

Duke. This favours not much of diſtraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, *Fabian*; bring him hither.
My Lord, ſo pleaſe you, theſe things further thought on,
To think me as well a Siſter, as a Wife;
One day ſhall crown th' alliance on't, ſo pleaſe you,
Here at my Houſe, and at my proper coſt.

Duke. Madam, I am moſt apt t'embrace your offer.
Your Maſter quits you; and for your ſervice done him,
So much againſt the metal of your Sex, [*To* Viola.
So far beneath your ſoft and tender Breeding;
(And ſince you call'd me Maſter for ſo long,)
Here is my hand, you ſhall from this time be
Your Maſter's Miſtreſs.

Oli. A Siſter,—you are She.

Enter Malvolio.

Duke. Is this the Mad-man?

Oli. Ay, my Lord, this ſame: how now, *Malvolio?*

Mal.

Mal. Madam, you have done me Wrong, notorious
Oli. Have I, *Malvolio?* no. [Wrong.
Mal. Lady, you have; pray you, peruſe that Letter.
You muſt not now deny it is your hand.
Write from it if you can, in hand or phraſe;
Or ſay, 'tis not your ſeal, nor your invention;
You can ſay none of this. Well, grant it then;
And tell me in the modeſty of honour,
Why you have given me ſuch clear lights of favour,
Bad me come ſmiling, and croſs-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow Stockings, and to frown
Upon Sir *Toby*, and the lighter people:
And acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you ſuffer'd me to be impriſon'd,
Kept in a dark Houſe, viſited by the Prieſt,
And made the moſt notorious geck, and gull,
That e'er invention plaid on? tell me, why?
Oli. Alas, *Malvolio*, this is not my writing,
Tho', I confeſs, much like the character:
But, out of queſtion, 'tis *Maria*'s hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was ſhe
Firſt told me, thou waſt mad; then cam'ſt thou ſmiling,
And in ſuch forms which here were preſuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter: pr'ythee, be content;
This practice hath moſt ſhrewdly paſt upon thee;
But when we know the grounds, and Authors of it,
Thou ſhalt be both the Plaintiff and the Judge
Of thine own Cauſe.
Fab. Good Madam, hear me ſpeak;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this preſent hour,
Which I have wondred at. In hope it ſhall not,
Moſt freely I confeſs, my ſelf and Sir *Toby*
Set this device againſt *Malvolio* here,
Upon ſome ſtubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd againſt him. *Maria* writ
The Letter, at Sir *Toby*'s great importance;
In recompence whereof, he hath married her.
How with a ſportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on Laughter than Revenge;
If that the Injuries be juſtly weigh'd,
That have on both ſides paſt. *Oli.*

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee?

Clo. Why, *ſome are born Great, ſome atchieve Greatneſs, and ſome have Greatneſs thruſt upon them. I* was one, Sir, in this Interlude; one Sir *Topas*, Sir; but that's all one: —— *by the Lord, fool, I am not mad*; but do you remember, Madam, —— *why laugh you at ſuch a barren raſcal? an you ſmile not, he's gagg'd:* and thus the Whirl-gigg of time brings in his Revenges.

Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the whole Pack of you. [*Exit.*

Oli. He hath been moſt notoriouſly abus'd.

Duke. Purſue him, and entreat him to a peace:
He hath not told us of the Captain yet;
When that is known, and golden time convents,
A ſolemn Combination ſhall be made
Of our dear Souls. Mean time, ſweet Siſter,
We will not part from hence. — *Ceſario*, come;
(For ſo you ſhall be, while you are a Man;)
But when in other habits you are ſeen,
Orſino's Miſtreſs, and his Fancy's Queen. [*Exeunt.*

Clown *ſings.*

When that I was an a little tiny Boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain:
A fooliſh thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.
But when I came to man's eſtate,
With hey, ho, &c.
'Gainſt knaves and thieves men ſhut their gate,
For the rain, &c.
But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, &c.
By ſwaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain, &c.
(*x*) *But when I came unto my beds,*
With hey, ho, &c.
With toſs-pots ſtill had drunken heads,
For the rain, &c.
A great while ago the 'world begun,
With hey, ho, &c.
But that's all one, our Play is done;
And we'll ſtrive to pleaſe you every day. [Exit.

The End of the Second Volume.

Twelfth - Night

a 489 It cannot so be answer'd.
it should be, I cannot &c as appears by Viola's answering immediately Sooth, but You must.

b. 511 — crown thee for a finder of Madmen — crown thee I suppose means make thee a Coroner.

c 483 — My Lady bad me tell you that she harbours you as her Uncle, she's nothing allied to your disorders.
I think it should be
though she harbours &c.
so W.

d 514 — for meddle you must, that's certain. —
Meddle, mell, fight, meler fr:

e 462. And might not be deliver'd —
Sr TH reads And 't might not —
I think either will do.

f 464 Coystril or Kestrel a bastard hawk.

g. Castiliano vulgo
H. reads Castiliano volto
her best i.e. most civil & courtly
looks — grave solemn Warburton

h. 472 — he'll stand at your door like a Sheriff's post ——
Heretofore all Proclamations, Appointments of rates of wages by Justices &c were sent to the Sheriff who fixed them on great Posts or pillars in each market Town. H.

i 473 I am very comptible to the last sinister usage
H. reads prompt.

k 474 Viol — Some mollification for your Giant, sweet Lady: tell me your mind, I am a Messenger. It should be read,
Viol: — Some mollification for your Giant, sweet Lady.
Oliv: Tell me your mind.
Viol: I am a Messenger. Hanm:

l 478 — Sebastian of Messalina.
Metellin. Hanm:
to p. 532.

m. 472 For such as we are made, if such we be
—— w'n such we be. H.

n 481 I did impetticos thy gratility —
for impocket or pocket up thy gra=
tuity. Hanm:

o 485 — an affectioned Ass.
affectioned is here used for affected
full of affectation.

p 492 — the Lady of the Strachy.
It reads Stratarch, which is not very
probable; perhaps it is the name of
some Estate or Lordship.
— the Trachy. Warb: that is Thrace
for which he quotes Mandeville.

q 494 And with what wing the Stallion
checks at it?
Stanyel. Hanm:
a Ring-tail a kind of Buzzard
or Kite.

r 495 — "She that would alter services
"with thee". The fortunate and hap:
py daylight and champian disco=
vers no more:
It should be read thus,
— "She that would alter services"
"with Thee the fortunate and happy".
— Daylight and Champian disco:
vers no more: so Warb:

s. 498 But wise men's, folly fall'n quite
taints their wit.

Hanmer reads,
—— wise men's folly thrown ——

t. 501 Viol. ——— and never none
Shall Mistress be of it save I alone
Hanm: reads
Shall Mistress be of it:
Oliv: Save I alone.
Viol: And so adieu &c.

u 518 I prithee foolish Greek depart from me
Greek. Hanm: Warburton says it signifies a bawd, so Corinthian.

w 523 — there found I this credit —
Hanm: reads current: perhaps but it should be credent, i.e credible [see note. 18.] = Vol: 3. p. 72.

x 533 A most extracting frenzy of my own distracting. Hanm:

y 534 Your Master's Mistress.
Oliv: A Sister, you are she.
Hanm: reads it in one speech
Your Master's Mistress, and his Sister, She.

X. 536 But when I came unto my beds
With toss pots still had drunken heads.
Ed. J. head. Hanm:

1 520. — a careful man and a great
Scholar.
Hanmer & W. read graceful —

Ben Jonson, who takes every opportunity of a fling at Shakespear seems to ridicule this Comedy in his Every man out of his humor; when at the end of Act 3. Sc: 6 he makes Mitis say, by way of objection.
"That the argument of his Comedy
"might have been of some other nature, as of a Duke to be in love
"with a Countesse, and that Countesse to be in love with the Duke's
"son, and the son in love with the
"Ladies waiting maid: some such
"cross woing, with a Clown to their
"serving man, better than be thus
"neer and familiarly allied to the time. p 130
In the same play. Act 5. Sc 2. [p 158] he makes Togliardo say to Saviolina

How

How does my sweet ladie? hote
and moyst? beautifull and lustie?
which seems to be a parodie on
Othello's speech to Desdemona.

B. P. L.
MAY 21 1909